

VOL. V.

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FASHIONS &
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THE
Repository
 OF
 ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. V.

JANUARY 1, 1818.

No. XXV.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

The Proprietor of the Repository begs leave to call the attention of his Subscribers to the new species of Embellishments which, with that solicitude for their gratification which their liberal encouragement demands, he has introduced into the present Number. He flatters himself that the series here commenced with the View of the Lake of Geneva, and Four Playing-Cards, will, in their progress, prove highly interesting.

The conclusion of the History of the Magic Volume—Florincour—E. M. and T. M. shall appear in our next.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.



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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. V. JANUARY 1, 1818. N^o. XXV.

WE commence this new volume of the *Repository* with the first of a Series of Picturesque Views and Descriptions of the Scenery of Mount Simplicon, setting out from Geneva; and have no doubt that our readers will be gratified with these illustrations of the wild and romantic country, through which that stupendous monument of human industry, the new road over the Simplon, has been constructed. It is well known, that upwards of 40,000 men were employed in the execution of this great work.

PLATE I.—PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

OF all the lakes which embellish Switzerland, that of Geneva most powerfully excites the admiration of strangers. Its extent, the purity of its water, the rich and varied prospects enjoyed on its shore, the beauty of the towns, the number of the villages, the elegance of the country-seats by which it is bordered, are not the only causes of its celebrity; which is partly owing to the urbanity of the inhabitants of Geneva and the principal towns of the Pays de Vaud; to their opulence, and the agreeable society to be found among them.

The traveller crossing for the first time the chain of Jura, which borders the northern part of the Lake of Geneva, is struck with an admiration not to be expressed, when, on reaching the summit, this beautiful basin, eighteen leagues in length and three or four in width, gradually narrowing at its extremi-

ties in the form of a crescent, suddenly bursts upon his view; and he surveys the majestic mountains, which serve as a frame to this magnificent picture. On his left he remarks the Jorat, which overlooks Lausanne, and the long chain of the Swiss mountains terminating in a rapid declivity towards the extremity of the lake; there he describes the narrow entrance of the Valais, which affords an outlet to the Rhone, whose mouth is distinguished by the whitish colour of its waters. On the right he beholds the same river issuing in a pure and limpid current from the lake, traversing Geneva, and then meandering through the fertile plain, in which it has formed for itself a deep channel, till at length it escapes beyond the Jura, and pursues its rapid course towards the Mediterranean. At his feet the Pays de Vaud spreads magnifi-

cently from the summit of the Jura to the brink of the lake, where several promontories run out into its waters, and tend to break the uniformity of its banks.

The mountain tops are crowned with forests of pines, their sides are clothed with woods of beech and oak; lower down, rich meadows, fertile fields, and superb vineyards bespeak abundance and prosperity. Handsome towns—Geneva, Lausanne, Vevey, Morges, Rolle, Nyon, Arbonne, Coppet, villages, hamlets, splendid villas—once the mansions of Voltaire, Rousseau, Bonnet, De Saussure, De Luc, Tissot, and Necker, embellish every part of this smiling picture; while the opposite shore exhibits the most striking contrast. There the Dent d'Oche and the lofty mountains of Savoy, broken into deep chasms by torrents, rise almost perpendicularly; their foot, covered with vast forests of chestnut-trees, is overlooked by immense inaccessible rocks, and these are reflected in the lake with that azure tint which pure and deep water imparts to the objects pictured in it. A few huts scattered on the hills, some villages, and two small towns, are the only human abodes discovered there; and it would be difficult to conceive how their inhabitants can have communication with one another, on account of the ruggedness of the shore, did not the new road leading to the Simplon present itself to the view. This beautiful road runs along the banks of the lake, marking their windings by the white colour of the rocks and earth in which it has been formed. Above these mountains, themselves of great height, tower the snow-cap-

ped peaks which surround the valley of Chamouni; among these Mont Blanc majestically rears its head, covered with everlasting ice.

These lofty mountains sink towards Geneva; a plain of considerable extent, and clothed with a luxuriant vegetation, is interposed between the lake and the foot of the Saleve and Voirons: it is traversed by the Arve, which discharges its muddy waters into those of the Rhone.

This vast picture, sublime as a whole, picturesque and diversified in its forms and effects, and rich in its details, affords a prospect which the spectator is never weary of admiring.

It is not only the painter and the lover of nature that are attracted by the beauties of the Lake of Geneva, the naturalist and natural philosopher will derive from them equal gratification. Situated between the High Alps and the Jura, and at the extremity of several spacious valleys, pebbles of all sorts are found on its banks. The mountains which encircle it, and the strata of which may be studied down to their very base, present a vast field to the researches of the geologist. The lake furnishes many excellent sorts of fish; and aquatic birds, elsewhere very rare, live upon its shores. The lover of botany may collect in different valleys, where the heat is more or less intense, an abundant harvest of plants, which otherwise grow only in very opposite climates. The philosopher will not behold without interest the summits of Mont Blanc, Buet, and the Giant, where the De Saussures, the De Lucs, the Pictets, have made their scientific experiments; and

who is there that would not turn aside to visit Clarens, Meillerie, and that beautiful part of the lake which Rousseau has so admirably described in his *Nouvelle Héloïse*?

As the lake receives several rivers that run from the glaciers, its water is higher in summer during the melting of the snow than in the cold seasons: in the month of August it usually reaches its greatest elevation. But besides this regular increase, the lake is sometimes observed to rise all at once four or five feet, and then to fall with equal rapidity. This species of tide lasts for some hours. The hypothesis which most rationally accounts for these effects, ascribes the cause to partial variations in the pressure of the atmosphere. The same phenomenon has been remarked in all the other lakes of Switzerland.

The depth of the lake has been found to differ much in different places. Near Geneva it is very shallow, owing to a bank of mud and sand; whereas opposite to the rocks of Meillerie, the plummet has indicated a depth of 950 feet: which, according to the remark of De Saussure, corroborates the opinion of those philosophers, who think that, in lakes as in the sea, the deepest parts are found facing the highest cliffs on their shores.

The water of the lake is perfectly clear and transparent throughout its whole extent, excepting near the mouth of the Rhone; there the river discharges its waves impregnated with matters which it carries along in its impetuous course, but when it has proceeded to a certain distance in the lake, its motion becomes slower; the mud which it held in solution sinks to

the bottom, where it remains till some violent wind drives it to the shore. In this manner, the lands situated near the mouth of the Rhone receive annual accessions, encroach upon the lake, and form marshes, which are by degrees converted into fertile fields. This encroachment of the shore is considerable enough to be perceived by each generation. Strangers are shown a village named Prevallay (*Portus Valesia*), which formerly stood on the brink of the lake, and is now a mile and a half from it.

Before the incorporation of Savoy and Geneva with France, the banks of the lake formed the boundaries of five different states: namely, France, the Chablais (a province of Savoy), the Valais, the republic of Geneva, and the Pays de Vaud, a dependency of the canton of Berne. The latter is the richest, the most populous, and the best cultivated tract; it contains two vineyards, which produce white wines that are highly esteemed. That of La Côte grows on hills having little inclination between Morges and Nyon; and that of La Vaux is the produce of a vineyard extending from Lausanne to Vevey, from the banks of the lake to the ridge of the hills, and forming an amphitheatre of terraces, supported by low walls. On these rapid declivities, covered with earth brought from other places, the industrious inhabitants have found means to naturalize the vine, and to make it produce abundant crops. In the vicinity of Geneva, the wine is of middling quality. At the foot of the mountains of Chablais, which have a northern aspect, the climate is not warm enough to permit the

cultivation of the vine; nay, even corn will scarcely ripen there in cold wet years; but, on the other hand, the pasturage is excellent.

If we except Geneva, where commerce and manufactures have always flourished, very little traffic is carried on in most of the towns around the lake, though they are favourably situated for trade. The construction of the magnificent roads of the Simplon, Mont Genis, and La Faucille, all of which terminate on the shores of the lake, may perhaps contribute to change this state of things. The advantages afforded by them would be greatly increased, if the plan so frequently canvassed of rendering the Rhone navigable from Seyssel to Geneva were to be carried into execution.

Cologni, a village situated on the southern shore of the lake, and on the road to the Simplon, is one of the points from which Geneva appears to greatest advantage. The city rising amphitheatrically at the extremity of the lake, the Rhone which runs through it, the smiling hills by which it is overlooked, the handsome villas that surround it, and the liquid expanse in which most of these objects are reflected, form altogether a remarkable view. In the back-ground is Mount Wua-che, separated from the loftiest chain of the Jura by a deep ravine called L'Ecluse, in which a fort has been constructed for the defence of this narrow pass. This ravine, probably produced by one of those great convulsions which are taken place on the surface of the globe, affords an outlet to the Rhone, which rolls at a great depth between the bare and steep moun-

tains. Two leagues farther on, when its current is low, the river is entirely lost beneath enormous rocks, and appears again at a little distance. The chain of the Jura, one of the most elevated summits of which, called Reculet, is seen on the left, extends to Basle: in that part of it nearest to Geneva, its dark pine forests and naked rocks form a strong contrast with the richness and luxuriant verdure of the valley.

Geneva is divided into two unequal parts by the Rhone, which, having deposited its mud in its passage through the lake, appears of a beautiful azure.

The origin of Geneva is unknown; but we may fairly conjecture that so advantageous a situation, at the extremity of a lake abounding in fish, near the conflux of two rivers, in the midst of a vast and fertile plain, must have drawn inhabitants hither at a very early period. It was styled a town or burg at the time when the Romans penetrated into Gaul; it belonged to the country of the Allobroges, and passed with those people under the dominion of the Romans. It is probable that Christianity was introduced here in the fourth century, and that Paracodus and Dionysius were its first bishops. In 426 it changed masters, and became one of the capitals of the kingdom of the Burgundians. At Geneva was negotiated the marriage of the famous Clotilda with Clovis king of the Franks. About 521 Theodoric king of the Ostrogoths took Geneva from the Burgundians; his successors ceded it to the Franks in 586, and from that time it belonged to the different monarchs of the Merovingian race

who possessed the kingdom of Burgundy. It was subject to Pepin, Charlemagne, and Louis le Debonnaire, and was afterwards included in the division of the dominions of the last-mentioned prince by his sons. In 888 it formed part of the second kingdom of Burgundy. In the eleventh century, after the dissolution of that kingdom, its bishops prevailed upon the Emperor of Germany to cede to them the prerogatives of sovereignty, in defence of which they had to maintain a contest of four or five centuries with the Counts of the Genevois, and afterwards with those of Savoy, who disputed with them the possession of the city. At length, in 1535, Geneva acquired complete independence, and constituted itself a republic at the moment when it embraced the doctrines of the Reformation. From that period it became more and more flourishing: it acquired a political consistence, which, considering the smallness of its territory, would appear incredible, were it not easily accounted for by the situation of Geneva between three states jealous of one another, and each interested in preventing the rest from obtaining possession of this city, which derived great importance from that very circumstance. The French revolution changed its situation; Geneva was incorporated with France, and declared the capital of the department of the Léman; till, on the overthrow of the despotism of Buonaparte, its former constitution was restored with an increase of territory to this interesting little republic, which has since been admitted as a new canton into the Swiss confederacy.

The inhabitants of Geneva have ever been distinguished by their spirit of commerce and industry. They excel in the mechanical arts, watch and clock-making for example, which trade for several years has furnished employment to six thousand persons in the city alone.

A general thirst of knowledge prevails in this place, which possesses all the resources requisite for successful study. There is a College, the masters of which are paid out of a particular fund, and to which the poor as well as the rich regularly send their children: hence there are few towns in which useful knowledge is so generally diffused among the lower classes of the community. This college was founded by Calvin, who also instituted the Academy, which has acquired high reputation in literature, and more particularly in the sciences, and produced a great number of eminent men.

In viewing Geneva from Cologni, the spectator remarks on the right a rich hill, where he perceives the retreat whence Voltaire for thirty years directed the opinion of an age of which he was the oracle: it is Ferney, without doubt the only village ever founded by a poet. Then on the opposite shore of the lake he discovers a great number of neat country-houses, among others, Genthod, the residence of an accurate and able naturalist, a profound metaphysician, and a genuine philosopher, Charles Bonnet. Turning a little more towards the north, he sees different towns of the Pays de Vaul, and the rich hills that overlook them. Here, however, he misses the magnificent spectacle enjoyed

on the other side of the lake, that of **MONT BLANC** and the glaciers of **CHAMOUNI**. There at sunset, and even for a considerable time afterwards, he may contemplate those prodigious masses which are then tinged of a roseate hue: they are seen majestically towering above the embrowned mountains which border the lake, and which rising higher and higher as they recede, at length terminate in peaks covered with everlasting snows.

On quitting **Cologni** the road turns off from the banks of the lake, and leads for seven leagues over an ill cultivated country, through the little town of **Thonon** and some mean villages whose appearance bespeaks the poverty of their inhabitants. The traveller, tired of this dull prospect, is the more agreeably surprised, when all at once, near **Evian**, he discovers among a group of trees on the border of the lake, a pavilion of the most elegant architecture, thronged with company, and splendid equipages driving up to it. The inscription in front of this handsome edifice informs him, that the mineral spring discovered there is called **Amphion**. Its reputation is no doubt owing as much to the agreeable situation of the place, the beauty of the environs, and the good company which they draw together, as to the efficacy of its waters. **Amphion** stands in the centre of the semicircle described by the Lake of Geneva, and at one of the points of its south shore, which commands the richest and most extensive views. The **Pays de Vaud**, which the eye embraces at once, rises like an amphitheatre terminated by the bluish summit of

the **Jura**. An infinite number of steeples, villages, and villas, which may be discerned notwithstanding their distance, cover this space, which is cultivated throughout; **Rolle**, **Morges**, **Vevey**, seem to rise out of the lake; and **Lausanne**, built on an eminence, is reflected with the Gothic towers of its cathedral in the crystal waters, sometimes calm and tranquil, at others slightly ruffled by the motion of the vessels that plough its surface.

Not far from **Evian** is the ancient Carthusian convent of **Ripaille**, the name of which is become synonymous with abundance and gaiety: it was the retreat of the eccentric and voluptuous **Amedeus**, who, weary of grandeur, turned monk that he might be happy; but as **Voltaire** observes,

Il voulut être pape, et cessa d'être sage.

PLATE I.—VIEW OF THE BANKS OF THE LAKE OF GENEVA NEAR ST. GINGOUPH.

Very few views can be compared with those presented by the new road from **Evian** to **St. Gingouph**. As far as the Round Tower, it pursues the direction of the old road, along the banks of the lake. Stately walnut-trees and ancient oaks every where afford shade to the traveller, who cannot help frequently stopping to admire the opposite shore, which he gradually approaches, with its numerous habitations, the rich hills of **La Vaux**, covered with vines to a great height, and their summits crowned with verdure and woods.

Presently the borders of the lake cease to exhibit this pleasing prospect. Bare mountains, topped by the **Dent d'Gehe**, approach its

basin, and form nearly perpendicular walls, which once left scarcely sufficient space for a narrow foot-path. These scenes, which have derived celebrity from the *Nouvelle Heloise*, where they are painted in such gloomy colours, are no longer to be recognised: art has opened amidst these enormous crags a broad road, every where equally elevated above the lake; bridges of elegant construction have been built; deep ravines have been crossed by means of lofty dykes; rocks more than 100 feet high have been cut away; no obstacle however great could check this bold undertaking, and the contrast exhibited by the highest perfection of art beside the wildest productions of nature excites incessant admiration. At length, after passing near Meillerie, built on the steep declivity of rocks, the tourist reaches St. Gingouph, a village embosomed in trees, and the boundary between the canton of Geneva and the Valais.

A mass of rocks which has been suffered to remain between the road and the lake, exhibits a remarkable phenomenon: it contains large petrified trees, trunks, branches and all. The part which has been removed to make way for the road,

has been conveyed to the Museum of Natural History at Paris, where it will afford a subject of investigation for geologists. May not this be a relic of that dreadful catastrophe recorded in an ancient Swiss chronicle? Marius bishop of Lausanne, who lived in the fourth century, relates in his *Annals*, that a mountain was precipitated into the Lake of Geneva, carrying along with it a fortress and several villages situated at its foot; the waters of the lake were thrown into such violent commotion that they overflowed all its banks, and washed away several bridges and mills at Geneva itself. Similar calamities, so awful to contemporaries, are not rare in the history of Switzerland: it is not long since we witnessed such an event in the valley of Gollau.

In the distance is seen Mont Tendre, which separates the fertile plains of the Pays de Vaud from the valley of the Lake of Joux: at the foot of this mountain is the signal-post of Bougy, celebrated for its magnificent prospect. To the left of Mont Tendre is the Dole, on the summit of which the shepherds of the neighbouring mountains hold a rural festival every year on the 1st of August.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

TO PRESERVE FRUIT-TREES FROM
HARES AND RABBITS.

MR. SMEALL, gardener to Mr. Liston, of Millburn Tower, has found the following to be a simple, cheap, and effectual method of pre-

venting hares and rabbits from injuring fruit and other trees by eating the bark in winter.

Take hog's lard, and as much whale-oil as will work it up into a thin paste or paint, with which

gently rub the stems of the trees upwards at the fall of the leaf. If this application be repeated once in two years, it will prevent the depredations of those animals without the slightest injury to the trees.

PREVENTION OF MILDEW IN PEACH-TREES.

Mr. James Kirk of Smeaton has discovered a method of preventing mildew in peach-trees, which has never failed of success in an experience of nine years. In January and February, if the trees are in a stunted or sickly state, he takes away all the old mould from the roots as carefully as possible, and puts in its place fresh rotten turf from an old pasture, without any dung; and the trees have invariably not only recovered their health, but produced a crop of fine swelled fruit.

REMEDY FOR ROPY BEER.

To twelve or fourteen gallons of beer add (by pouring in at the bung-hole) a large spoonful of flour of mustard, previously well mixed with a little of the beer; stop it well up; and in twenty-four hours the beer will be thin and clear, without any unpleasant taste.

CEMENT.

A kind of Roman cement which well withstands a moist climate, is made by mixing one bushel of lime slaked with $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of green copperas, fifteen gallons of water, and half a bushel of fine gravel-sand. The copperas should be dissolved in hot water; it must be stirred with a stick, and kept stirring continually while in use. Care should be taken to mix as much as may be

requisite for one entire front, as it is very difficult to match the colour again; and it ought to be mixed the same day it is used.

METHOD OF DETECTING THE ADULTERATION OF FLOUR AND BREAD.

To discover whether flour be adulterated, mix with it some juice of lemon, or good vinegar: if the flour be pure, they will remain together at rest; but if there be a mixture, a fermentation or working like yeast will ensue. Adulterated flour is whiter and heavier than the good. The quantity that an ordinary tea-cup will contain has been found to weigh more than the same quantity of genuine flour, by four drachms nineteen grains troy. To detect frauds in bread, cut off the crust from a loaf, and cut the crumb into very thin slices; put these into a large earthen pipkin with a great deal of water, then place the vessel with its contents over a very gentle fire, and keep it a long time moderately hot, and the pap being gently poured off, the ingredients with which it is adulterated will be found at the bottom of the pipkin.—The mixture of potatoe-flour with wheat-flour in bread may be detected by drawing a knife, nearly hot, through the loaf, when some potatoe-flour will be found adhering to the knife.

DISTILLATION OF POTATOES.

A French lady, the Countess de N——, whom political events compelled to change her *chateau* on the banks of the Saone, for a cottage eight leagues from Viana, has established, on the small farm she occupies, a distillery of brandy

from potatoes; which she has found to be very lucrative. The brandy of 20 degrees of Reaumur is very pure; and has neither taste nor smell different from that produced by the distillation of grapes. The method she employs is very simple, and within every person's reach.

Take 100lbs. of potatoes, well washed; dress them by steam, and let them be bruised to powder with a roller, &c. In the mean time, take 4lbs. of ground malt, steep it in lukewarm water, and then pour into the fermenting back, and pour on it twelve quarts of boiling water: this water is stirred about, and the bruised potatoes thrown in and well stirred about with wooden rakes, till every part of the potatoes is well saturated with the liquor.

Immediately six or eight ounces of yeast is to be mixed with 28 gallons of water, of a proper warmth to make the whole mass of the temperature of from 12 to 15 degrees of Reaumur: there is to be added half a pint to a pint of good Brandy. The fermenting back must be placed in a room to be kept, by means of a stove, at a temperature of 15 to 18 degrees of Reaumur. The mixture must be left to remain at rest.

The back must be large enough to suffer the mass to rise seven or eight inches, without running over. If, notwithstanding this precaution, it does so, a little must be taken out, and returned when it falls a little: the back is then covered again, and the fermentation is suffered to finish without touching it—which takes place generally in five or six days. This is known by its being perceived that the li-

quid is quite clear, and the potatoes fallen to the bottom of the back. The fluid is decanted, and the potatoes dressed dry.

The distillation is by vapour, with a wooden or copper still, on the plan of Count Rumford. The product of the first distillation is low wines.

When the fermentation has been favourable, from every 100lbs. of potatoes, six quarts and upwards of good brandy, of 20 degrees of the aërometer, are obtained; which put into new casks, and afterwards browned with burnt sugar, like the French brandies, is not to be distinguished from them.

The Countess de N. has dressed and distilled per diem 1000lbs. of potatoes at twice, which give 50 to 70 quarts of good brandy. We may judge from this essay what would be the advantages of such an operation, if carried on on a large scale, and throughout the year.

The residue of the distillation is used as food for the stock of her farm, which consists of 34 horned cattle, 60 pigs, and 60 sheep; they are all excessively fond of it when mixed with water, and the cows yield abundance of milk. The sheep use about five quarts per diem each, viz. one half in the morning, and one half at night. The malt must be fresh ground—the countess has it ground every week.

RECIPT FOR MAKING BRITISH MADEIRA, IN IMITATION OF PORTUGAL.

Put one bushel of good pale malt into a tub, and pour upon it eleven

gallons of boiling water; after stirring them together, cover the vessel over, and let them stand to infuse for three hours; strain off the liquor through a hair sieve, and dissolve in it three pounds and a half of sugar-candy; then ferment it with yeast in the usual manner. After fermenting three days (during which time the yeast is to be skimmed off three or four times a day), pour the clear liquor into a clean cask, and add to it the following articles mixed together: French brandy, two quarts; raisin wine, five pints; and red port, two bottles: stir them together, and let the cask be well bunged, and kept in a cool place for six or ten months, when it will be fit to bottle. This wine will be found superior to the

Cape Madeira; and after having been kept in bottle a few months, will be found not inferior to East India Madeira. Good table beer may be made with the malt after it has been infused for making this wine.

PERMANENT INK FOR MARKING LINEN.

Take a drachm of nitrate (lunar caustic), dissolve it in a glass mortar in double its weight of pure water: this is the ink. In another glass vessel dissolve a drachm of salt of tartar in an ounce and a half of water: this is usually named the *liquid pounce*, with which the linen is wetted previously to the application of the ink.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.



THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN.

DR. WATKINS, in the second volume of his *Life of this eminent public character*, relates the following anecdote.

As Mr. Sheridan was coming up to town in one of the public coaches for the purpose of canvassing Westminster, at the time when Paull was his opponent, he found himself in company with two electors. In the course of conversation, one of them asked the other to whom he meant to give his vote; when his friend replied, "To Paull, certainly; for though I think him but a shabby sort of fellow, I would vote for any one rather than that rascal Sheridan."—"Do you know Sheridan?" asked the stranger—"Not I, sir," answered the gentleman,

"nor should I wish to know him." The conversation dropped here; but when the party alighted to breakfast, Sheridan called aside the other gentleman, and said, "Pray who is that very agreeable friend of yours? He is one of the pleasantest fellows I ever met with, and I should be glad to know his name."—"His name is Mr. T——; he is an eminent lawyer, and resides in Lincoln's Inn Fields."

Breakfast over, the party resumed their seats in the coach; soon after which Sheridan turned the discourse to the law. "It is," said he, "a fine profession. Men may rise from it to the highest eminence in the state, and it gives vast scope to the display of talent: many of

the most virtuous and noble characters recorded in our history have been lawyers. I am sorry, however, to add, that some of the greatest rascals have also been lawyers; but of all the rascals of lawyers I ever heard of, the greatest is one T——, who lives in Lincoln's Inn Fields."

"I am Mr. T——," said the gentleman.—"And I am Mr. Sheridan," was the reply. The jest was instantly seen; they shook hands, and instead of voting against the facetious orator, the lawyer exerted himself warmly in promoting his election.

THE DAUPHIN (LOUIS XVII.).

A BIOGRAPHY of the last Dauphin of France by M. Eckard, just published with the title of *Memoires historiques sur Louis XVII.* contains some interesting traits of that unfortunate prince.

So early as his fifth year, this promising child took great delight in gardening; and a small plot of ground was laid out for him in the park of Versailles. Hither he repaired every morning and gathered flowers for a *bouquet*, which he laid upon the queen's toilet before she rose from bed. When the weather prevented him from paying his usual tribute, he would say, "I am not pleased with myself to-day; I have not done any thing for mamma; I have not earned her morning kiss." When the royal family was compelled by the violence of the unruly populace to remove to Paris, the prince still retained this innocent propensity. A piece of ground was reserved for him in the garden of the Tuileries, where he amused himself every morning, and tended his flowers; but not without an escort of the national guards. Many persons in Paris yet remember to have seen this fine child sporting about there with all the *gaieté* of his tender years.

On one of the queen's birthdays, Louis XVI. told his son, that he ought that morning to gather the very finest nosegay he could, and present it to his mother with a little compliment. The Dauphin, after considering a moment, replied, "Papa, I have in my garden an *immortelle* (everlasting-flower): this shall be all my nosegay, and my compliment. I will present it to her, and say, 'Mamma, I wish that you may be like this flower!'"

After the flight and return of the royal family from Varennes, when the Abbé Devaux, his tutor, was about to resume his instructions, he began his first lesson by reminding his pupil, that he had broken off in his grammatical studies at the degrees of comparison: "but," added he, "you must have forgotten all this, I suppose."—"Oh! no, you are mistaken," rejoined the Dauphin; "only hear if I have. The *positive* is when I say, My abbé is a good abbé—the *comparative* when I say, My abbé is better than another abbé—and the *superlative*," he continued, fixing his eyes on the queen, "is when I say, My mamma is the kindest and best of all mammas."

MISCELLANIES.

PL. 2.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER XIII.

Jan. 3.

THE irritation into which I was thrown by the noisy ecclesiastic kept me waking full half the night, and quite deranged my whole system. Heaven knows whether she sung this morning, for I awoke much later than usual, and had scarcely pulled off my night-cap when the canon came according to promise to return my visit. Had I not been already pretty well acquainted with him, I should probably have been much more confused than I was, on seeing a dignitary of the church clad in purple at my *petit lever*. As it was, however, instead of making any excuse, I had only occasion to remark on the striking contrast of our appearance, in order to engage his self-complacency, till I was dressed and ready to attend him.

We then proceeded together to the church. I had an excellent place—would that the piece represented had but been better! A vacant stall near that belonging to the chapter was allotted to me. Here I stood absorbed in thought during the uninterrupted succession of religious ceremonies; which, however, were too strange to me to operate upon my devotion. In truth, among the various distinctions with which I have occasionally been honoured in the course of my life, none was ever so ill adapted to my situation as the circumstance of the canon meant to

shew me to-day. My ill-humour increased every minute, and had risen to the highest pitch at the moment when the officiating ecclesiastic held up the host at the high altar, and the whole congregation fell to the ground with a crash that suddenly roused my long dormant attention. I was the only person who remained quietly in his former posture, but did not retain it long. The pseudo-cardinals, not excepting him who had enticed me hither, motioned to me with such grave and sour looks, that for fear of a spiritual punishment, I quickly complied with their directions; but just as I was bending my knees, both my feet, from want of practice I suppose, slipped from under me, and down I came with force upon the marble pavement. I must have regarded pain as something meritorious, like a Braimin or a person doing penance, if such a shock as this could have produced any beneficial effect whatever upon me: but as I was neither the one nor the other, I followed my natural feeling, rubbed my knees, and secretly cursed the absurdity of a compulsory worship, till, on the conclusion of the ceremony, the congregation rose and joined the choir in a lofty psalm, which afforded me an opportunity of giving vent to my vexation. I united my voice with the rest, and in the face of the whole chapter, nay even in their own church, I sung out lusti-

ly, "From Popery and idolatry, good Lord deliver us!"—After thus performing my devotions in the spirit of my religion, I departed, without thanking the canon for his politeness, but pleased with having had my revenge.

My good-humour was completely restored as soon as I again found myself in the neighbourhood of Clara. The enthusiastic admiration of her super-human virtue, with which my friend the bookseller had for a time infected me, was indeed extinguished since the evening of yesterday; but it had left behind a different feeling, which, though less disinterested, was not less agreeable. I determined, however, not to encourage it, till I had examined M. Fez on certain points relative to the real state of affairs between the ecclesiastic and the pretty saint. This preliminary information seemed to me so indispensable, that as soon as I had swallowed my dinner, I sallied forth to obtain it.

The innocent expedient to which I yesterday resorted to gain the confidence of the loquacious bookseller, had the same success to-day. I learned, without the least difficulty, first the selling price of this and that author who had long been consigned to oblivion; and after my bill was made out, the whole connection of the visit which had appeared so suspicious to me. With a few words, which, had they reached my ears yesterday, would have spared me much uneasiness, M. Fez removed all the doubts that I had entertained respecting the morals of my lovely neighbour. His explanation was as follows:—The house, in which we live, be-

longs—as indeed I knew before—like many others in the city, to the hospital of the deanry. The young ecclesiastic has lately been elected dean, and as such he visits these houses one after the other, both to receive the rents, and to give directions for such repairs as they may stand in need of. It is not surprising that the variety of business connected with these matters should detain till late at night a punctual man, who is an enemy to procrastination; and I should certainly be very uncharitable if I could any longer think ill of his visits, or of the beauteous saint, because she can not only sing psalms, but also, if occasion requires, season with wit and humour the dry avocations of her superior.

"I have told you all that I know of the reverend gentleman who yesterday disturbed you so long in your studies!" continued M. Fez while packing up for me the *Erreurs de Voltaire* and the *Lettres édifiantes*. "But should you wish for farther information concerning him, or indeed about any thing else that may strike you in our city, I can recommend to you a man who will be much better able to satisfy you than myself, or any other person. He is a converted Jew, who from year's end to year's end has but two duties to attend to, and which it is true he most punctually performs. The one is to take care of the grave of Laura, and to shew it to strangers; the other is to give them information respecting all the curiosities. Before his conversion he stood as punctually at the corner of the *Hotel de Ville*, offering lottery-tickets to passengers, and asking till he was hoarse

if they had any thing to sell. Not a soul took the least notice of him. His beard proved a disadvantage to him in all his speculations. Now that he is a Christian, it is wonderful how every thing thrives with him. Would you believe it, sir, he is more sought after, more esteemed, and much richer than myself."

"The grave of Laura!" said I.

"Indeed, my dear M. Fez, I am much obliged to you for having mentioned it; I might otherwise, to my everlasting shame, have returned to my native country without once thinking of this curiosity of your city. Now I have an additional reason for visiting it since you promise me such a useful acquaintance. My next excursion shall be to *Vaucluse*, to view the residence of the tender Petrarch. —As for my parcel, you may lay that on one side for the present; I will send my servant for it."

I now strolled through the streets, keeping a sharp look-out for the steeple, which M. Fez had given me for a land-mark. It was not long before I described the church of the *Cordeliers*, and the person whom I wanted reclined against one of the pillars at the door, waiting for the tribute of inquisitive strangers. I approached him with the same kind of smile which I could never suppress when reading the line of Voltaire, that now spontaneously presented itself as the most natural address:

De cette église êtes vous sacristain?

I wish you had seen the expression that lighted up his whole countenance, and proved much more strongly than his monosyllabic "Yes!" how well he understood my question.

What I might not take up unne-

cessarily, the time of either of us, I glanced at a distance at the simple stone which he pointed out to me. He was then preparing to repeat his daily sermon on the subject, but I cut him short. "That will do," said I, slipping into his hand two crowns, with which I diverted the torrent of his eloquence. These pieces quickly produced a certain sympathy between us, from which I promise myself much future advantage. "The very respectful manner in which you approach this sacred tomb," said he, "give me reason to suppose that you would be curious to hear the history of her who reposes within it. It is difficult to be silent concerning her—but yet I will, as you so expressly command me."

"What a pity it is," rejoined I, "that a man of such a delicate *tact* should have the care of the ashes only of a handsome woman!—an occupation so limited, so melancholy, and so barren to a reflecting mind!"

"Upon the whole, sir," he replied, "you may be pretty right, but you ought, I think, to except him who has the charge of the grave of a Laura. It is not because she was a beautiful woman, and kindled a flame in another heart besides her husband's—it is not ordinary circumstances like these that confer distinction on her tomb, and ennoble the functions of him who is entrusted with the care of it—but the pure spirit which, after the lapse of ages seems still like a phoenix to hover over her ashes, that renders the otherwise insignificant office of such importance; it is the spirit of Laura—of her immortal admirer!"

He pronounced the word *immor-*



tal as pathetically as a professor. "Just now," he resumed, "you called my sphere melancholy and confined: How easily could I convince you of your error, were I not——" Here he paused, but soon recollecting himself—"Am I not addressing a courteous stranger," said he, "a man of honour, who will not abuse my confidence? That is enough for me. You know that after undergoing a strict examination, I have been appointed by the ecclesiastical authorities to take care of this grave, and to repeat the same antiquated love-story over and over again to every one who wishes to hear it—apparently a dull occupation! But even the most dull may, in the hands of an active man of a reflecting mind, be rendered important to his contemporaries, and even to posterity. Without a knowledge of the human heart, I should indeed have effected but little in the narrow circle assigned to me—but where can one do much without that? I have not confined myself to the bare performance of the duties I undertook. No, sir, as soon as they had procured me bread, I examined them on all sides, and studied them attentively, with a view to a higher purpose. I soon attained a degree of fluency in delivering my narrative which none of my predecessors had possessed, and could even recite the hundred and eight sonnets composed by Petrarch in honour of his mistress, with all the tenderness that he infused into them. This talent, sir, though by no means common, would, nevertheless, afford but transient pleasure, had I not learned to apply it to the promotion of the public wel-

fare, which ought always to be the chief object of every good citizen. Laura—with due respect for what she once was, be it spoken—is now but dust and ashes. Her tomb is plain and simple; neither is it entitled to a jot more reverence, because it was once visited by a king, who caused it to be opened, and deposited in it his wretched verses. But since it has been under my superintendence, it is become the most delicate touchstone of the virtue of my female fellow-citizens."

"Upon my word, sir," said I smiling, "that is no small service to the state. But how, in all the world, have you contrived to impart such magic power to an ordinary sand-stone?"

"If you will listen without interrupting me any more," replied he, "you shall know the whole process, from the principles I set out with down to the results."

"Female virtue, as it is commonly called," continued he, at the same time laying hold, probably from ancient habit, of his pointed chin, "is like gold coins all having the same stamp; one glistens as well as another, and bears that value in commerce which the course of exchange and credit give to it. —O the Jew! thought I to myself.—"But the assayer cannot tell how pure, how free from alloy each of these coins may be, till he has tried it in the crucible. Now, for them who are particularly anxious to be on the safe side, I can, by means of my office, greatly facilitate this process, which is certainly a critical one, as it presupposes a certain destruction, and is always attended with the loss of shape and the

* Francis I. of France.

pense of coinage. Let a person be ever so cautious, still he may venture to take one of these precious pieces upon which he fixes his eye, without being afraid that it has been sweated or cut or adulterated while in circulation, if it is only warranted by me."

"For greater clearness," said I, once more interrupting the extraordinary guarantee, "I should be glad if you would put all your similes on one side, and speak to me without allegory."

"Without allegory?" he repeated; "that, sir, upon such a subject as I am treating of, would not be so easy as you may imagine. However, I will do my best. I had not been long in my post, before I discovered that there was not a female heart (there, I am getting into allegory again, but I cannot help it,) that began to feel, but commenced its pilgrimages at the sacred grave of Laura. By repeated observation, I ascertained the accuracy of my remarks, and at length reduced them to a regular system. When, therefore, I see a new face of fourteen or fifteen entering my sanctuary, I know pretty well what kind of confused dreams have visited the owner of it in the preceding night. Poor innocent things! they listen to the history of Laura with an earnestness that is truly affecting. With what avidity do they apply to themselves the harmonious predictions and apostrophes which, according to their situation, I distribute from the storehouse of my Petrarch. Each fancies that she beholds a picture of her own sentiments, and that she is listening to the secret history of her own feelings. Well, sir, so long as this play of the imagination lasts—so

long as the youthful fair-one continues her visits to me and Laura—so long as she is not tired of the tender effusions poured forth by Petrarch's generous heart to his mistress, so long I would risk soul and body on her innocence. But, sir, when her morning calls begin to be less frequent, when they perhaps entirely cease—then," added the sagacious sexton in a lower tone, "I know with equal certainty what o'clock it is. Now you comprehend how unique in its kind this sort of knowledge must be, and how wise it is of those gentlemen, who, when they are about to venture upon matrimony, before they apply to the bishop, obtain the secret approbation of the sexton. In no public office, perhaps, is the useful so intimately united with the agreeable as in mine. Thus have I, by degrees, and without any effort on my part, become acquainted with the most private concerns of the inhabitants of this city, and now influence the son as I formerly did the father, the daughter as I once did the mother. Thus do I find myself, like the oracles of the ancients, enabled to turn the general confidence of families to the advantage of their individual members; here to reward, there to punish; to reconcile many a secret wish of the one with the expectations of the other; and thus to operate in silence, as befits a wise man, upon the present and future generation.—But, worthy sir, what is the matter? You seem absorbed in thought!"

"Excuse my absence," replied I—"just at that moment a very curious question was passing through my head; and I—"

"Then it is not the heart that

you have to disclose to me?" exclaimed he, divining my thoughts. "Pray, make no ceremony with me! I am accustomed to all sorts of questions, and seldom at a loss to answer them."

"Then tell me frankly," I proceeded, "does the beautiful Clara, who lives in Church-street with an old aunt, continue her youthful pilgrimages to this sacred tomb? or is she already past those Petrarchan preparations which you have so kindly provided for the damsels of this city?"

"What a combination of ideas!" cried the sexton with manifest astonishment. "What could possibly bring you from my test to the contrite heart of that saint?"

"Nothing can be more natural," replied I. "For the last three days I have been living in the next room to hers; I hear her every day sing a psalm or two with the voice of an angel; I cannot look at her as she goes to mass without being completely thrilled, and——"

"And so," continued the good sexton, helping me out, "it is easy to conceive why you are so deeply interested in her visits to this place. You could not have chosen a lodging more dangerous to your peace in all Avignon; so much I can assure you."

"And my question?" cried I impatiently——

"Is a very ticklish one," resumed he. "But you deserve"—here he rattled the two crowns which I had given him—"to be answered, without reserve. It is about two years since she paid me her first visit, with the coy and timid looks of a girl of thirteen. While I have held my office I have

not seen upon any face the transition from tranquil simplicity to the happy period of expectation more delicately delineated. Gladly would I have assisted the youthful heart to expand. I did what I could, and was but too amply rewarded for the gratifying recital of my old story, by the expressive looks of her ardent eyes: for they frequently made me stammer, which otherwise I never do, and I found that I could still blush. How she pitied poor Petrarch, and what delight did her harmonious soul take in his exquisite sonnets! She has heard them so often, with throbbing breast and overflowing eyes, that I verily believe she knows them by heart as perfectly as I do. For some time past, however, she has devoted herself entirely to religion, in which she seems disposed to seek her only happiness—not but that she occasionally visits this sacred spot; only now she is always accompanied by her spiritual adviser for the time being—for she had three—one after the other of course—before Fortune brought to her his reverence the dean, who dedicates most of his time to the care of the soul of this extraordinary female, and with whom she seems on her part to be perfectly satisfied."

I could feel the blood rush into my face, and stammered out the words, "Do you know much of this man?"

"Do I know him?" cried the sexton, with as much warmth as if my question had affronted him. "I thought the greatest stranger needed but to see him once cross the street to know him thoroughly. The men humbly salute him like

an apostle, and the women, nay even the giddiest girls, stand still as he passes, lift their eyes to heaven, and press his benedictory hand to their heaving bosoms. Indeed among all the joys of a good pastor, I know but one that is yet denied him, but which he certainly

Here he stopped as though he felt some scruple to proceed with what he was going to say; and this, as you may suppose, only served to heighten my curiosity. As this pause lasted longer than was usual with him, I took him familiarly by the hand. "My dear friend," said I, in as kind and courteous a manner as possible, "I do not understand you; what joy is it that is yet denied to your dean?"

"That only," replied the sexton, duly impressed by my condescension, but in a lower tone, "of not seeing any strayed sheep return to his flock; because, to his honour be it said, he feeds them so well that he has not yet lost any."

After these mysterious words, he put on a look which seemed to say, that he thought he had now honestly earned his two crowns. It deterred me from pressing him any farther, and painful as it was to me, I prepared to leave him. He attended me in silence to the door; but here he gave me a little supplement to the panegyric, of which I was before heartily tired. "I hope," said he, "that you leave me thoroughly convinced of the merits of our worthy dean—nay, I even flatter myself that you depart with the good resolution to increase the number of his joys, whenever you may have an opportunity. Meanwhile, fare you well!"

"A pretty supposition truly!" muttered I to myself. "This fellow is the first madman that I ever heard begging for his superior." I began to grudge him my two crowns. The image of the dean, of whom I had here purchased a much more favourable picture than I expected; his widely extended reputation; his enviable office; his activity, all concurred to humble me. I crawled home as if oppressed by a heavy load, threw myself in the worst of humours into my chair, and indulged in the most gloomy ideas. I felt how galling are the merits of others when we have not the fortitude to imitate them. "What!" cried I peevishly, "is this man to come and disturb the quiet of my study, to scare away the sublime ideas that hovered round my soul—a man drilled to every ecclesiastical occupation, except perhaps digging in the Pontine Marshes—who revels in all the delights of life, while I have to pick up singly the stones wherewithal to rear a fabric of ideal happiness; and what is more, must such an angel as Clara descend from her elevation to transport him by her wit, her harmonious mirth, and the melody of her voice into the joys of Paradise—and all merely because he is the dean!"

Ah! Edward, envy is a hateful vice, distorted by sophistries and exaggerations, and composed of poisons, which we maniacs greedily gulp down, though well aware of the torments which they cannot fail to occasion. This feeling soon became so intolerable that I determined to shake it off without delay.

THE STROLLER'S TALE: SKETCHED FROM NATURE.

(Continued from vol. IV. p. 352.)

ON a retrospect of this evening's *début*, how did my heart sink within me! Alas! where were my cheering friends crowding to gain the gratuitous boxes at Berwick-street, the only boxes they ever sat in? Where were the smiles of those who had paid nothing to sour their criticism, and lavished such encomiums on my figure? "All chop-fallen." What a glorious triumph would it have been for my brother Crispin, the man I had so utterly despised, had he seen me now! It cost me two glasses of grog, of which all my companions kindly partook, the gentle Marcia not excepted, before I could muster sufficient resolution to sing my song. However, I got through it with so much spirit as to raise a few vigorous claps from hands probably tired of being inactive, and I finished my evening's personification with more satisfaction to my employers than to myself. Chagrin was gnawing my vitals, and I retired a victim to regret and disappointment. A night's rest, however, brought back all my enthusiasm, and I began a new day with a renovation of faculties. I had some part yet to propose performing, in which I doubted not but to shine, and which would retrieve all my lost honour, and acquire some pecuniary emolument; for as things now stood, I durst not mention any terms to the manager, and I felt also grateful for the encouragement he had given me.

I had still some little money left, with which I gave a dinner to my

brethren, who signified by their voracity, that a good meal was one of those things to which they had long been unaccustomed. This feast settled a thousand little jealousies and heart-burnings, of which as many are engendered in the circle of a country theatre as in the green-room of a theatre royal. We did not play that evening; and as no money was taken at the door for the entertainment I furnished, my guests were not in a hurry to retire; they did not break up until the morning, and then with promises, professions, and protestations. They exerted themselves to the utmost to amuse me; I was not backward in mirth, and had any novice seen us now, he might have been justified in extolling the ease and hilarity of a stroller's life. But this, alas! was one of those gleams of sunshine dearly enough purchased, occurring but seldom; while the rest of our lives was "a blank, my lord."

However, at this place I remained, for I had no prospect of bettering my situation. My money was exhausted, and the few creditors I could acquire became importunate. I had indeed appealed to my employer, in order to persuade him to raise the small sum he had conferred on me as a salary, or to pay me part of a demand I had on him for past services, which he had long owed me. He professed every inclination to comply with my wishes, excepting that he was totally out of cash, and the thing I most wanted impossible to obtain. I had too

often received supplies from my mother to expect more from that source; and I became stupified with horror at my situation. I have often heard, that after the first moments of despair our faculties begin to rouse: so it may be where something is to be done, but I had nothing to do. To be sure the world was all before me, but how was I to avoid the starvation which appeared to stare me in the face? I was reduced to the shape of the starved Apothecary, and might have played that character without the appropriate tight oil-skin suit.

My creditors grew still more clamorous; they threatened to trouble me; I refused to indulge them. "A handkerchief held all the little I had," and "I took to the road." Behold me then a king of shreds and patches, though not resigned enough to exclaim, "Then, thank Heaven, I am not worth a ducat." I strayed I scarcely knew whither, while the most gloomy thoughts occupied my soul: at one time I resolved on repenting, and to return to shop, but pride revolted at the idea. I depicted the scorn with which I imagined I should be received. The sum of three shillings and five-pence was the utmost of my resources, and the only articles which I could sell were, a silver knife, a brass key, a gilt brooch, a sham miniature picture, and three imitation guineas. Many an old stage will I know be surprised at the immensity of my resources; but I was young enough to feel all the anticipation of starvation, and to sit for the baked mutton and potatoes in which I had so often revelled under my paternal roof:

"We all of us know what we are,

But none of us know what we come to."

At length, after wandering for some time, the light of day began to appear, and after I had travelled many miles farther through a cross country, the busy haunts of men appeared; the distant chimnies peeped in sight, the church-spire rearing its head beyond the trees. I entered a green lane; I passed the blacksmith's shop at the corner of the town, at which I arrived wet, fatigued, dejected, a solitary wanderer, and so exhausted with fasting, that I was fain to enter the Red Lion for rest and refreshment. The rain drizzled down the windows as I sat in the parlour of a little pot-house, where no cheerful fire blazed on the hearth to enliven with its appearance or comfort with its warmth. I fixed my eyes on the rain as it continued to fall, till the question of, "Sir, did you want any thing?" roused my attention. I was rash enough to order a pint of porter with some bread and cheese, and this composed my breakfast and dinner; and I greeted with rapture this humble fare, which at home I should have rejected with disdain. Hunger gave it a zest; and while I enjoyed the bodily gratification, my mind was also refreshed, and I began more cheerfully to look forward to the future. I now found out, alas! too late, that I had fancied myself a genius of the first order, and that fate was attempting to convince me to the contrary. I was now so humble, that I envied a wheelwright who was employed opposite to me; and although the perspiration rang from this brow, from the exertions which he made to earn his living, yet the fellow whistled and sang,

"Britans never, never shall be slaves!"

with a tone which might be envied

by the *dramatis persona* left at H——. My meal concluded, "Richard was himself again." My bosom's lord sat lightly on its throne, and I rose from my seat. I amused myself with an inspection of this little room. I beheld the coloured prints of Temperance, Sobriety, and Chastity appended to the walls, and I swore in future they should be the household gods I would worship. I read on the windows that "Polly Jones was here 1812;" that "Miss Collier was a pretty girl;" with

"Whoso writes his name on glass,
Must either be a fool or ass;"

when I began to think that my erratic spirit might not be undeserving of the latter epithet, if I did not try to gain some certain employment. I thought of my finances, and gently touched the bell-wire; it emitted the proper tinkle of a low pocket, and the price of my refreshment was tendered with humility, and received with caution. I was no longer the gay youth with hat stuck on one side, knocking my boots with my stick, and striding before the fire a huge colossus, whistling an air, or laughing at my own facetiousness, but quite shop-fallen. I condescended to take my halfpenny change from the cherry-checked damsel, tried at a joke, which faltered on my tongue, while I dropped the solitary copper into a pocket where was no other to welcome its arrival, and no congratulatory clunk recognised a fellow while I proceeded to the next town. My meal had, however, raised me an inch higher in stature. A fine evening followed the rain, and I entered at nine o'clock a room at

the Green Man, fully determined to do something on the morrow. No. 5 was occupied by travellers, yclept bagmen. Happy set! I ejaculated; for, if boisterous mirth could make them so, my conclusions were just. Ever inclined to catch the tone of the company into which I was thrown, I sung several of my best songs; my supper cost me nothing; in time I forgot my situation in their offers of service; I retired to bed, and slept soundly till late the next day, without thinking that this indulgence was yet to be paid for. On rising to my breakfast, all my friends I found were gone, each to his occupation; they had forgotten the promises drawn from them in the hilarity of the evening; they had slept off all their generosity, and with the morning's dawn Prudence, a young lady I had ever treated with much disrespect, crased from their memory all traces of their declarations.

However, after the most awful ceremony of settling my bill, I, who had the precaution overnight to ask if "there were players in the town?" inquired for the scene of action. I was directed to a barn at the outskirts of the town; and with a palpitating heart, yet with a look of brass, tapped at a cottage-door which was adjoining to the theatre. The manager was a young man of nineteen, married to a lady even younger than himself, and with their efforts they had to support two children, an aged father and mother, who, however, formed nearly the whole of their company. "Consequently," said he, "my business is nearly occupied, and my salaries can't be very high. You may, if you please, try your ability."

ties with us, and if you are useful and not very bad, I have no objection to allow you twelve shillings a week, and that as much as any gentleman can expect in this circuit: you may also, for a moderate expense, command a benefit, and I engage to lend you all properties *gratis*." Alas! I was not in a situation to *haggle*; and the following evening, as Mr. Sidney from the Theatre Royal in the Haymarket, I played Richard III. in the style of the late Mr. Cooke; sung the *Yorkshire Wedding* and *Jessy of Dunblane* between the acts; played Jeremy Diddler in the farce, and never, I believe, was this poor gentleman dressed in such appropriate costume as at this period. Our theatre on this night contained the enormous sum of 32. 14s. 6d. "and I was received with unbounded applause from all parts of the house." This reception indeed roused all my dormant vanity, and I was engaged at the above-mentioned immense salary, which, by dint of great industry, served to keep my former sealskin stuffed," just together.

"Benefits were approaching, and I waited tolerably patiently for the promised gratification, and, as usual, prepared to levy my contributions on the tradespeople. One circumstance, which I may add to the number of my disappointments; which I expected on adopting the sock and buskin, was the hope of the idle time I should get in preference to being a tradesman, and the indulgence I should attain in dramatic reading, and in studying those parts I chose to perform. I had fancied that a great part of the day might be spent in *elegant lei-*

sure. I imagined, also, that my company would be courted by every one, and that the whole town would be anxious to invite a man who had "Shakspeare at his fingers' ends." But, alas! what a tedium did my days present! I slept till twelve to kill time; I then sauntered or attended rehearsal till one, often without breaking my fast, or took a solitary half meal. No patron of the histrionic art invited me to his festive board; and until the hour when our curtain drew up, the moments dragged slowly and heavily on. We played but four times a week; I had, therefore, sufficient leisure for *ennui* and complaint. It is true, that a little perfumer's and stationer's shop would have supplied me with a few old plays and novels, but a salary of twelve shillings a week allowed little for indulgences of this kind. How often have I envied the important look of the lowest mechanic when about to follow his employment! the contented whistle of the plough-boy has agonized me with envy, and even the chimney-sweeper seemed to look upon me as "the off-scouring and scum of the earth!" and how did their contempt irritate the soul of the son of a cordwainer!

One day I had retired for a long walk in the fields, "my custom often in the afternoon," there to kill an hour, and ponder over the three-shilling piece which remained in my pocket, when two days only were expired of the lazy week, before the end of which the day of payment would not come round again; when I was accosted by one of us, who, though in circumstances sufficiently woe-begone, yet with a face lit up by merriment, exclaim-

ed in the words of Kenny, "You have not got such a thing as tenpence about you, have you?—I have not a farthing in the world, my dear fellow," continued he, "and should not even have broken my fast had not Fortune favoured me, by causing me to win half-a-crown of the exciseman, who betted that Nat Lee wrote *The Double Discovery*. But, alas! I fear I must content myself here with 'beef and greens,' or, in other words, must dine with Duke Humphrey.—'Tis here," said he, "I pass many a weary day, contemplating the works of nature; as how that noble ox would taste roasted! how delicately that calf would boil! until I am sometimes happy enough to meet with some good fellow who, for singing him the 'Cat and the Tailor,' slips something in my hand which will pay for a rashier of bacon." And yet (will you believe it, gentle reader?) this distressed knight of the truncheon was allied to a good family, had been brought up at college; but a love of vagrancy, a contempt for restriction, had "brought his mind to this:" and when he informed me he had once borne a commission in his majesty's army, "Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "how could you give up so honourable a profession? My father was only a shoemaker."—"Shoemakers," answered my friend, "cat—and that is a very substantial reason for the preference of a trade over a profession. But to inform you why I exchanged my profession, it is because I had rather starve with my equals than

in the company of my superiors. It is true I ran through two good fortunes, and my friends once more offered to pay my debts; and then it was that I entered into a regiment. I was only an ensign, and my pay would not furnish me with boots, much less was I enabled to become the member of an expensive mess. Thus, while barbers' and tinkers' sons revelled in inebriety, I was glad to leave the table, sneak home to bed, or to read *Drelincourt on Death*, to an old maid for a supper, or take tea and corrupt the morals of my landrèss's daughter. This was my fate; so I sold out, spent the money, and bade farewell to all 'the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.' "

How then could I, a mechanic's son, and of low origin, complain, when a man by birth so much my superior was without a sixpence! But he was not the only great character in our company driven to their shifts: with my friend the ensign was the once fellow of a college, a barrister at law, and a musician who once led at one of our principal theatres. All these were men of genius, the victims of the grossest imprudences, who now joined in despising that rank in life they had forever lost, and who, from a spirit of what they called independence, had become objects of pity. My military friend reminded me, that what I wanted in money I had yet in credit, while he had none; and upon the strength of this we ordered a dinner.

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR.

MR. EDITOR,

IN looking over some papers the other day, I found the inclosed packet, which I received last year from an old and much esteemed friend. The subject appears to me not uninteresting, and I thought that perhaps either in its original, or in an altered state, it might be deemed worthy of a place in your elegant work. I have therefore done myself the honour to transmit it to you, and shall be obliged by your transmitting it in any way you please. As it may in fact be termed a little *novelle*, and my daughters tell me, that an appropriate title is very necessary for such a production, I have taken one, as you will perceive, from the principal incident in it.

I am, sir, your humble servant and constant reader,

H.

NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.

IVY COTTAGE, Jan. 1, 1817,
Eleven at night.

Dear H.

I SALUTE you with a sincere wish that the new year may prove to you a happy one, and that many, many succeeding years may bring you health and felicity. This day completes the thirtieth January which has elapsed since you and I first exchanged these old-fashioned salutations; with equal sincerity I believe on both sides; but never did I utter my good wishes with so much fervour as at the present moment. It is not, dear H. that my attachment to you has increased; it is because I am so truly happy, that my heart overflows with kindness to every one, and all those I am attached to seem dearer to me than ever.

"But what is the cause of this joy?" methinks I hear you cry. Softly, my good friend, it is a long story, and I am resolved not to spare you a syllable of it.

You know that I am not ashamed of being the architect of my own fortune, which is now, thanks to industry and frugality, a large one: nevertheless, I live at a moderate expense. I have two reasons for this: the first and the principal is,

that I have a number of poor relations for whom I think it my duty to do what I can, and as I do not wish them to console themselves for extreme indigence during my life, by the hope of something handsome when I die, I divide a part of my income among them, reserving the most considerable portion and a handsome sum in ready money to bequeath to my nephew Arthur Langley, the only son of my brother George; a boy whom from his birth I have regarded as my own child.

You will perhaps wonder, why, as I never was attached to poor George, who to say the truth had few qualities to gain him the regard of those who knew him thoroughly, I should be so fond of his son; but the fact is, that this boy's mother could if she had pleased have prevented my belonging to the brotherhood of old bachelors.

George and I saw and lost each other at the same time. He was a handsome, sprightly, dashing dog, who had every external recommendation. I was a blunt, unpolished fellow, destitute of all those qualities that generally win the fair. Poor Sophy took George, and secured to herself unhappiness for

life. I was angry at her want of discernment, mortified that I had exposed myself to a refusal; and I ended by being for years miserable, because I could not alleviate her wretchedness.

George behaved even worse than I had expected. He was fond of his wife for a month, neglected her at the end of six weeks, kept a mistress before the expiration of the first quarter, and to crown all, ran out his estate with all possible expedition.

The poor girl herself never uttered a complaint, while I was permitted to enter the house: indeed, she had not much occasion, for I took care that George should hear often enough of his faults. But as the subject was not a pleasant one to him, and he found it impossible to silence me, he concluded my lectures by turning me out of doors, and from that time we never spoke till his goods were seized by execution, and I went to remove him and his family from a shabby lodging to my house.

I was then increasing a younger brother's small portion by traffic, and I found that by dining at a chop-house, instead of keeping up an establishment at home, and substituting porter for port, I could secure to my brother's family the decent comforts of life. George received my assistance without scruple, but Sophy derived from it I fear more pain than pleasure.

I took care to keep a strict eye over George, who behaved outwardly well to his wife, but I fear his ill temper embittered many of poor Sophy's private moments.

Unable to indulge in the dissipation to which he had been accus-

tomed, and destitute of all taste for domestic or mental pleasures, George contracted a fondness for drinking, which Sophy concealed from me as long as possible. Chance at length revealed it, but it had become a habit, and neither entreaties nor remonstrances could break him of it. It conducted him to an early grave, and I secured to my sister a genteel independence, and gave her the choice of regulating my establishment, or of having a separate one.

She chose the former. I was rich enough to procure her every elegant indulgence, and as it was impossible to suppose that she could grieve for a husband like George, I hoped she would soon recover both health and peace of mind.

Contrary to my hopes and wishes, she drooped daily. She had fondly loved her husband, and the wound which her peace received from his ill conduct, was augmented by self-reproach for having too hastily united herself to him. Perhaps too she felt oppressed by what she considered her obligations to me; though Heaven knows, I never thought them such, since in fact my motives in serving her were purely selfish, for my happiness was bound up in hers. She lingered for nearly two years, when she died, leaving me only one tie to this world—that one was her boy.

Arthur was then eight years old, and from that time to the present he has engaged my every thought, and more than answered my fondest wishes and expectations. Two years ago he became of age, and I began to find that I was growing old enough to think of quiet and an arm-chair. My boy always

shewn a decided dislike to trade, and as I was rich enough to suffer him to woo the Muses, which was his favourite pursuit, I resigned business to my head clerk, and quitted Mincing-lane, to take up my residence in my present abode.

Arthur, who is passionately fond of the country, was delighted to think that we should henceforth reside wholly in it; and as I had always a love for reading, and our neighbourhood was a very good one, I felt none of the *ennui* so often the portion of retired traders.

Soon after we were settled, my housekeeper mentioned to me her wish to take a young woman as an assistant, whose father, a little farmer, was recently dead, and had left her in great distress. As Morrison is old enough to want help in performing the duties of her station, and I was certain that she would not recommend an improper person, I gave her permission to bring home the girl, whose name was Fanny Thompson, as soon as she pleased; and in a few days she presented to me one of the loveliest and most interesting girls I had ever seen.

Observe, when I say interesting, I do not mean in the romantic sense of the word. Fanny had been educated suitably to her station, and she neither was nor affected to be any thing more than a rustic; but her simplicity was free from the least mixture of awkwardness or vulgarity. She was naturally graceful, and in thanking me for the protection I afforded her, she expressed herself with a correctness and propriety not generally met with in persons of her station.

The uncommon beauty of Fan-

ny, however, would have given me some uneasiness in regard to Arthur, had not a very elegant girl in our neighbourhood, with whom he appeared much pleased, laid evident siege to his heart. I gave Morrison a hint, however, to keep Fanny as much as she could with herself, and I knew I might rely upon her discretion.

Two or three months passed away; Morrison was lavish in the praise of Fanny. On the morning of new-year's day 1816, as I was crossing the hall I saw my nephew in earnest conversation with Fanny, to whom he appeared to be offering something which she seemed to refuse. He caught my eye, and coloured; but advancing towards me, he said, "I have been insisting, uncle, on Fanny's accepting from me the price of a gown as a new-year's gift, and she seems determined not to take it. You know, sir, I always give the ladies a remembrance each on this day, and I wish you would command her to accept this trifle. He put a one-pound note into my hand; I took half-a-guinea from my purse, and folding it in the note, desired Fanny to add a ribbon to her gown. She took it with a blushing courtesy, and I saw Arthur's eyes fixed upon her in a manner so passionate, that I began to fear I had done wrong to put her in his way. The lady who had appeared to distinguish him, had been for some time in London; I recollected that he appeared to bear her departure with great philosophy; and I resolved to remove this dangerous Fanny immediately.

A violent cold and swelled face, however, drove the little gipsy out

of my head for ten days. At the end of that time I got better, and I sent to desire Morrison would come to me. Without explaining my reasons, I told her I thought it expedient to remove Fanny as soon as possible; but that I would wish her to look out for another situation for the girl, and if she could get her one in London I should prefer it.

Morrison, with a mortified air, told me, that she had herself some reasons for desiring that Fanny should leave the house, but she knew not whether she could venture to recommend her to another situation.

Not a little alarmed at this speech, I eagerly demanded what her reasons were for desiring to get rid of a girl whom she had herself introduced. She told me, that Fanny, who was in mourning for her parents when she came to my house, was nearly destitute of clothes, and as the time of her mourning would expire soon after the 1st of January, she had asked Morrison to advance her a trifle to buy some things. She was reluctant to accept the present of my nephew, because he seemed, Morrison supposed, to pay her some attention; but when I commended her acceptance of it, she thought there could be no impropriety in it. She expressed to Morrison much pleasure at having money enough to purchase a gown of a particular pattern, which she fancied; and went with her permission to —, which is the town nearest to us, to make her purchases. She came home, however, without buying any thing. To Morrison's questions of what she had done with her money, she returned eva-

sive answers, and three days afterwards a shabby ill-looking fellow inquired for her, and they remained conversing for some time in private.

Morrison inquired who this man was, expressing at the same time some disgust at his appearance. Fanny only replied that she knew little of him, but she believed that he was a very honest man. "But I am sure, sir," continued Morrison, "from his appearance, that he is no such thing, and God knows what might happen to us, if he was to come about the house. I never was so deceived in a girl in my life: I thought her behaviour so prudent to Mr. Arthur, although I had sometimes suspected, from her blushes, that she was inclined to like him, I had little notion, Lord knows, of her throwing herself away on a fellow like this."

"Things look very black," said I, "but we must not condemn the girl unheard. Send her to me, my good Morrison, and I will talk to her."

As Morrison has more than her share of Eve's foible, she brought the girl herself, and was evidently disappointed when I desired that she would leave us together.

"I am sorry, Fanny," cried I, "to find that circumstances have occurred which place your conduct in rather an equivocal point of view." I paused for a moment, and perceiving that she blushed and trembled, her agitation increased my suspicion, and I asked her with some sternness, how she had employed the few pounds intended for the purchase of her clothes.

At this question her neck and face became scarlet, yet she an-

swered me with tolerable firmness: "I have not made an improper use of the money, sir; but if you please, I would rather be excused telling you what I have done with it."

"I have no power to oblige you to reveal it, Fanny, but if my good opinion is of any consequence to you, you will inform me. I believe, however, I can guess the use to which you have applied it; you gave it to your sweetheart."

"No, indeed sir, I never had a sweetheart."

"And pray who is the person who visited you the other day?"

"A poor man, sir, with whom I became acquainted by accident."

"And to whom I believe you have given your money."

She made no answer, but her deep blushes convinced me that I had stumbled upon the truth.

"Fanny," cried I, "I am afraid you are a lost girl; but I will still serve you if I can: tell me ingenuously every thing relating to this unfortunate affair."

"Indeed, sir," said she earnestly, "I am suspected very unjustly; but since it is so, I must tell all. I went out on the morning of new-year's day to buy my things; I was in high spirits, and I walked gaily along the road, thinking how I should lay my money out. Just as I approached a cottage, a little boy ran from it, screaming that his mammy was dying. I ran in with him, and saw a woman extended on the floor in a swoon. I tried to recover her, but for some time in vain; at last she opened her eyes, and I soon learned that she was dying for want of food.

"She told me that her husband,

unable to bear the sight of her and their child perishing, had gone out to beg; and while she was speaking he entered. I had before sent the little boy out for some bread and milk; and if you had seen the eagerness with which they devoured it, I think, sir, you would have been as much shocked as I was.

"Upon inquiring why they did not get some relief from the parish, I found that they were Irish, and had come here in hopes of getting employment during the hay-making season. They succeeded, but the husband had lately been out of work; and by degrees the little they had saved was expended, and they were reduced to the state in which I found them.

"The poor man told me, that if they could get back to their own country, they had friends who would keep them from starving till he could get employment; but it was impossible for them to undertake the journey without money, which they had no means on earth of procuring.

"I asked how much they wanted, and I found it was within a few shillings of what I had in my pocket. I reflected, that in a short time I could earn the price of the few necessities I wanted, but these poor people had no hope, no prospect: it seemed as if Providence had sent me to save them from perishing. I gave them what I had, and as, luckily for me, the poor woman's health was too bad to permit them to go immediately, they are still at their cottage; and if you please to inquire, you will find that I have told you the truth. But you must send to-day, sir, for to-morrow they leave it."

"I don't know that they will, my excellent girl," cried I, catching hold of her hand; "you shall find that others have some feeling as well as yourself. But why did you not tell Morrison this?"

"I could not bring myself to relate the use I had made of the money, sir, and I never thought any one would suspect me of spending it improperly."

Every word Fanny uttered raised her in my estimation. Yet as I was determined to clear her in Morrison's eyes as well as my own, I sent for the poor labourer, who came to me immediately.

Suffice it to say, that he fully confirmed the truth of what she had told me; and by his manner of relating the story, I saw clearly that the favour which she had done these poor people was conferred with equal delicacy and feeling.

I dismissed the poor fellow, who gladly abandoned his intended journey for the prospect of employment here. I shut myself up to ruminate upon what I had heard. "Zounds!" exclaimed I involuntarily to myself, "this girl ought not to remain in a menial station! With such a heart as hers, she should have power as well as inclination to be a blessing to the poor; and why not a blessing to the rich too? What a wife would she make for my Arthur!"

Pride at that moment suggested the obscurity of her birth, and Prudence, in the shape of Avarice, whispered, that she was not a match for a young man who would have so handsome a fortune. Avarice, however, is not my weak side. I rejected the idea with contempt; but Pride, to say the truth, was

troublesome, and a circumstance occurred that very day which half inclined me to listen to her.

This was a proposal which I received from Mr. S——, the father of the young lady who had distinguished my Arthur, for an alliance between the young people. I had seen little of Miss S——, but she appeared amiable; yet I could not help thinking that she would not make such a wife as Fanny. It was not, however, an alliance to be slightly rejected, and I replied with due regard to the feelings of her father, to whom I expressed a high sense of the honour he did my family, and avowed my wish for the union, provided it met with Arthur's concurrence, to whom I promised to communicate the proposal that very day.

He departed, and I began to weigh the *pros* and *cons*: but, in spite of my wish to be impartial, I found that I still leaned to the side of Fanny. She had given proof that she possessed a most excellent heart, and I saw also that she had a superior understanding. There was scarcely a doubt that she would make a most admirable wife—but what reason had I to suppose that Miss S—— would not make as good a one? My nephew had once seemed struck with her; he might be partial to her, and certainly in the eye of the world she was every way a suitable match, while my little favourite would be regarded by most people as a connection that would degrade him. "I believe I must recommend Miss S—— to him," said I. I recollected that she is naturally lively, had always been accustomed to reside during the winter in London, and in sum-

mer at the watering-places. No doubt she would in a great degree detach Arthur from his old uncle.

I actually blushed, though alone, at the reflection, that this was a principal reason why I preferred Fanny. My dear H. we are selfish creatures. I had just given to my preference for Fanny the fairest colouring; I was even disposed to congratulate myself on an action which I regarded as magnanimous, when the still small voice of conscience whispered to me, that this wondrous generosity of mine sprang in a great degree from self-love.

"Well," said I to myself, after I had beat the devil's tattoo for ten minutes, "all I can or ought to do is to let the boy choose for himself. If he prefers the fine lady to the rustic, I must content myself with providing for my little *protégée*, who, at all events, shall be placed in comfort and independence."

Arthur and I met at dinner; and when the cloth was removed, I contrived, with the assistance of a few glasses more wine than usual, to acquaint him with the proposal of Mr. S——. He turned pale: "My dear uncle," cried he, "what do you wish me to do in this affair?"

"Oh! please yourself, certainly," cried I; for I saw clearly by the expression of his countenance, that in pleasing himself he would please me also.

"Then I shall not hesitate to decline the alliance."

"Very well; but for what reason?"

"Because, although I certainly admire Miss S——, she does not appear to possess those qualities I would wish for in a wife; and as my attentions to her never were

particular, I feel no obligation to accept her offered hand."

"Truly, I think you seem rather difficult. I suppose you reserve yourself for some fair phoenix whom you probably will never find."

"Perhaps not, my dear uncle; but I promise you—yes," continued he in the most energetic tone, "I solemnly promise you, that whatever my heart or my fancy may say in favour of any woman, I will never listen to their suggestions unauthorised by your consent."

I understood the full meaning of this promise, though my nephew was unconscious that I did so, and I felt sonder and prouder of him than ever. The next day I sent Arthur from home on business, which I knew would detain him three or four days; and as soon as he was gone I communicated to Fanny my intention of placing her at a boarding-school, to acquire such of the advantages of education as would enable her to move in a genteel sphere. "I have," said I, "my good girl, a prospect of placing you in a situation superior to that which you have hitherto moved in. You are still young enough (she was only seventeen) to profit by instruction; and I am sure that your good sense will enable you to seize the opportunities afforded to you with avidity."

She expressed herself very grateful for my offer, yet she shewed a reluctance to quit my house, which secretly pleased me very much. I took her to the seminary of Mrs. —, to whose care I knew I might trust implicitly the cultivation of this sweet wild flower; and requesting that no expense might be spared for masters, I returned home,

where I found Arthur. When I mentioned in a careless way that Fanny had quitted us, he was evidently grieved and surprised. He ventured, however, to inquire the reason, though I could see that he anticipated with dread the intelligence that it was on his account.

"The reason is," returned I, "that I think she is worthy of a better situation than that of a servant; and I have placed her with a female friend of mine, who will treat her as she merits." I then related the manner in which she had disposed of her money; and if I had wanted a confirmation of Arthur's passion, I would have had it in the manner with which he listened to me.

"My dear uncle," said he, when I had concluded, "she is an angel!"

"She is an amiable young woman," said I gravely, "and I hope to see her settled comfortably and respectably in life."

These words, and the air with which I uttered them, checked my young man's raptures, and from that time Fanny was never mentioned between us.

At the end of the quarter I paid my *protégée* a visit. I expected to find an improvement in her person and manners, but I was astonished at perceiving so great a one. Mrs. — was in raptures with her docility and capacity. A second and third visit convinced me, that she had profited so much, as to be able to conduct herself with perfect ease and propriety as the wife of my nephew. Her progress in what she had been taught was sufficient to shew, that by applying her mornings to study she

would become in another year, with the assistance of good masters, an accomplished woman.

You will say that it would have been better to have left her twelve months longer under the care of Mrs. —, and perhaps it might; but I was too impatient to render the young people and myself happy to wait for that period. I went to the house of Mrs. — for the fourth time, a few days before the 1st of January, and I informed Fanny that I should send for her on new-year's day to pass some time at my house.

She heard me with a glow of pleasure, but it vanished when I added carelessly, that I particularly wished for her company, as we were going to celebrate my nephew's nuptials.

At these words Fanny found a hundred excuses for declining to come. She was sure she should appear so awkward, and she knew that she should feel so disconcerted at mixing with a large party.

"Our party will be a very small one," returned I, "and I insist on your being present."

From this there was no appeal, but I thought I saw her eyes fill with tears. She strove to recover her composure, and I quitted her, saying, I would send Morrison to fetch her to my house in time for a late breakfast on new-year's day. "I intend," continued I, "to give you a new-year's gift, which in my eyes is very valuable, and which I hope you will like."

Fanny looked rather surprised at this ostentatious speech, but she thanked me gratefully. I returned home; and giving Morrison, whom I let into the secret, instructions

how to act, I dispatched her to the house of Mrs. —.

I have been always in the custom of presenting my nephew with something on new-year's day, and as he has advanced in years, my presents have increased in value. I took care not to meet him very early in the morning, but when I did at last enter the breakfast-room, I said, "I have not forgotten you, Arthur; I have something for you, which I believe you will acknowledge to be at once elegant and valuable. But, by the bye, how are your finances? you will have a serious call upon them to-day. I have got a husband for our little Fanny. I expect the young couple to pass the day with us, and I would wish you to make the girl a handsome present."

Down went Arthur's cup and saucer. "A husband for Fanny! Good Heaven! you are not serious!"

"And pray why not? the girl is old enough to be married."

"Uncle, you have not been generous to me. I know you must have seen that I loved this girl: my duty to you prevented me from avowing my sentiments, but to take advantage of my silence to give her to another is most cruel."

"No reproaches, young man," cried I with an offended air; "I have acted in this affair with propriety, and you will speedily acknowledge it."

"Never!" cried he vehemently. At that moment a chaise stopped at the gate.

"It is Fanny, and I cannot bear to meet her," cried Arthur, rising to quit the room.—"I command you, on your duty to me, to stay,"

cried I in an angry tone. He drew back from the door, which he had just reached; and as he did so, Fanny entered the room.

Even I, who was prepared for the change in her person and appearance, could not look at her without admiration; as to poor Arthur, he literally gazed upon her in speechless wonder.

"You are welcome, my dear girl," cried I, embracing her. "I have longed for this moment for a considerable time, that I might present you with something of sufficient value to reward you for the noble use you made of your last new-year's gifts. A good husband is the most valuable present that a young girl can receive, and if your heart says nothing against my nephew, give him your hand."

My boy seized it, and in an instant they were both at my feet. "My benefactor! my father!"—O Harvey, how sweet were those expressions! how grateful to my feelings the tears with which they were accompanied! nor were my eyes dry when I folded my children in my arms, and implored a blessing upon their union.

"And pray," cried I, when our emotion had a little subsided, "what do you say to my taste? Will you not admit that the old uncle can choose a new-year's gift?"

I will not repeat to you all my nephew's fine speeches; as to Fanny, she only blushed and pressed my hand, but the dear girl's eyes demonstrated that she was well satisfied with the proof I had given of my taste.

This has been the happiest day of my life; and as my spirits are

A Universal Fish Table

The dots signify when the Fish are in season.

and the Blanks when they are not

1766

Fishes	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	June	July	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Breel	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•			•	•
Brail	•	•	•	•	•					•	•	•
Cod	•	•	•	•	•	•				•	•	•
Cole Fish	•	•	•	•	•	•					•	•
Crehles	•	•	•	•					•	•	•	•
Crabs	•	•	•	•	•	•	•			•	•	•
Fish	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•				
Flounders		•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•			
Gerrals					•	•	•	•	•			
Haddock	•	•								•	•	•
Herrings				•	•	•	•	•	•			
Solsten	•	•	•	•	•	•			•	•	•	•
Long	•	•	•	•	•	•					•	•
Blackcod					•	•	•	•				
Wander	•	•	•	•					•	•	•	•
Cyphers	•	•	•	•					•	•	•	•
Plaice	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•			•
Salmon	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•			•	•
Skels				•	•	•	•	•	•			
Shrimps	•	•	•	•	•				•	•		•
Sturgeon			•	•	•	•	•	•				
Wale	•	•	•	•	•	•	•				•	•
Sprats	•	•										•
Sea Smelt		•	•	•								
Thornback	•	•	•	•						•	•	•
Turbot			•	•	•	•	•	•				
Whiting	•	•	•							•	•	•
Conger Eel			•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•		

too much elevated to suffer me to sleep, I have sat down to calm them by relating to you the cause of my joy. The wedding takes place in a week. Hasten to us,

my dear friend; great as our felicity is, my share of it will be increased by your presence. Farewell! Believe me faithfully yours,
ROBERT LANGLEY.

PLATE 8.—NEPTUNE TO THE DAMES OF BILLINGSGATE.

I, who command whate'er the sea
Yields for the table's luxury,
Address you, ladies, who in state
Possess the realms of *Billingsgate*;
And the whole list in one clear view,
I kindly dedicate to you.
But while I wield my trident prong,
You boast the wonder of the tongue:
Although I give each various dish,
'Tis that same tongue which cries the fish,
And makes my scaly presents known
In every corner of the town,
And with its shrill-ton'd clamour greets
The squares, the alleys, and the streets;
For every month, throughout the year,
The dainty finny tribe appear.

The day's toil finish'd, you retire
To gin or tea by sea-coal fire;
While I, in deep and wat'ry bowers,
With *Amphitrite* pass the hours,
Till Tritons to my labours call,
And *Thames* expects your early brawl.
Such are the treasures I dispense
To wake your well-known eloquence;
And may each malediction wait,
That e'er was heard at *Billingsgate*,
On those *rile cooks* who dare to spon-
der them.

When call'd to boil or fry or broil them.

NEPTUNE PRINCATOR

From *Dover Strait*,
Fishing for *Scute*

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXV.

Men

Virtute me involvo.

HOR. Od. XXIX.

For virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.—**DEYDENE**

I WILL endeavour to satisfy some of my obliging but more brief correspondents by introducing their several favours into this paper.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

Madam,

Among the many proofs which the admirable Cervantes has given of his knowledge of human nature, I have ever been particularly pleased with that part of Don Quixote's adventures, where the romantic knight is made to lavish his encomiums on a gentleman who is represented as possessing a superior understanding, when the latter is made to utter the following re-

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lection: "How grateful is praise to human nature! for I cannot forbear being pleased with the commendations which I receive, though I am sensible that they are bestowed on me by a madman." In the same manner, though we are often sure that the censures which are passed upon us are uttered by those who know little of us, and have neither means nor abilities to form a right judgment of us, we cannot altogether refrain from being more or less disturbed by what they say. This observation must be more particularly felt by the female sex, from the characteristic delicacy

F

which attends every circumstance of their lives.

A few thoughts have been selected by me on the subject, which, though borrowed from philosophers, are well worth the consideration of youth and beauty, and may serve as admirable rules for the conduct of either sex and of any age. It is not to be supposed that we do not feel the language of detraction, however unjust, because it is painful to know that we have malicious enemies, and to be apprehensive that calumny, however ill founded, may, in some way or other, prove injurious; but it becomes us, if we cannot rise superior to evil tongues, to retort upon them in a manner that marks a just disdain of their malicious insinuations.

Socrates, indeed, is a sublime example of conscious excellence, which few may be able to attain. After having received sentence of death, that great philosopher told his friends, that he always accustomed himself to regard truth alone, and that he was not troubled at his condemnation, because he knew himself free from guilt. For this calm state of mind he was indebted to a good conscience, which contradicted all the evil reports propagated against him, and cleared him to himself.

Others have chosen to disarm calumniating injuries by quick and forcible replies. They appear to be sensible of the injustice, but while they defend themselves, make their aggressors suffer in a superior degree. Such was Aristotle's reply to one who pursued him with long and bitter invectives. "You," said he, "who are used to suffer re-

proaches, utter them with delight; while I, who have not been used to utter them, take no pleasure in hearing them." Diogenes was still more severe on one who spoke ill of him. "Nobody will believe you when you speak ill of me; nor will any one believe me should I speak well of you."—"If any one speaks ill of you," says Epictetus, "consider whether he has truth on his side, and if so, reform yourself, that what may perhaps be true now may be false hereafter."

But of the sayings of philosophers which occur to my memory, there are none which display more genuine wisdom and virtuous resolution than those which I am about to transcribe.—Plato being informed by some good-natured friend that he had many ill-natured enemies, "It is no matter," he replied; "I will order my life and conduct in such a manner, that nobody shall believe any calumniating reports respecting me." The same admired philosopher, hearing at another time that one of his intimate friends had spoken disrespectfully of him, "I am sure," said he, "that he would not have done it, if he had not some reason to justify him."

Such is the surest, as well as the noblest, way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the certain method to prepare a man for that great and only relief against the mortifications of calumny—a good conscience. I am, madam, your most humble servant,

ANTI-CALUMNIATOR.

—
TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

My dear good Lady,

I was indeed going to address you as a dear good old lady,

which I thought myself authorised to do, from the great good sense, knowledge, and experience of the world that you manifest in your lucubrations, which I never fail to read every month with great attention as soon as the bookseller sends me Ackermann's *Repository*; though I am obliged to tell my wife that I take it in for a correspondent, or she would throw it in the boy's face who brings it, for no other reason in the world, such is her delightful temper, but because the reading of it appears to give me pleasure, though she will for an hour together examine the two figures which so beautifully represent the fashions of the month. However, my dear madam, I corrected the word *old*, because I am a total stranger to your person, and cannot therefore even guess at your age; and ladies in general, I believe, and the men too, wish to be young as long as they can. I know that my wife (Heaven mend her!) would make the house ring again with her shrill voice, if I were to hint that she was not young, though to my knowledge, notwithstanding I have not been married to her quite three years, she has, according to her own account, been forty-two ever since the year 1804. And this brings me to the subject on which I take the liberty to address you.

You must know then, madam, that this wife of mine has this one rooted, irrevocable opinion—that she is always in the right, and that every one else, her husband of course among the rest, is always in the wrong; and this temper, as you may well suppose, is so harassing that I have no comfort of my life; and if I had not the consoling pro-

spect of her breaking some vital blood-vessel in one of her violent passions, and thus getting rid of my misery, I really believe I should, in despair of ever enjoying any more comfort, hang myself on the lamp-iron in the hall, and present myself to her some morning as she comes down stairs to breakfast, dangling at the end of a rope, and freed from all my present miseries. She is at continual war with every one; and as for her maid-servants, she contrives to have a couple of dozen of new ones every year, and the last that comes is always the worst she ever had in her life, though the unfortunate girl may have given satisfaction in as good families as mine for years together. Indeed, to say the truth, very few of them stay to be discharged, for she does so tease, harass, and abuse them, that they generally discharge themselves. One maid indeed said with her for seven months, but she happened to be hard of hearing; but having been cured of her infirmity, she left us in seven days. I really believe that I am one of the best husbands in the world, and so I am reckoned by all who know me; while she is continually complaining that no poor woman was ever so ill treated as herself, and that if ever there was a wolf in sheep's clothing, it is that smiling hypocrite her husband. Besides, her neighbours are so ill natured, that they will not suffer her to be rude to them without returning the compliment, or retiring from her acquaintance. Thus she laments that she has no society abroad, nor any comfort at home, and that I am a perfect tyrant, because I sometimes venture to remonstrate on the shrill

loquacity of her voice, and entreat to let the house be sometimes quiet at twelve o'clock at noon as it is at twelve o'clock at night. In short—but I hear her coming down stairs, and therefore must conclude myself your obedient, humble servant,

HUMPHREY SNEAK.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER..

Madam,

Of all the bad habits to which our sex is liable, I know of none so fatal both to the interior character and exterior appearance as the love of cards. Could we dissect the mind of a female gamester, we should see it filled with aces and deuces, pairs and sequences and trumps. Her very slumbers are haunted with kings, queens, and knaves; and when awake, her faculties prefer to be employed in shuffling, cutting, dealing, and sorting a pack of cards, and no ideas seem to prevail in a mind supposed to be rational unconnected with little square figures of painted and spotted paper. When women thus fill their minds with pips and counters, I cannot be surprised at a circumstance which took place in the family of one of my neighbours in the country, whose lady is fond of cards, as about a month since she was brought to bed of a fine chopping boy, who was marked with an *ace of spades*.

Whoever frequents card-table societies, must have observed how the passions are frequently affected by the turning up of a card. How often in these assemblies does the face undergo all the varieties of hope and fear, of triumph and disappointment, on contemplating a

hand at *loo*, where the sight of *pam* would be more welcome than that of the best friend or the nearest relation! I know two young ladies, who, if they have any kindness to ask of their mother, always inquire of her confidential *femme de chambre*, if mamma has been successful in filling her card-purse the preceding evening, and seize those opportunities when Fortune has been favourable to her wishes, and may open her heart to their requests. One of my most intimate friends, who has no superior as a husband and a father, has often complained to me with tears in his eyes, and with a tone expressive of real anguish, that his wife, in herself a most charming woman, has unfortunately acquired such a love of play, as to forget all those amiable and endearing qualities which first won his heart, and promised a life of domestic happiness. "When she returns home," he says, "from her evening, or, as it sometimes happens, from her midnight parties, if her countenance beams with smiles, the apparent joy does not arise from the sight of her husband, but from the good luck she has enjoyed at the card-table. On the contrary, if she has been unfortunate and returns home a loser, he is a twofold sufferer. He is not only subject to her ill humour, and feels all his assiduities and tenders of affection set at nought, but is mortified at the same time at the reflection, that she is wasting his fortune."

But this is not all. It seems to be so ordered, that almost every thing which corrupts the mind has a strong tendency to produce the decay of the body. The beauties

of the intellectual and corporeal parts of our nature are more or less destroyed by the same means. This consideration should surely have no inconsiderable weight with the female world, who were designed to please the eye and attract the regards of the other half of the species. And these female adventurers ought to know, what they will one day experience, and perhaps too late discover, that late vigils and continual agitations, which are the accompaniments of an habitual attachment to the card-table, will render a beautiful woman, long before time has made its natural inroads on her person, as ugly as the queen of spades.

It has been remarked by a very sensible writer, that the predominant passion may generally be discovered in the countenance; because the muscles by which it is expressed, being almost perpetually contracted, lose their tone, and never totally relax, so that the expression remains when the passion is suspended. Thus an angry, a disdainful, or a suspicious temper, or any other habitual violent feeling, is displayed in characters that are almost universally understood. It is equally true of the pleasing and the softer passions, that they leave their signatures on the countenance when they cease to act: and it may be further observed, that the prevalence of these passions, whether lovely or unamiable, produces a mechanical effect upon the aspect, and gives a turn and cast to the features, which make a more favourable and forcible impression upon the mind of others, than any effect produced by mere external causes.

What woman, therefore, who

pretends to the character of a rational being, would not, even laying aside all other considerations, avoid those habits which would render her an object of dislike and apprehension, instead of being what she might be—a source of pleasure to all who behold her.

I shall beg leave to conclude these observations with the well-known lines of our immortal poet, who, while he delights, never fails to instruct; and the force of whose reflections keeps pace with the beauty of the verse which conveys them:

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolic, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end;
Young without lovers, old without a friend:
A sop for their passion, but their prize a coil,
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot.

I am, madam, with great respect,
your most obedient, humble servant,

A FRIEND TO WOMAN.

I must take the liberty to express my regret to the lady who has favoured me with a letter, which concludes with the signature of *Justitia*, that with all its good sense and elegant composition, it is extended to a length that requires more space for insertion than the pages allotted me will allow. If, however, she will permit me a discretionary power to curtail it in certain parts, which I presume may be done without interfering with the very meritorious object she has in view, I shall be most happy to obey her commands. In the expectation of having her pleasure communicated to me, I beg leave to assure her of the respect with which I am her most obliged, humble servant,

F— T—

THE GHOST DISCOVERED.

MADAME DESHOULIERES, the French poetess, was much admired by her countrymen; yet except her pastorals, the subjects chosen by her have little interest, and rather evince strength of mind, than harmony of verse, or delicacy of feeling.

Indeed they are what might have been expected from a character endued with the self-possession displayed in the following adventure, in which she conducted herself with an intrepidity and coolness which would have done honour to a hero.

Madame Deshoulières was invited by the Count and Countess de Larnacville to pass some time at their chateau, several leagues from Paris. On her arrival she was freely offered the choice of all the bed-chambers in the mansion, except one, which, from the strange noise that had been for some time nocturnally heard within it, was generally believed to be haunted, and as such had been deserted. Madame Deshoulières was no sooner informed of this circumstance by her friends, than, to their great surprise and terror, she immediately declared her resolution of occupying this dreaded room in preference to any other. The count looked aghast as she disclosed this determination, and in a tremulous voice entreated her to give up so rash an intention, since however brave curiosity might at present make her, it was more than probable that in her present situation she would pay for its gratification with her life. The countess observing that all that her husband said failed of intimidating the high-

spirited Madame Deshoulières, now added her persuasions to divert her friend from an enterprise from which the bravest man might shrink appalled. "What have we not to fear then," she added, "for a woman on the eve of becoming a mother? Let me conjure you, if not for your own sake, for that of your unborn infant, give up your daring plan." All these arguments repeated over and over again were insufficient to shake the determined purpose of the adventurer. Her courage rose superior to these representations of the dangers to which she was going to expose herself, because she was convinced that they owed their colouring to superstitious ideas upon weak minds:—she entertained no faith in the "fleshy arm" of a departed spirit, and from an immaterial one her life was safe. Her noble host and hostess pleaded, pitied, blamed, but at length yielded to her wish of taking possession of the haunted chamber. Madame Deshoulières found it grand—the windows dark from the thickness of the walls—the chimney antique and of cavernous depth. As soon as madame was undressed, she stepped into bed, ordered a large candle to be placed in a bracket which stood on a stand near it, and enjoining her femme de chambre to shut the door securely, dismissed her. Having provided herself with a book according to custom, she calmly read her usual time, then sunk to repose; from this she was soon roused by a noise at her door—it opened, and the sound of footsteps succeeded. Madame Des-

houlières immediately decided that this must be the supposed ghost, and therefore addressed it with an assurance that, if it hoped to frighten her from her purpose of detecting the imposture which had created such foolish alarm throughout the castle, it would find itself disappointed in the attempt, for she was resolutely bent on discovering and exposing it at all hazards. This threat she reiterated to no purpose, for no answer was returned. At length the intruder came in contact with a large screen, which it overturned so near the bed, that getting entangled in the curtains, which played loosely on their rings, they returned a sound so sharp, that any one under the influence of fear would have taken it for the shrill scream of an unquiet spirit, but madame was perfectly undismayed, as she afterwards declared. On the contrary, she continued to interrogate the nocturnal visitor, whom she suspected to be one of the domestics; but it still maintained an unbroken silence, though nothing could be less quiet in its movements, for it now ran against the stand on which stood the heavy candle and candlestick, which fell with a thundering noise. In fine, tired of all these exertions, it came and rested itself against the foot of the bed. Madame Deshoulières was now more decidedly called upon to evince all that firmness of mind and intrepidity of spirit of which she had boasted—and well did she justify the confidence she had placed in her own courage, for still retaining her self-possession, she exclaimed, "Ah! now I shall ascertain what thou art;" at the same time she extended both her

hands towards the place against which she felt that the intruder was resting. They came in contact with two soft velvety ears, which she firmly grasped, determined to retain them till day should lend its light to discover to whom or to what they belonged. Madame found her patience put to some trial, but not her strength, for nothing could be more unresisting and quiet than the owner of the imprisoned ears. Day at length released her from the awkward, painful position in which she had remained for so many hours, and discovered her prisoner to be Gros-Blanc, a large dog belonging to the chateau, and as worthy, if faith and honesty deserve the title, as any of its inhabitants. Far from resenting the bondage in which Madame Deshoulières had so long kept him, he licked the hands which he believed had been kindly keeping his ears warm all night; while Madame Deshoulières enjoyed a hearty laugh at this ludicrous end to an adventure, for the encounter of which she had braced her every nerve.

In the mean time the count and countess, wholly given up to their fears, had found it impossible to close their eyes during the night. The trial to which their friend had exposed herself, grew more terrible to their imagination the more they dwelt upon it, till they at length persuaded themselves that death would be the inevitable consequence. With these forebodings they proceeded as soon as it was light to the apartment of Madame Deshoulières—scarcely had they courage to enter it, or to speak when they had done so. From

this state of *petrification* they were revived by their friend undrawing her curtains, and paying them the compliments of the morning with a triumphant look. She then related all that had passed with an impressive solemnity, and having roused intense curiosity to know the catastrophe, she smilingly pointed to Gros-Blanc, as she said to the count, "There is the nocturnal visitor whom you have so long taken for the ghost of your mother;" for such he had concluded it from having been the last person who had died in the chateau. The count looked at his wife—then the dog—and blushed deeply, not knowing whether it were better to laugh or be angry. But madame, who possessed a commanding manner, which at the same time awed and convinced, ended this state of irresolution by saying, "No, no, monsieur, you shall no longer continue in an illusion which long indulgence has endeared to you. I

will complete my task and emancipate your mind from the shackles of superstition, by proving to you that all which has so long disturbed the peace of your family has arisen from natural causes." Madame arose, made her friends examine the lock of the door, the wood of which was so decayed as to render the locking it useless against a very moderate degree of strength. This facility of entrance had been evidently the cause of Gros-Blanc, who liked not sleeping out of doors, making choice of this room. "The rest is easily accounted for: Gros-Blanc smelt, and wished to possess himself of the candle, in attempting which he committed all the blunders and caused all the noises which has annoyed me this night, and he would have taken possession of my bed also if he had not given me an opportunity of seizing his ears. Thus are the most simple events magnified into omens of fearful and supernatural augury."

MUSICAL REVIEW.

"Sweet Rose of England! fare thee well!" a Tribute of Respect to the Memory of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales; the Poetry by J. Pocock, Esq. the Music composed by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 2s.

IN all ages, and with every people, the arts have been the organ of the most powerful national impressions; and their productions, while the surest test of such universal feelings, have invariably tended to perpetuate the recollection of the cause which called forth those exertions. No wonder, then,

that the calamity which has so recently struck the vitals of the British empire, should have inspired her poets and bards with a holy zeal to pay the last tribute of a nation's affection to the memory of the object of our love, of our dearest hope, the blessing of our children, too fondly anticipated by a nation now plunged into the deepest grief. Great Britain, in her prosperities, which were the works of her own hand and mind, has often to surrounding nations been a theme of admiration; it remained for her to exhibit to them a spec-

tacle of loyal devotion, of virtuous grief for departed excellence, as unexampled as the acts of her prowess. Our affliction, while it excited the sympathies of sister nations, drew forth their admiration. "A people with such feelings," said they, "deserves, and cannot fail, to prosper."

We wander from our purpose; but on this occasion our reader will surely forgive the ebullition of individual feeling. Now to our more immediate object.

The monuments reared to our dear Princess by the Muse of Harmony, are more numerous than those of the like description produced by any one event; and a notice of all of them would more than engross the room of our monthly critique. Many of these compositions, though quickly brought forth, strongly bespeak the sympathising feelings of the authors, and few of those we have seen are entirely destitute of merit.

Mr. Bishop's publication, the first in order of time, is not only the first in comparative value, but, unless the object bias our judgment, one of the best, if not the very best, of all his works. The composition in most of its parts proclaims that he felt deeply when he put his pen to paper; his song proceeded from the heart, and does equal honour to that source, and to the head stored with the science to give the purest utterance to such feelings. The plan of the whole is as deserving of praise as its execution. Although, in consequence of a judicious arrangement, the entire text may be sung, to great effect, by one voice, the whole of the words are set in the manner of a

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cantata, in which a chorus of four voices intervenes between the several stanzas, all which are of different melody, and are executed as solo parts. Of these, the fine opening stanza, with its short but impressive instrumental introduction, at once tends to fix deeply the attention of the hearer; it is in the highest degree pathetic. The ensuing chorus, "Sweet Rose of England" (which reminds us of the Sicilian Hymn), is soft in expression and full, as to harmonic effect. In the second solo, the words "Hope smiled upon thy summer hour," &c. are set in a manner to leave a doubt which to admire most, the affecting melody, or the excellent harmony; and the semiquaver accompaniment of the last line (*p. 3*), in the manner of Haydn's canzonets, equally calls for commendation. The third solo, again, presents us with an uninterrupted succession of beautiful ideas of the most affecting cast, exhibited under a structure of classic elegance. This observation particularly applies to the charming line, "And not a mother's cheek," in which the chromatic ascent is carried to a heart-rending climax, so as to depict agony, and to thrill the soul with sensations of despair. This is music!—The last solo also exhibits features of striking interest, and the accompaniment is distinguished by an exquisite middle part; but the expression of the line, "Let seraphs waft thy soul to heav'n, thou'lt bloom a sister angel there," seems to us to fall short of the pathos demanded by the text. The music ought here to have assumed peculiar elevation, where as it is at most placid, and, in the

repetition, borders nearly on playfulness.

Although we have devoted to Mr. Bishop's labour an extraordinary portion of our limited space, we are aware that our notice can convey but an imperfect idea of its value. In our opinion, the tribute he has paid to the memory of our Princess is likely to prove as durable as the more substantial monuments which we expect at the hands of the sister arts.

"Rapt in new Joys Britannia sat,"
an Impromptu on the Nation's recent Affliction; set to Music, from Words of Robert Scott, by William Grosse; and most respectfully dedicated by permission to H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The larghetto in E b which serves as introduction to this song (excepting one or two grammatical inaccuracies), is entitled to our best commendation: it is conceived in a solemn style; the harmonic progression from (E b, 3) through (F b, 7 b.) (F, 4, 6 b) (F b, 6) back to the key, is well applied and highly impressive; and the subsequent imitation of the awful minute-knell which proclaimed the empire's loss, heightens the effect. The vocal part is divided into two separate strains (in three flats), to which the alternate stanzas are sung. The first of these exhibits a pathetic melody, tastefully conceived and linked in well connected flow; and the second strain, which sets out in C minor, by a fit modulation (through the superfluous sixth upon A b) to G, returns to the tonic, in which it continues till the conclusion. The original to this last strain by the introduction of a minor third

upon A b, obtains a peculiarly plaintive turn.

This impromptu, as Mr. Grosse modestly terms it, is one of his best vocal efforts; the ideas are distinguished by affecting expression, and, to quote the words used by a high personage in regard to the present song, by that simplicity which formed a distinguished feature in the character of the departed to whose memory this tribute is paid. Mr. Grosse, too, appears to have written from the heart. *An Epicedium to the Memory of our beloved and lamented Princess Charlotte, written by E. Knight, Esq. of Drury-lane Theatre; composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, by J. Whitaker.* Pr. 2s.

Although the vocal part of this composition consists of no more than sixteen bars, it exhibits several features of interest. The *march* of the melody (if we may be allowed to borrow the expression) is well measured and solemn; and the repetitive chords, upon the second and third crotchets, between each period, tend to assist this effect. The words "And such is the sorrow we feel," are rendered with pathetic simplicity; and in the expression "For Death has affixed his dark seal," the imitation of the subject, in the minor key and in *unisono*, calls for our unqualified applause; the passage is awfully impressive. The accompaniment, and especially the bass, although their plainness seems to have been intentional, might have admitted of more development, not only without injury to such a design, but with advantage to the flow of harmony, which latter is not al-

ways the most mellow (e. g. p. 2. bb 7 and 15). The progress, too, of the superfluous sixth upon E^b (bar. 11) into the chord of D minor appears to us hard, in as much as the third in such a chord (here G) in its resolution usually descends but half a tone, which in the present instance would be F[♯] not F[♮].

"*I have set God always before me,*" a favourite Anthem, from the sixteenth Psalm, used in the several Cathedrals and Choirs in England and Ireland, composed by the late Dr. Blake, arranged with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-Forte, by J. Whitaker. Pr. 3s.

This anthem, independently of its intrinsic value, derives peculiar interest from the circumstance of its having been performed at the funeral of the Princess Charlotte in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The arrangement given to it by Mr. Whitaker is judicious, and convenient for those that are not conversant with the various C cleffs, the soprano, counter-tenor, and tenor parts being here transposed into the treble cleff. But care should be taken to sing the counter-tenor and tenor parts an octave below the notes, in which they are here written in the treble cleff: although with male voices such a caution is scarcely necessary, we have seen mistakes arise from inattention to this circumstance.

Anagram P. C. (*Her august Race is lost—O! fatal News*)—"The Tears of Britain," written by a Nobleman, on the melancholy Death of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte Augusta; composed, and inscribed to W. H. Neville, Esq. by Jos. Coggins. Pr. 1s. 6d.

But for the Right of demisemi-

quavers, which, in a serious composition of this description, and especially at its outset, appears out of place, the instrumental introduction to this song has considerable claims on our favour. Its latter period, particularly, is conceived in good style. The melody to the vocal part, plain as it is, and occasionally rather singular (p. 2; l. 2, b. 4—p. 3, l. 1, bb. 2, 3), derives essential support from the accompaniment, which in general is devised with great propriety. In point of metre, however, we are sorry to perceive incongruities, which, were the subject any other, would almost draw a smile. The disposal of the text in the first line we suspect to have been occasioned by a laudable attempt to carry sense into the poetry, which is very homely throughout: in the last line (p. 3), however, such a necessity did not exist. Be this as it may, we must observe, that after many trials, we found it impossible to sing the three remaining stanzas to the melody assigned to the first. Not any new division or allotment of the words and syllables would help us out of the difficulty; and if we followed the one prescribed by the first stanza, we were staggered by syllabic arrangements of the following description:

Scarce had she to meet—
-dian beau, dian beauty rose;
-than beauty rose, when in a sud-
-den and eventful hour, &c.

And again:

and all the neigh-
and all the neigh-
and all the neighbouring train in sorrow joined.

An Elegy sacred to the Memory of
H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte
of Wales and of Saxe-Coburg-Saal-

*feld, composed by G. A. Gutt-
mann. Pr. 3s.*

This elegy, without reference to its musical merits or demerits, cannot fail to excite the curiosity of the amateur. A highly finished copy of a well-known monument of Canova's, although not in all its details applicable to the purpose here intended, forms an elegant addition to the title-page, which is executed in the first style of graphic excellence. But what is still more interesting in this publication, is the circumstance of its being the first specimen of *musical lithography* produced by the lithographic press of the proprietor of the *Repository of Arts*. It greatly exceeds the expectations we had formed of the success of such a maiden essay; in fact, its execution proves, that with a penman more used to this sort of writing (a desideratum to be looked for from a very few weeks training), the British lithographic press might furnish musical publications equal, if not superior, to those hitherto in use. The music to this elegy we understand to be a tribute offered to the memory of our Princess by a German amateur, a circumstance which its general complexion would reveal to the connoisseur. The few imperfections, however, which the composition presents to the eye of the critic, are not such as to hurt the general effect of the whole, and are, we will add, of less weight than what it has more than once been our lot to notice in the works of professional writers. Indications of good taste and feeling are not wanting in Mr. Guttmann's melody, and the harmonic arrangement evinces

considerable familiarity with the style and manner of classic authors.

"Sorrow's Wreath," Stanzas in Memory of H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte Augusta, written by L. H. Core, Esq.; set to Music, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, by J. Monro. Pr. 2s.

The introductory *recitativo* is proper, and in its progress gains in emphasis and musical value. The aria is neat, methodious, and pleasing, but, with a few exceptions, too light, too much in the *pastorale* style for the occasion and the text. Even the key (C) is inapt to the purpose. The introduction, too, and especially the bar of semiquavers, would lead the hearer to anticipate any thing but an elegy on the most calamitous event that has occurred in the annals of the empire. In the latter half of the vocal part, the music approaches the text in a more satisfactory manner; and the words, "They cannot wake thee by their lays," &c. appear to us to have received the most appropriate expression of the whole.

"Charlotte's Urn," Elgiac (Elegiac?) Stanzas on the ever to be deplored Death of H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte of Wales, composed by J. Addison. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A simple melody in E b of regular construction, without any striking peculiarity, adapts itself satisfactorily to the poetry of these stanzas, which are from the pen of Mr. R. Phillips of Drury-lane Theatre. The accompaniment is, generally, proper; although occasionally not free from objection, such as, for instance (p. 2, l. 2, bb. 3 and 4,) the progress of the chords (E b, 3), (A b, 6), (F, 3 b, 6), (C, 3 b).

In the last line of this page the accompaniment presents a succession of syncopations creditably contrived.

Sonata for the Piano-Forte, composed by W. Horsley, Mus. Bac. Oxon. No. II. Pr. 4s.

An allegro in F major, andante in D minor, and rondo in F major. The subject of the first of these movements is rather plain, and resembles a minuet, but Mr. H. has made good use of this idea; it prevails more or less, and in an infinite variety of shapes, throughout the allegro; in the fourth page in particular, the modulations and imitations upon this theme are very creditable. The andante is a clever piece of composition; it is in serious style, interspersed with fugued passages and contrapuntal contrivances deserving of our commendation. A variation in D major employs crossed hands to good effect (p. 8), and a subsequent variation in D minor, together with a well-arranged coda, equally calls for our approbation. The rondo is most to our taste; it contains many scientific harmonic combinations, a very good part in A b (p. 14), and some select lines in the fifteenth page. We think the conclusion rather abrupt: in the crossed hand passages (p. 15) the hands are in each other's way; and the converging harmony from *piu crescendo* (p. 10, l. 5,) is liable to essential objection.

"My dearest Love," a Duet, sung by Mrs. Vaughan and Mr. Bartleman at the Vocal Concerts; the Poetry by Herrick; Music composed, and inscribed to Miss Shephard and Miss G. Shephard, by

W. Horsley, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 3s.

This duet is composed in an unassuming style of rural innocence; the melody is agreeable, the periods are in good connection, and the accompaniment is devised with much propriety. The *à due* parts are particularly attractive on account of their playfully animated expression. Among the passages which preferably excite attention are, "I prithee stay," &c. and "One look, and then we sever."

In the latter, Mr. H. has been eminently successful. The execution of this duet will not be found an arduous task to vocal abilities of moderate compass.

Divertimento for the Harp, composed by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 5s.

Some of our readers no doubt have heard of Mr. Bochsa, and had opportunities of appreciating his executive abilities at the public concerts of last winter. We now introduce him for the first time in our *Repository* as a musical author, and the above specimen of his labour entitles him to an advanced rank in the scale of compositorial talent. The first movement of this divertimento, an andante in B b, sets out with a very fine cantabile theme, embellished with many decorative graces, in the best taste, and varied in a very able and attractive manner. The *minore* (p. 3) is particularly good, and proceeds in a serious style till it arrives at a highly select quick movement in three flats (p. 4), which serves as a prelude to the resumption of the original theme (p. 6), again represented under a fancifully varied form. The next movement is a rondo in E b, of a singularly fas-

fascinating subject in the pastoral style. We shall not attempt to follow Mr. B's pen through the labyrinth of digressive matter, including numerous appropriate and scientific modulations, which his fertile, and we may say classic, imagination has deduced from this theme. But however deeply involved, he is sure to extricate himself with skill and ingenuity, and to return to his subject, or to others akin to it, as to so many places of repose, in the best style. These new subjects (pp. 10, 13, &c.) while they imitate their parent in character, do not fall short of it in elegance of melodic expression. In short, the whole of this divertimento appears to us calculated to afford a high musical treat to the accomplished harp-player.

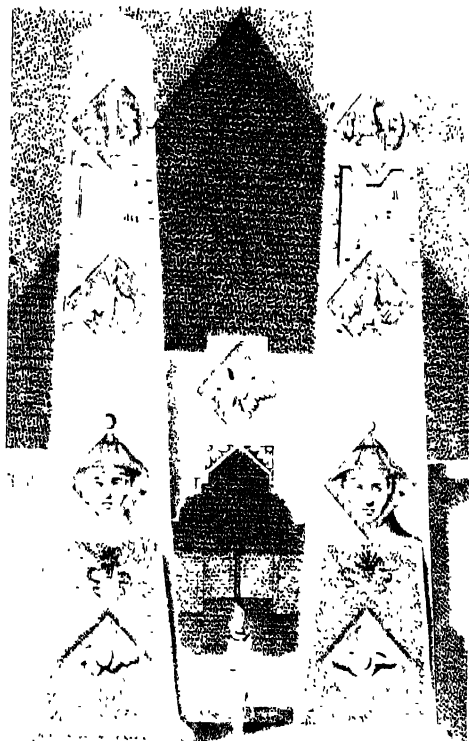
Roussau's Dream, a favourite Air, with Variations for the Harp and Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Lyon and Miss Isabella Lyon, by T. Latour. Pr 5s.

The simplicity of this favourite air, together with its rhythmical regularity, renders it eminently apt to the purpose for which Mr. L. and others have employed it. Mr. Latour's variations are alternately assigned to the harp and piano-forte, evince the pleasing taste which prevails generally in his compositions, and like the greater part of his works, abstain from profound combinations in harmony. To us, there seems to be too much sameness of character in these variations, a circumstance which is rendered more obvious by their great number. A round dozen in variations, in our opinion, al-

ways a good deal more than enough, even with the utmost display of ingenious variety. Among the more prominent parts of Mr. L.'s present labour are, var. 3 (piano forte), in which we observe a good middle part; var. 6, which exhibits very effective evolutions for the harp, var. 7 (piano-forte), which has a good under part, and is well supported by the harp; and No. 10, in which the piano-forte executes a brilliant set of solo passages. The march, No. 12, is also conceived in a very satisfactory style.

"*Amusement entre nous,*" consisting of the most favourite Quadrilles, Country Dances, Waltzes, &c. composed and arranged by W. Grosse. Pr 2s. (To be continued occasionally.)

Of the four quadrilles in this collection, three are composed by Mr. Grosse, and the fourth is *Le Puntalon*. The three former are agreeable and proper dancing tunes, and have the figures subjoined to each. No. 5 (Miss Macdonald's waltz) is the melody which has been noticed in our preceding number as a vocal composition entitled *The Smile*, to which Mr. G. has adapted this really interesting waltz with much success. No. 6, called the *Marchioness of Shgo's waltz*, although perhaps not equally calculated for the ball-room, is not less creditable to Mr. G.'s taste. It bears some features of decided originality, and the unisono passages are productive of energetic wild effect. The strain in A b resembles too nearly a portion of Miss Macdonald's waltz.



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FINE ARTS.

PICTORIAL CARDS.

THE FOUR OF CLUBS—FOUR PLAYING-CARDS.

THE novelty, as well as the ingenuity and taste, which is combined in this pack of pictorial cards, are perhaps sufficient motives for introducing them to our readers.

Fac-similes of four of the cards are exhibited in the annexed plate, and we have no doubt but the beauty of the designs in the present, and the other plates which are in preparation, will prove to be precursors of much elegance and fancy in the embellishment of some of our own playing-cards by the tasteful amateur. These cards were designed by an artist of Vienna; they will be found to possess considerable merit, and it will be obvious that they required great versatility of talent. The figures are beautifully drawn, the architecture well imagined, and the accessories of every description are introduced with a peculiarly tasteful feeling.

THE NINE OF DIAMONDS is made to form an Egyptian sepulchre; two obelisks form the entrance, leading to a massive pyramid, which composes the back-ground of the picture, and the diamonds are converted into characteristic embellishments.

THE TEN OF SPADES is humorously composed from a portion of a tale called *The Fracas*, or rather from a set of tales, which are illustrated by several of the cards, and which will be presented to our readers. In this design, the spade is metamorphosed into an argand

lamp, a tie-wig, armorial bearings, ornaments in dress, a bonnet, a stomacher, an urn, and the border to a pedestal.

THE FOUR OF CLUBS represents the conflict of two warriors in complete armour. The clubs are introduced as apertures to a wall, which is very prettily designed, and as part of an iron-railing to the gallery in which they are contending.

THE ACE OF HEARTS forms the stomacher to a very beautiful figure, kneeling and chaunting the evening service to the Virgin, accompanied by an organ, which is seen in the back-ground.

BEATRICE, OR THE FRACAS.

Beatrice was the only daughter of an industrious tradesman of Vienna, and of Dame Seltstoft his wife. He, by as much painstaking honesty as usually belongs to one who has the honour to inscribe himself in letters of gold, "Provider of corn to the army," would have amassed a large fortune in a little time, had not Dame Seltstoft contrived so indefatigably to spend his hard-earned profits in the kitchen; there she toiled from morning until night in fabricating new made-dishes, and in disguising old ones. For her merits and labours in this way she felt well repaid by the profuse compliments of a collector of duties due to the emperor, and a celebrated musician, who rarely failed to stop so most fortunately,

at the dinner hour, so that she seldom relaxed in her exertions. At this time Beatrice was ten years of age, and in this school she finished her education; for before nineteen years were numbered in her calendar, her mother, now grown excessively corpulent by an unremitted tasting of rich viands, died of repletion; and, monsieur her father, having been detected in fraudulently adding to his own store from that of the state, died about the same time, by the operation of that coercive power assumed by governments in general, and by which they feign to improve society.

The gods, said a heathen philosopher, direct mankind to the avenues of their pursuits, and leave them at the threshold. Poor Beatrice was abandoned by them at the larder-door:—with a schedule of property, chiefly belonging to the culinary art, and by the advice of her friend the musician, she transformed the dwelling of her late father into apartments suited to the purpose, and commenced active life as *Maitresse d'hôtel et restaurateur*.

Teresa was her kinswoman, and readily accepted the invitation of her cousin to join with her in fulfilling the duties of the establishment; both were remarkably pretty: it is not extraordinary, therefore, that in a little time the hotel had acquired a sort of celebrity; for, says a French writer, *Les Allemands sont robustes et inventifs; ils aiment la guerre, la bonne chère et le vin*; which is as much as to say, that the Germans are capable of love, and ingenious in its artifices; that if need be, they will fight heartily, and that they like wine and good cheer.

These females, notwithstanding their relationship, were very differently disposed. Beatrice, like her mother, was solicitous to please only by her successes in the service of the table; whilst the lively Teresa strove to engage the attention of the young, the old, the grave, and the gay, by a playful species of coquetry; which she skillfully directed against every new object that presented itself for captivation. Amongst those who frequented the hotel was their friend the musician, a pert French painter, and a master of languages. These gentlemen distinguished themselves by their constant attendance, and by the late hours at which they departed in the evening; in fact, by the endeavour to outstay each other, which speedily brought these, hitherto, strangers to a tolerable knowledge of each other's views and to a right understanding; so that in good fellowship they began to lay siege to the affections of the ladies, who were each gratified in her way; Teresa at the entomiums directed to her personal charms, and Beatrice at the unqualified praises bestowed on her savoury pasties and cold punch.

It was here at a late hour on the eve of St. Benedict that a circumstance occurred, the consequences of which for a long time occupied the public attention at Vienna. These gentlemen finding as usual that the company were nearly departed, agreed to sup together, and probably more for the purpose of observing each other, than for any better object. They had just finished the last course when the musician addressing Beatrice, said, "You will perceive, my dear,"

for being a widower and rather a grave man, he allowed himself innocent freedoms—"you must know, my dear," said he, "that our friend the linguist, who although at this moment fast asleep, and not uttering sounds of perfect melody, is, in conjunction with Monsieur Le Pallet and myself, about to establish a meeting, further to encourage you; and indeed liking your society"—"and your cold punch," said the painter, nodding significantly to Teresa—"we purpose to meet often, and to entertain each other." Beatrice expressed her obligation by a slight courtesy, whilst Teresa archly returned the glance. "And entertain each other," said the Frenchman sneeringly, repeating the musician's words, and looking scornfully at his neighbour, whose periwig had just fallen off, exposing his bare head to the ladies.

Now although it was a common practice with the linguist to in-

dulge in a short nap after the last morsel of every meal in the day, he on this day indulged in the semblance of it merely, and feigning to sleep, kept the corner of his left eye most watchfully open to the Frenchman's and Teresa's conduct, and being of a very jealous and irritable temper, he had heard and seen enough to rouse it into action. In an instant all was confusion and uproar; for seizing his fugitive wig, and directing it full in the face of Monsieur Le Pallet, he began an harangue of reproachful bitterness, made up of all the languages that so completely confounded the building Babylonians some thousands of years before. The musician delighting rather in "concord and sweet sounds," rose gravely from the table, and leading the ladies into an adjoining room, left the combatants to themselves, who shortly rushed into the street, each resolved to have ample vengeance on the other.

(To be continued.)

DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE.

MR. WEST'S painting of *Death on the Pale Horse*, or the Opening of the first five Seals, has at length been exhibited. The venerable president having had this subject under his consideration for a number of years, and having so far back as the year 1800 executed a sketch from it, which was much admired both here and on the Continent, the utmost curiosity was excited among the lovers of the fine arts for the appearance of a work on which so much pains were known to have been taken. This curiosity is at length gratified; the work is now before the public; whose pro-

vince it is to pass judgment on its merits.

On comparing the original sketch with the present picture, a considerable variation will be found. The subject our readers are aware is taken from the opening of the seals in the sixth chapter of the *Revelations*. In the sketch there is no actual development of that part of the divine mystery in the second seal, at least it is not touched in the detailed manner in which we find it in the large picture. Mr. West has, in his matured conception of the subject, filled up by actual representation many parts

which imagination was intended to supply in his first outline of the composition. In this picture he depicts *Death* exercising his delegated power over the fourth part of the earth: "to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death; and with the beasts of the earth." His next character is the *Rider on the White Horse*, whom, as representing the Gospel, he has invested with an exterior of "purity, excellence, and dignity," such as we expect to find in the Messiah. The *Rider on the Red Horse* is represented simply as a warrior, armed with "the great sword." The *Rider on the Black Horse* appears with those balances in his hands, in which mankind were "weighed and found wanting;" and Despair and Famine precede him in his course. The fore-ground is formed of a domestic group belonging to that class of society which is erroneously supposed free from the ordinary casualties of life. In the right-hand division of the picture, "the anarchy of the combats of the men with the beasts of the earth" is represented, as well as the horrors of a tempest, which convulses the firmament. "The principle of destruction," says the artist, "is exemplified through every part of the subject: the audacious eagle is seen pouncing on the heron; and near the dead serpent on the foreground, the affectionate dove deplores its mate that has just expired."

From such materials the reader must be at once prepared to see, that the aim of the artist was a delineation upon canvas "of the terrible sublime," as he describes it, in all its various modifications, un-

til lost in the opposite extremes of pity and horror." The attempt to execute and arrange complicated masses of figures, so as to excite in the mind associations of so high and varied an order, has ever proved an arduous, and seldom a successful, task. The noble inspiration of poetry has sometimes reached this height, and operated at will upon the passions of the soul: but in painting, the medium of communication is different; a union of many rare qualities is requisite to effect even a part of this purpose; and in the ablest hands the markings of vehement passion and sublime character have been either overcharged, and consequently repulsive, or feeble, and therefore indistinct. It is due, however, to our venerable president to say, that he has never been more eminently successful on any subject in the whole course of his long and arduous professional life, than he has both in the composition and execution of this picture. All that is full of horror and of the terrible in the causes which work on the springs of the human mind, may be said to be here depicted in the figure of *Death on the Pale Horse*. The dreadful expression of the countenance, the hideously inflamed features, the ghastly and convulsive stare, the inextinguishable rage, present a swollen and awful combination of expression, which at once appals the mind, and consigns it to those sensations of terror and awe, which it is the highest aim of the artist to express, and which it required the most perfect inspiration to have produced. The same vigorous and characteristic expression which belongs to the rider is

also applicable to the horse, whose head is in the finest style of vehemement and furious character; the pestilential breath is admirably emitted, and the frantic and supernatural exertion of the animal is wonderfully pourtrayed. All the desolating objects and elements which diffuse death and misery through the world, follow in the train of the principal figure, actively engaged in fulfilling the object of their mission. The figure representing Famine in the foreground is a great effort of the artist; and the shadows which the crouched attitude throws on the extremities of this shrivelled and transparent object, display a power of execution which we could hardly have expected even from Mr. West at this late stage of his meritorious life. The severer parts of the episode are beautifully softened down by the tender and interesting objects of humanity, who lie scattered, expired and expiring under the feet of the horse. It would exceed our limits to give a detailed description of the whole of

the apocalyptical characters described in this great picture; no description can indeed convey the moral force which must be felt from a view of the work itself. All the parts of the work correspond with the conception and execution of the principal figure which we have described; and though some critical observations may apply to a dimness of colouring and indistinct penciling in some of the subordinate details of the picture, yet they are of so trivial a nature, and so little affect the general character of the work, that we think it would be affectation to single them out for particular observation.

We cannot conclude these observations without congratulating the President of the Royal Academy on the execution of this work, at a time of life long past that period at which society has a claim upon those who are destined to adorn it, and enlarge its enjoyments, by the exercise of those talents with which Providence has blessed them.

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS from NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

THE BOA CONSTRICTOR AND THE GOAT.

(From M^r LEON'S Voyage in the Alceste.)

THE *Cæsar*, a private ship, was hired at Batavia to bring home the Chinese embassy, and the officers and crew of the *Alceste*, after their unfortunate wreck in the straits of Gaspar: besides them, it seems she had two passengers of no ordinary description—the one an Ourang Outang; the other a Boa snake, of

the species known by the name of *Constrictor*. The former arrived safely in England; the other died of a diseased stomach, between the Cape and St. Helena, having taken but two meals from the time of his embarkation. The first of these meals was witnessed by more than two hundred persons: but there was

something so horrid in the exhibition, that very few felt any inclination to attend the second. The snake was about sixteen feet long and eighteen inches in circumference; he was confined in a large crib, or cage—but we must give the dreadful relation in Mr. M'Leod's own words.

"The sliding door being opened, one of the goats was thrust in, and the door of the cage shut. The poor goat, as if instantly aware of all the horrors of its perilous situation, immediately began to utter the most piercing and distressing cries, butting instinctively, at the same time, with its head towards the serpent, in self-defence. The snake, which at first appeared scarcely to notice the poor animal, soon began to stir a little, and turning his head in the direction of the goat, it at length fixed a deadly and malignant eye on the trembling victim, whose agony and terror seemed to increase; for, previous to the snake seizing his prey, it shook in every limb, but still continuing its unavailing show of attack, by butting at the serpent, which now became sufficiently animated to prepare for the banquet. The first operation was that of darting out his forked tongue, and at the same time rearing a little his head; then suddenly seizing the goat by the fore leg with his mouth, and throwing him down, he was encircled in an instant in his horrid folds. So quick, indeed, and so instantaneous was the act, that it was impossible for the eye to follow the rapid convulsion of his elongated body. It was not a regular screw-like turn that was formed, but resembling rather a knot, one part of

the body overlaying the other, as if to add weight to the muscular pressure, the more effectually to crush his object. During this time he continued to grasp with his mouth, though it appeared an unnecessary precaution, that part of the animal he had first seized. The poor goat, in the mean time, continued its feeble and *half-stifled* cries for some minutes, but they soon became more and more faint, and at last it expired. The snake, however, retained it a considerable time in its grasp, after it was apparently motionless. He then began slowly and cautiously to unfold himself, till the goat fell dead from his monstrous embrace, when he began to prepare himself for the feast. Placing his mouth in the front of the head of the dead animal, he commenced by lubricating with his saliva that part of the goat; and then taking his muzzle into his mouth, which had, and indeed always has, the appearance of a raw lacerated wound, he *sucked it in*, as far as the horns would allow. These protuberances opposed some little difficulty, not so much from their extent, as from their points: however, they also in a very short time disappeared; that is to say, externally; but their progress was still to be traced very distinctly on the outside, threatening every moment to protrude through the skin. The victim had now descended as far as the shoulders; and it was an astonishing sight to observe the extraordinary action of the snake's muscles when stretched to such an unnatural extent—an extent which must have utterly destroyed all muscular power in any animal that was not, like itself, endowed with



very peculiar faculties of expansion and action at the same time. When his head and neck had no other appearance than that of a serpent's skin stuffed almost to bursting, still the workings of the muscles were evident; and his power of suction, as it is generally but erroneously called, unabated: it was, in fact, the effect of a contractile muscular power, assisted by two rows of strong hooked teeth. With all this he must be so formed as to be able to suspend, for a time, his respiration; for it is impossible to conceive that the process of breathing could be carried on while the mouth and throat were so completely stuffed and expanded by the body of the goat, and the lungs themselves (admitting the trachea

to be ever so hard) compressed, as they must have been, by its passage downwards.

"The whole operation of completely gorging the goat occupied about two hours and twenty minutes; at the end of which time, the tumefaction was confined to the middle part of the body, or stomach, the superior parts, which had been so much distended, having resumed their natural dimensions. He now coiled himself up again, and lay quietly in his usual torpid state for about three weeks or a month, when, his last meal appearing to be completely digested and dissolved, he was presented with another goat," (not alive we hope,) "which he devoured with equal facility."

FASHIONS:

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 4.—EVENING DRESS.

A BLACK crape frock over a black sarsnet slip: the body is composed of white crape tastefully ornamented with deep vandykes of black velvet, each vandyke finished at the point by a little light ornament of black chenille. Short full sleeve of intermixed black and white crape; the fulness drawn to the middle of the arm, and confined in three separate folds by vandykes of black velvet. The bottom of the skirt is finished by a row of black velvet vandykes, surmounted by a large *rouleau* of white crape, entwined with black chenille. Above this is a piece of white crape tucked byas, and finished at the edges by rows of black crape leaves: two

rows of roses, set on at small distances, and without leaves, which are composed of black crape mixed with chenille, complete this elegant and novel trimming. Head-dress, a white crape *toque*, for the form of which we refer to our print. It is elegantly ornamented round the front with chenille, and finished by a diadem of white crape roses. The hair is dressed full on the temples; and much parted in front. Ear-rings, armlets, necklace, and cross composed of jet. Black shamoy leather gloves and slippers, the latter ornamented with rosettes of white chenille. A black China crape scarf, richly worked at the ends in an embroidery of white flowers, and finished by a rich black

silk fringe, is thrown carelessly over the shoulders.

PLATE 5.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

Bombazeen high dress: the body, which is made quite plain, fastens behind. There is no collar, but it is full trimmed round the throat with black crape. Plain long sleeve, finished at the wrist by a puckering of crape, intermixed with rich black silk trimming. The skirt, which is of a moderate width, is trimmed round the bottom with a double row of black crape, disposed in a light and novel manner. This is surmounted by a row of Spanish puffs, which are let in very full; they are of a round shape, and the middle of each is formed of a piece of black satin disposed in full plaits. Over this is a *rouleau* of intermingled black crape and rich black silk trimming, and above the whole is placed a row of Spanish puffs, composed wholly of black crape, and something smaller than those beneath.

With this dress is worn the Russian wrapping-cloak, composed of tufted mole-skin cloth, and lined with black sarsnet. The form of this cloak, as our readers will perceive by our print, is novel and striking. A pelerine of enormous size, and a large full hood, render this one of the most comfortable envelopes we have seen for a considerable time.

Parisian bonnet, composed of a new material; the crown is of a moderate height, the brim is large, and the edge finished by a full band of crape, and crape roses set on at small distances: it is ornamented with a wreath of black flowers.

Morning *cornette* composed of

thin long lawn, the borders edged with black. Black shamoy leather sandals and gloves. Ridicule, composed of black velvet, ornamented at the corners with white tassels, and a rich white silk trimming round the top.

We are indebted to the taste and invention of Miss M'Donald of No. 84, Wells-street, for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The mourning garb of our fair votaries of Fashion has experienced little alteration since the publication of our last number. In the promenade costume, pelisses composed of black cloth, lined with black sarsnet, and trimmed with black crape, are most in favour. There is nothing novel or striking either in the form or trimming of these pelisses: The latter consists of a plain broad band of black crape, or else a piece of about half a quarter in breadth cut byas, and disposed in very small tucks: it is finished at the edges by *rouleaux* of either crape or black satin.

Indiascarfs are frequently thrown over these pelisses, but swansdown or ermine tippets are considered as much more elegant; they have also a better effect. Fancy furs begin to be in great estimation; and muffs, which are always of a moderate size, are considered an indispensable appendage to the walking costume.

Bonnets are composed always of black straw, Leghorn, or *reps* silk, intermixed with crape; they are in general very large in the brims, but the crowns are of a moderate size: they are usually lined with

white crape doubled, and the edge of the brim is finished either by a puffing or a narrow plaiting of black crape. Full bows of byas crape are considered more genteel than crape flowers, though the latter are partially worn.

In the carriage costume there seems to be in some measure a departure from the strict etiquette of court mourning, as black satin and black velvet spencers are in much estimation. The former are always made tight to the shape, very short in the waist, and with a sleeve of a very moderate width. The trimming of these spencers consists in general of an intermixture of black crape and tufted silk cord. Sometimes the crape forms a full *rouleau* round the throat, and the cord is twisted through it: the wrist is ornamented with small *rouleaux*, and the half-sleeve corresponds.

Other spencers have a high square collar cut in points. This collar stands up round the throat, and is covered with black crape, laid on very full, and formed into shells by an intermixture of the trimming we have just mentioned. The sleeves are cut at bottom in points to correspond, and these are surmounted by two or three rows of cord or *rouleaux* of black crape. These spencers have no half-sleeve.

Satin spencers are generally trimmed with satin only.

The principal novelty, and the one which promises to continue longest in favour, because it is most appropriate to the season, is the wrapping-cloak given in our print. The bounet worn with it is also, both in form and material, the only one which we have seen worthy of the attention of our fair subscribers.

Dinner dresses are now frequently made of a three-quarter height. Black sarsnet and *reps* silk are worn by many ladies in dinner dress, but the trimming is always composed of black crape.

The only novelty in dinner costume is, that three-quarter dresses are in general estimation. They usually fasten behind; the skirts are trimmed with flounces in the manner described in our last number. The bodies have sometimes two narrow but very full falls of crape round the bust, which have a heading to correspond with the bottom of the dress: when this is the case, the bottom of the sleeve is generally finished to correspond.

Other dresses are ornamented round the bust and at the bottoms of the sleeves with wreaths of black crape, disposed in the form of cockle-shells. This trimming, long as it has been in favour, is still considered very fashionable.

Full dress is invariably composed of black crape, but we have seen some evening dresses made of black spotted silk. The bodies of evening dresses continue to be made extremely low, and short sleeves are almost universally adopted.

Evening dresses, especially for grand parties, continue to be very much trimmed; the trimming is always of white crape intermixed with black, unless for ladies very far advanced in life. White crape flounces, surmounted by *rouleaux* of white crape, wreathed with black chenille or silk trimming, are in much estimation; as are also wreaths of intermingled black and white roses; wreaths of cypress-leaves and of cockle-shells are also adopted by many *élégantes*. All these trim-

gings are pretty, and if tastefully and moderately used, would have an elegant effect; but in the present rage for full-trimmed gowns, all attention to the becoming is totally disregarded: tall and short, plump and slender ladies are alike attired in dresses trimmed preposterously high; and the consequence is, that a number of pretty and tolerable figures are absolutely spoiled.

Head-dresses continue to be worn as described in our last number, with some slight alterations. Artificial flowers are now worn in wreaths instead of bunches: these wreaths are sometimes of intermingled black and white. Roses predominate. We have observed some that had light sprays attached to each flower. White roses, intermingled with black cypress-leaves, are also in estimation; but jet ornaments have lost none of their at-

traction, and to fair-haired *belles* they are certainly particularly becoming.

In full dress the hair is arranged in various forms, but the hind hair is always dressed high. Sometimes it is formed into a profusion of bows, among which jet ornaments are placed. Sometimes it is disposed in two or three full tufts at the back of the head; and frequently one half of the hind hair is brought up to the crown of the head in a large full tuft; while the other, arranged in alternate bands and plaits, is brought round the head, and the ends form a full bunch of curls at the left side. The front hair continues to be much parted, and it is curled fuller on the temples, and lower at the sides, than last month.

In half dress, caps continue to be worn, but we have observed nothing novel since our last number.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Dec. 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR promenades at present exhibit a great variety of dresses: spencers, carricks, and pelerines of fur are all in estimation; and it would be difficult to tell which predominates. Spencers are composed always of velvet; black, purple, and bottle-green are the favourite colours. They are now always made quite tight to the shape, and the velvet cut byas. Waists are still short, but not quite so much so as they were worn a month back. Sleeves continue to be made nearly tight to the arm; they are ornamented at the wrist by full

puffings of satin, and generally finished by a half-sleeve composed of velvet, slashed in five or six places with satin. The collar usually corresponds with the half-sleeve; but it is almost always concealed by a scarf twisted in a very unbecoming manner round the throat, and tied in front to display the ends, which are richly embroidered.

The carrick is a pelisse of a form at once comfortable and becoming. They are generally composed of fine drab-coloured cloth; sometimes one sees them in dark colours, but very rarely. They just meet in front, and are richly orna-

mented with frogs and braiding. There are three small capes, which come no farther than the shoulder in front, and fall exactly to the waist behind. Plain long sleeve. A collar composed of a double piece of byas cloth, nearly half a quarter in breadth, is set on rather full, so as to stand out from the throat and support the ruff. I have seen nothing for some time so well calculated for a winter promenade dress as these carricks, which I should observe to you are always lined either with white sarsnet, or sarsnet of the same colour as the carrick, and not seldom wadded.

Pelerines are of swansdown, of ermine and squirrel's skin, they are always worn very large. Muffs have not yet made their appearance.

Velvet, beaver, *pluche*, and satin lined with *pluche*, are the materials most fashionable for hats. As to the form, the crowns are generally lower than I ever recollect to have seen them, and the fronts are remarkably large. Sometimes the fronts are so coquettishly contrived, that while one side completely conceals the face, the other stands out so as to display it. Blond has almost wholly disappeared from the edges of hats, which are worn either without trimming, or else finished by a small *rouleau* of the lining turned over the edge. The most novel ornament for satin or *pluche* bonnets, are large flowers which are composed of feathers. These flowers are made only in black or white; in the former they are always large roses; in the latter tulips: the leaves which surround them correspond in colour with the flower.

Velvet auriculas, so long in favour for winter hats, are still adopt-

ed by some *élégantes*. Plumes of Marabout feathers are also in some estimation; they are in fact the only feathers now worn. For the trimming of plain walking bonnets, scarfs composed of plaid silk, the stripes of which are very large, are much in request. These scarfs are fastened in a very full bow on the top of the crown, and are brought down on each side, and slipped through an opening in the side of the brim: sometimes the ends are tied in a large bow under the chin, at others they hang loose.

Amidst all this variety, the hats most genteel and appropriate in my opinion for the promenade costume, are those composed of beaver, which is here brought to very great perfection, silk beaver especially. These *chapeaux* are always worn without any ornament but a plain band of ribbon, which is fastened at the side by a brilliant steel buckle.

Capotes have been gradually declining in estimation for some weeks past, and at present they have totally disappeared: but so extremely versatile is fashion in this country, that perhaps in a few days they may be as numerous as ever.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the season, one sees still a great number of *percale* dresses in the promenades; it is true they are always worn with velvet spencers or fur pelerines, but they have nevertheless a cold uncomfortable look.

Percale is the only thing worn in *dishabille*; but our breakfast costume affords nothing striking or novel to describe to you. Were you to form your judgment of Frenchwomen from the present fashionable *dishabille*, you would

pronounce them a nation of drowsies. A loose wrapping dress which seems intended for a sleeping-gown, a coloured silk handkerchief thrown round the shoulders, an enormous ruff, and an unbecoming *cornette*; such has been for some time the morning attire of the French *belles*. You will see therefore that you have nothing to reproach me with, for having been silent on this subject lately.

For dinner dress, and for social parties, Merino robes are in the highest estimation: the colours most fashionable for these dresses are, Carmelite brown, lilac, grey, dark and light blue, and a beautiful shade of pale chesnut.

There is nothing very novel in dinner dress: gowns are still made scanty and without gores. Waists continue short, and dresses are cut as low as possible round the bust. The backs of dresses have decreased in breadth, and the fronts do not display the contour of the shape so much as formerly. Long sleeves are most prevalent. Embroidery is at present the rage for trimmings. The bottoms of dresses are usually worked in large flowers, or wreaths of leaves, but there is no mixture of colours; the effect is consequently chaste, but not so striking. The favourite contrasts are green wreaths for brown dresses, white for lilac and blue, dark blue for pale chesnut, and rose-colour for grey. The busts of dresses are mostly trimmed with narrow embroidery to correspond; but some elegants prefer those or the very narrow *rouleaux* of satin laid close together, and finished round the bosom by a full quilling of tulle or blond. The long sleeve

is ornamented at the wrist either by quillings of tulle or blond, generally three in number, or *rouleaux* of satin; and there is usually a half-sleeve, similar to the one I described to you as fashionable for spencers.

Full dress is at present particularly elegant, especially that worn for balls; and as the French, you know, are a nation of dancers, the *costume de bal* is a matter of considerable importance to them. The favourite materials for ball dresses are white satin, gauze, and crape spotted with velvet. I will describe to you one of the prettiest I have seen, and I think when you resume colours, it would suit your light figure admirably.

It is a round dress, the skirt of a proper length for dancing, and is trimmed at the bottom with a large *rouleau* of white crape, spotted with rose-coloured velvet. This *rouleau* is surmounted by a wreath of Provence roses composed of crape, and made exactly to imitate nature. Over this wreath is placed a deep flounce of rich lace, which is headed by a full puffing of blond; this flounce is festooned with pearl in such a manner as partially to display the roses. You cannot, my dear Sophia, conceive any thing more beautiful than the effect of this trimming.

The body is composed partly of satin and partly of lace; it is made in a pretty, novel style, but one which I hardly know how to describe. A piece of lace is let in all down the middle of the back; it is narrow at the bottom of the waist, but goes up gradually broader, so that the top of the back is entirely composed of

lace. The fronts are of lace, and very full; the fulness is formed to the shape by narrow *rouleaux* of white satin. Epaullette sleeve of white satin, covered with white lace, which is disposed in honey-combs, and mixed with pearl. A narrow white satin zone, fastened in front by a pearl clasp, finishes the dress.

And now, my dear Sophia, a few words respecting the costume of the court, which you complain that I have been silent about for a long time. Honestly speaking, in court dress I think we have the advantage: our trains are fuller, consequently more graceful, and our petticoats generally ornamented in a more simple style. I was particularly struck with this the other day, on observing the dress of the *Comtesse de M.* whom I saw just as she returned from court. Her petticoat, of soft white satin, was finished round the bottom by five or six rows of pointed lace, all set on close together, and very full. This was surmounted by a wreath of that beautiful flower the *camelia Japonica*. Her robe was of dark blue velvet, lined with white sarsnet, and trimmed with the richest point I ever saw, which was laid on quite plain. Body and sleeves of white satin. I must not forget to observe, that our court sleeves are worn a *decent* length. The sleeve

was very full, the fulness confined at the bottom by a band of pearl; a few inches higher was placed a second band of pearl, and the sleeve was finished by a superb point lace ruffle.

The bosom of the dress was ornamented with pointed lace to correspond with the bottom of the petticoat. I particularly admired the countess's head-dress: the front hair was dressed in light loose ringlets, which hung very low at each side of the face, leaving the forehead entirely bare. The hind hair was brought up quite to the top of the head, and divided into several bands, round which were twisted strings of pearls. These bands were disposed round the top of the head; and as there were a great many of them, the hind hair was consequently dressed very high. A coronet of diamonds was placed exactly over the forehead, and rich long lappets of point lace, placed at the back of the head, partially shaded the neck.

I am charged with a hundred affectionate new-year's wishes to you and your dear little circle from our friends here. Need I add my own to them? No my Sophia, I am persuaded, needs no protestations to convince her of the inviolable attachment of her

FIDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

• R. ACKERMANN has in great forwardness, *A topographical and perspective Survey of the Campagna di Roma*, exhibiting to the traveller and classic scholar every object of

interest in that celebrated country; illustrated by a plan on an extended scale, and by views referring to the plan, and forming a complete panorama of the ancient territory of

Rome, by Dr. F. Ch. L. Sickler, member of the Academy of Antiquities at Rome.

R. Ackermann also proposes, in the course of this month, to publish, *Architectural Hints on Cottages Orné, Villas, &c. &c.* by J. B. Papworth, architect; with twenty-five coloured engravings.

R. Ackermann will publish early in January, *A dissected Terrestrial Globe*, for the instruction and amusement of youth, by M. Wauthier, geographer and successor to the Abbé Gaultier. This (*bonâ fide*) dissected globe, eight inches in diameter, is composed of seventy-four detached pieces, which may be assembled with the greatest facility, and, when put together, form as solid a body as a common globe. It is, besides, so contrived, that by the removal of a single wire the whole edifice falls asunder, leaving materials for a new construction. The different regions of the earth coming therefore so often under the eyes of students, their names, figures, and respective situations must also remain more or less impressed in their memory. The general improvement in geography, and the rational recreation young people have hitherto derived from the use of *dissected maps*, have so justly and universally been acknowledged by parents and instructors, that they induced M. Wauthier to contrive this dissected globe to fulfil the same purposes. The simplicity and singularity of the construction of this globe will place it among the favourite puzzles, as it may tend to procure youth that dexterity and adroitness so desirable in all situations of life. The map is drawn with the utmost care, and contains as much geography

as a globe of that size will clearly admit. The whole will be contained in a box, with proper directions.

R. Ackermann is preparing, by means of lithographic art, a work entitled *Imitations of original Drawings by old Masters*. It will commence with *Luca Cambiasi*, from the fine and numerous collection of R. Cosway, Esq. R.A. This work, it is presumed, will be peculiarly acceptable to the lover of art, the artist, and the student.

In the press, a descriptive poem, to be entitled *Birkenhead Priory*, by Spencer Madan Thomson, a beautiful ruin on the opposite shore to the town of Liverpool.

Mr. Edward Baines of Leeds has just completed, in two quarto volumes, an historical record of the eventful period of the last five and twenty years, under the title of *The History of the Wars of the French Revolution*; comprising the History of Great Britain and France from the breaking out of the war in 1792 to its final termination in 1815: embellished with portraits of the most distinguished characters of the age, and illustrated with map and charts.

Mr. Accum has in the press a second edition of his *Chemical Amusement*; comprising one hundred curious and instructive experiments in chemistry, which may be performed with safety in the closet, and the exhibition of which does not require the aid of complicated or costly instruments. The work will be illustrated with plates engraved by Lowry.

Dr. Sehlichtegroll of Munich has undertaken the task of editing a very curious literary monument of the middle ages, Talhofer's *Book of Combats*, preserved in the ducal

library at Gotha. It is a collection of 268 sketches drawn with the pen in 1467, representing the different kinds of judicial combat, at that time the most common species of ordeal. All these designs have explanatory marginal inscriptions. This work, which will be printed at the lithographic press of the public school called *Leyertagschule* at Munich, will be rendered highly interesting by accounts of many manuscripts but very little known in the libraries of Munich, Vienna, Gotha, and Wolfenbüttel, illustrative of the laws and manners of the middle ages.

Mr. Curtis of Soho-square, aurist to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, has lately introduced a new mode of practice in this country with regard to the Diseases of the Ear. It partly consists in excluding the external air from the *meatus*, consequently occasioning the air to rush up the eustachian tube, on the same principle as in the diving-bell; for it is a fact not generally known, that persons descending in a diving-bell are often cured of deafness. The plan has also been successful in cases of atony of the muscles and nerves of the ear, arising from cold and other temporary causes.

Mr. Rees Price, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, has in the press, a pamphlet

entitled *A Critical Inquiry into the Nature and Treatment of the Case of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales, and her infant Son*; with the probable causes of their deaths, and subsequent appearances: the whole fully discussed and illustrated by comparative practice, pointing out the means of preventing such evils in future; and dedicated to the Imperial Parliament of the united kingdom of Great Britain.

We understand the same author has in the press, and shortly will publish, a translation of *The Memoirs of the celebrated Dr. Galès of Paris*, on the efficacy of sulphureous fumigation in the treatment of cutaneous diseases, gout, rheumatism, paralytic affections, and many other maladies; and that it will be illustrated with several plates, a plan of an apparatus, 120 cases, and copious observations by the translator.

Dr. Uwins will deliver the introductory lecture to his spring course on the Theory and Practice of Medicine, on Friday, the 30th of January, at seven o'clock in the evening *precisely*, at his house, No. 1, Thavies' Inn, Holborn. The lectures will be continued, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, until the conclusion of the course, which will be towards the end of April.

Poetry.

• LINES,

By Dr. BOOKER, on hearing Handel's *Messiah*.

Music's mellifluous sounds transport
the soul;

Whether, when falls the rainbow show'r
of spring,

We listen to the blackbird's carol'd tale,
Or to the sweeter strain of Philomel.

At even-tide, when the broad yellow
moon

Peers o'er the hill. Delicious to mine
ear

Have sounds like these, in rural copse
and grove,

Flow'd oft. But when "the human voice
divine"

Pours the rich music of Handelian song,
Hymning, symphonious, love ineffable,
Redeeming love for man—then, sweet no
more

Is song of blackbird, or that minstrel
queen's

That 'wakes soft Echo from her nightly
sleep,

And charms the winds to silence.—Won-
drous man!

Thy strains sublime, thy pealing an-
thems loud,

Rolling along in choral majesty,

Lift me to where the great MESSIAH
"reigns

For ever and for ever." Thro' my frame
Thrills warm emotion, and the starting
tear

Speaks the high rapture of the conscious
soul.

If such on earth, O Harmony! thy
pow'r,

Say, what the rapturous bliss that soul
shall feel

Where choirs celestial of angelic hosts,
Ten thousand times ten thousand, shall
attune

Their golden harps, and seraph multi-
tudes

No tongue can number, in accordance
sweet

Shall celebrate Perfection Infinite,

In scenes where bliss and glory far tran-
scend

What human eye e'er saw—what hu-
man ear

Ecstatic ever heard, or human heart,

Amid life's fondest charities, e'er felt?

That bliss,—that glory,—sights and
sounds thus sweet,

Thus passing mortal fancy, are reserv'd
For all God's children, when the final
trump

Shall wake the sleeping tenants of the
tomb,

And ocean yield its dead—tremendous
hour!

ELORA: A SONG.

By J. M. LACEY.

'Twas night, and ocean's waves were
still,

The moon beam'd on its surface fair,

The distant castle on the hill,

Look'd as if only peace was there.

Yet deep within its dreary walls,

Elora wept her hours away—

Elora, who in splendid halls

Once shone the gayest of the gay.

She gave her hand, and gave her heart,

To one who lov'd not in return;

And now unbidden tear-drops start,

As cruel truths she's forc'd to learn.

Dark as the mighty mountain's shade.

Is all within Elora's breast;

And the once happy, beauteous maid

Is lost to love, to peace and rest.

A REFLECTION.

How sweet it were, methinks, awhile

To quit this weary load of clay,

To wanton in the summer's smile,

Tenants of air and boundless day.

How sweet, how passing sweet, to rise

Above all grief, above all care,

And sail at will the fleecy skies,

Light as the cloud that hovers there.

Vain wish! would guilt, would passion
fly,

When the free spirit soar'd above?

Would grief melt in the sunny sky,

Or winds disperse the vapour *love*?

No! no!—The soul its native place,

Its own unrivall'd lord or slave;

No spot can elevate the base,

No change depress the truly brave!

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. V

FEBRUARY 1, 1818.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

An extract from HUTTON's Remarks and Mr. GENT's Poem shall be given in our next.

We assure M. A. M. that we have no poetry of hers which has not been introduced into our pages.

It would have given us pleasure to oblige Mr. MACKAY, if we had any department in our work to which the notice transmitted by him was adapted.

We are again necessitated to postpone various poetical contributions, for which we solicit the indulgence of our correspondents.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months



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PLATE 7.—VIEW OF THE EXTREMITY OF THE LAKE OF GENEVA, AND THE ENTRANCE OF THE RHONE NEAR BOVERET.

THIS part of the lake of Geneva is rendered truly enchanting by the assemblage of the most pleasing objects. These romantic scenes are moreover embellished by the charm of recollections, and Rousseau in delineating them has greatly heightened the interest which they inspire. He says himself, "Go to Vevey; explore the country, examine its scenery, take an excursion upon the lake, and say if nature has not made this beautiful country for a Julie, a Claire, and a St. Preux; but you must not seek them there."

The road continues to follow the winding banks of the lake; but the perpendicular rocks which bordered it near St. Gingolph, sink as you approach Boveret, and subside into a verdant carpet overshadowed by umbrageous chestnut-trees, which are incessantly refreshed by limpid streams. These streams, interrupted in their course by the road, form by the side of it handsome cascades, or small reservoirs,

which invite the traveller to quench his thirst.

On the opposite shore the mountains begin to assume those majestic forms which characterize the High Alps. Those that bound the horizon of this view, among which is distinguished on the left the Dent de Jaman, form the extremity of the secondary chain, extending from the lake of Thun to that of Geneva, and separating the cantons of Berne and Friburg. At their foot is seen on a hill covered with vineyards the village of Montreux; lower down is Clarens and the castle of Chillon, the Gothic towers of which are washed by the lake. On the right is Villeneuve, the ancient *Penniculus* of the Romans, celebrated for the victory gained by Divico, the leader of the Helvetii, over the consul Lucius Cassius, in the year of Rome 640.

The projecting point of land in the centre of the view is formed by earth washed down by the Rhone, which discharges itself into the

lake by several channels. The vessels ascending it, and whose white sails are represented as passing the trees that grow upon its banks, contribute to render the picture more lively.

The castle of Chillon mentioned above, and lately rendered an interesting object to the English reader by the strains of Lord Byron, is built on a rock standing insulated in the lake by Peter of Savoy, in 1238, to defend the entrance of his dominions on this side. The people of Berne reduced it in 1536, together with the rest of the Pays de Vaud, and it served for the residence of the bailiffs of Vevey till 1736, when it became a state prison. Dungeons, hollowed in the rock below the level of the water, were for several years the abode of Bonnivard, prior of St. Victor at Geneva, the intrepid defender of his country.

"The chateau de Chillon," says Lord Byron, in his notes to the *Prisoner of Chillon*, "is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve, which last is at one extremity of the lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances of the Rhone, and opposite are the heights of Meillerie and the range of Alps above Boveret and St. Gingo (Gingouph).

"Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent; below it, washing its walls, the lake has been fathomed to the depth of 800 feet (French measure); within it is a range of dungeons, in which the early Reformers, and subsequently prisoners of state, were confined. Across one of the vaults is a beam black with age, on which we were informed that the condemned were formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars,

or rather eight, one being half merged in the wall; in some of these are rings for the fetters and the fettered: in the pavement the steps of Bonnivard have left their traces—he was confined here several years.

"It is by this castle that Rousseau has fixed the catastrophe of his *Heloise*, in the rescue of one of her children by Julie from the water; the shock of which, and the illness produced by the immersion, is the cause of her death.

"The chateau is large, and seen along the lake for a great distance. The walls are white.

"Between the entrances of the Rhone and Villeneuve, not far from Chillon, is a very small island; the only one I could perceive in my voyage round and over the lake, within its circumference. It contains a few trees (I think not above three), and from its singleness and diminutive size, has a peculiar effect upon the view."

The reader will not be displeased with the account of Bonnivard, with which our noble bard was furnished by a citizen of Geneva, and which he has printed in the original French among the notes to the poem to which this edifice gave occasion.

François de Bonnivard, son of Louis de Bonnivard, a native of Seyssel, and lord of Lunes, was born in 1406. He pursued his studies at Turin; and in 1510 his uncle, Jean Aimé de Bonnivard, resigned to him the priory of St. Victor, which stood close to the walls of Geneva, and was a considerable benefice.

This great man—for Bonnivard deserves the appellation, on account

of the magnanimity of his soul, the integrity of his heart, the nobleness of his intentions, the wisdom of his counsels, the courage of his actions, the extent of his knowledge, and the vivacity of his mind — this great man, who will excite the admiration of all those whom heroic virtue is capable of moving, must be particularly dear to such Genevese as love their country. Bonnivard was invariably one of its firmest supporters; to secure the liberty of the republic, he was not afraid on many occasions to lose his own. He sacrificed ease; he despised riches; he neglected nothing that could consolidate the welfare of a country which he honoured with his choice; and to which, from that moment, he was as warmly attached as the most zealous of its citizens. He served it with the intrepidity of a hero, and he wrote its history with the simplicity of a philosopher and the warmth of a patriot.

He says, at the commencement of his History of Geneva, that “as soon as he began to read the history of nations, he felt a peculiar predilection for republics, the interests of which he always espoused.” It was doubtless this love of liberty that led him to adopt Geneva for his country.

Bonnivard, while yet young, loudly proclaimed himself the champion of Geneva against the Duke of Savoy and the bishop.

In 1519 Bonnivard became the martyr of his country. The Duke of Savoy having entered Geneva with five hundred men, Bonnivard, fearing his resentment, would have retired to Fribourg to avoid its con-

sequences, but was betrayed by two men who accompanied him, and conducted by command of the prince to Grolée, where he was confined two years. Bonnivard met with misfortunes in his travels; but as these did not abate his zeal for Geneva, he was still a formidable enemy to those who threatened its independence, and was consequently exposed to their malice. In 1530, in crossing the Jura, he fell into the hands of robbers, who stripped him, and once more delivered him up to the Duke of Savoy. This prince caused him to be imprisoned in the castle of Chillon, where he continued without being examined till 1536: he was then released by the people of Berne, who subdued the Pays de Vaud.

Bonnivard, on his deliverance, had the satisfaction to find Geneva independent and reformed. The republic lost no time in assuring him of its gratitude, and compensating him for the sufferings which he had undergone: he was admitted to the freedom of the city in June 1536, presented with the house formerly inhabited by the vicar-general, and had a pension of 200 gold crowns assigned to him so long as he should reside at Geneva. In 1537, he was elected a member of the Council of Two Hundred.

But this was not the limit of Bonnivard's utility: after exerting himself to give liberty to Geneva, he succeeded in rendering it tolerant. He urged the council to allow the clergy and peasantry sufficient time to examine the proposals that were made to them, and succeeded by

his mildness: Christianity is always preached with success when it is preached with charity.

Bonnivard was a scholar. His manuscripts in the public library of Geneva prove that he was well acquainted with the Latin classic writers, and deeply versed in divinity and history. He was a lover of the sciences, and was of opinion that they might become the glory of Geneva: accordingly he neglected no means of fixing them in that rising city. In 1551 he presented it with his library, which was the commencement of the public library of Geneva; and those books partly consisted of the rare and beautiful editions of the 15th century which now enrich that collection. In the same year this patriot citizen declared the republic his heir, on condition that it should apply his property to the maintenance of the college, the foundation of which was then projected.

It is probable that Bonnivard's death happened in 1570, for the date of it is not known with certainty, as there is a chasm in the register from July 1570 till some time in 1571.

We cannot part from the noble author to whom we are indebted for this quotation, without extracting his apostrophe to the Lake of Geneva in the following

SONNET.

Rousseau — Voltaire — our Gibbon — and de Stael —

Leman, these names are worthy of thy shore,
Thy shore of names like these; wert thou
no more,

Their memory thy remembrance would recall:
To them thy banks were lovely as to all,
But they have made them lovelier, for the
lore

Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core
Of human hearts the ruin of a wall
Where dwell the wise and wondrous; but
by thee

How much more, Lake of Beauty, do we feel,
In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,
The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
Which of the heirs of immortality
Is proud, and makes the breath of glory real.

MISCELLANIES.

PL 8.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER XIV.

THE first thing I did towards dispelling the disagreeable feelings which my reflections on the enviable prerogatives of the dean had excited, was to pull the bell. Bastian, thought I, shall put an end to this angry soliloquy by his lively loquacity. "Well, my friend," cried I, as he entered, "have you any thing to tell me of our neighbours?" "O yes," replied he, with a most self-complacent look; "I have had the pleasure, during

your absence, to speak to them both. The old one, sir, has a design upon you."—"Upon me?" I exclaimed; "God forgive her!"—"Yes, sir," answered Bastian, "but it is not ill intended. She inquired about the visit which you received this morning from the gentleman in purple. Such a distinguished acquaintance seems to have given her a high notion of your consequence, sir. I knew very little about the matter; but what does

that signify? We must not take away the reputation of any one, and least of all ought a faithful servant to lower his master in the opinion of others. This rule I endeavoured to follow as well as I could, and at last said more about you than I knew myself. 'O madam,' I replied, 'that is not the first purple mantle that my master has had by his bedside. Recommended by one archbishop and by one prelate to another, he is received by them all as an intimate friend. It is quite a pleasure to travel with such a gentleman, for wherever we come the highest dignitaries of the church flock about the house like so many sparrows.'—'Perhaps,' said the old woman, 'your good master may have some intention of embracing our religion, in which alone salvation is to be found?'—'It may be so,' I replied, 'and I wish it with all my heart; for be his present religion ever so good, you see how pale and thin he is grown withal.'—'I observed that too,' said Made-moiselle Clara: 'it quite pains me to look at him.'—'Never fear, children,' continued the aunt; 'I must be greatly mistaken if a gentleman who manifests such symptoms, who comes so far to visit our clergy, who has in his service such an intelligent young man of our religion—[it was the aunt that said this]—and who has taken lodgings with us, I say it must be very extraordinary indeed if he should not be converted.' Here she paused, and as I perceived by the motion of her lips that she was repeating a pater-noster for you, I did the same; Clara too lifted up her eyes, told her beads, and for some minutes all was profound silence."

"Is that the design which the old woman has upon me?" cried I with a smile. "Well, let her; but go on."

"Ah! with what heartfelt pleasure," continued he, with still greater warmth than before, "did both aunt and niece observe with what devotion you, sir, attended high mass this morning, as though you had been already a member of the chapter!"

"What say you?" cried I. "Was Clara in the church, and I knew nothing about it——"

"And yet," replied Bastian, "she stood not far from your stall. As an inmate of the house I placed myself by her, but you were too much absorbed in your own devotions to take any notice of ours. I wish you had seen how the sweet creature prayed! She edified the whole circle that knelt around her, and I am certain that more looks and more sighs were directed to her from all sides and corners than to St. Genovia herself."

"Fetch me a bottle of *oil de Perdrix*, Bastian," cried I, interrupting my talkative attendant. "Here is half-a-crown to enjoy yourself with; but, hark you, give yourself no farther concern about my conversion."

Bastian with a piteous look put the money into his pocket, and withdrew. The good-natured simpleton! If I could assume his cheerfulness, his flow of spirits, his blooming complexion, and his youthful vigour, as easily as embrace his religion, I might have something to say to such a change. He soon returned, placed the wine in silence upon the table, and retired with a significant look, which seemed to

say, You have hit upon the right way: if this does not convert you, nothing will. We'll see that, thought I, drawing the cork, and throwing it against the wall.

As soon as I found myself alone with my bottle, one wrinkle after the other, which my serious meditation on Clara's innocence had imprinted on my brow, began to disappear. I smiled at the sparkling beverage, and as I raised glass after glass to my lips, it communicated more and more of its cheering influence to my spirits. Fugitive ideas passed in rapid succession athwart my brain, till at length one became so obtrusive that I seized it, and, by way of diversion, supported it with all possible sophistries, till at last it completely overpowered me.

I had previously gone through all the arguments in favour of the sanctity of my pretty neighbour, of which I had thoroughly satisfied myself. How then could it now come into my head, like an *Advocate of the Devil**, to seek evidences tending to deny that sanctity with the utmost effrontery? It is incredible, but not the less true. When I turned into this devious way, indeed, I was far from suspecting that it would lead me so far—aye to the very brink of a precipice, the idea of which still makes me shudder. With every glass that I swallowed my blood became more and more inflamed, and my imagination gained the ascendancy over my better judgment. It pulled down the pretty saint lower and lower from the lofty eminence upon which it had placed her: the clear

* One of the tribunals of Rome has an overwholfe styled the *Devil's Advocate*.

est proofs of her innocence were contemptuously discarded, and her piety seemed to be an assumed part, which she played well enough before the public. Now you know, Edward, that nothing could ever exasperate me to such a degree as when a sovereign, for example, would by his laconic gravity impress me with a high idea of his virtues—a minister of his political sagacity, by courtly reserve—a parson of his internal conviction, by the classic folds of his gown—or a female of her virtue, by the glitter of her sentiments. But against a female who, with such extraordinary charms as Clara possesses, could consider herself safe so near me, calculating upon her powers of deception and my blindness, who could keep my burning heart for two whole days in uncertainty whether to admire her as a saint, or to treat her as a common singer—against such a female the fury of my indignation would naturally know no bounds.

Still—said I most generously to myself—still I will not decide till I have paid her a visit: and I confess to you with shame, that at this moment I recoiled from the idea of finding in her a saint, so much had I accustomed myself to treat her as an ordinary being.

Let her be which she will, continued I, after some farther reflection, she cannot possibly be offended with me as a neighbour if I pay her a visit. As far as I know, this is not forbidden in any Romish calendar; nay, I even think I have somewhere read that it is the duty of a saint, when she sets about the conversion of heretics, to approach them, and leave no social means

untried to draw their souls to her. Clara must, therefore, be as ardently desirous of my company as I am of hers, if, as I suppose, she was serious in the prayer that Bastian told me of; especially this evening, when, compared with the noise of last night, all is as still with her as if she was forgotten by heaven and earth.

My courage increased in the same proportion as my bottle grew empty, and no sooner was the last glass conquered than I was on the way to Clara. I had only to take a few steps across the ante-room, which was completely illumined by the bright moonlight. Before I proceeded farther, I considered how seldom we can tell when we shall return from such visits, and had the precaution to set my candle in the chimney corner.

passed the looking-glass, I could not help taking a superficial survey of my outward man, which, on this occasion, appeared to uncommon advantage. I should like to see the female, said I sarcastically, that has the heart to refuse admittance to such a comely figure. With all the confidence which a consideration of this sort is likely to inspire, I continued my course, and reached without accident the partition which bounds the *sanctum sanctorum*—the apartment of Clara.

Amid the silence that prevailed in this pious house, very little noise was necessary to announce to her my approach. Accordingly I had scarcely pronounced her harmonious name once or twice in a low voice, when I heard her chamber door open. She then tripped across the next room, and—judge of the pleasure that thrilled my whole

frame, when the outer door was unlocked, and she stood before me—not Clara indeed, but her old emaciated, toothless aunt, in a white cotton bed-gown.

In the first movement of my surprise, I thought for certain that the old woman had a mind to appropriate my late visit to herself, and that she could be so wicked as to imagine that I, regardless of her venerable age——But she did not suffer me to pursue these injurious conclusions. She soon interrupted them with the question, “What is your pleasure, sir?”—at the same time manifesting in her looks such amusing astonishment, as if in the course of her long life she had never before seen the figure of a man by moonlight. I was, on my part, infinitely more embarrassed than she. Indeed she was obliged to repeat her question before I could recover my voice sufficiently to stammer out a few unlucky words. “The long evenings—solitude—my agreeable neighbours,” at length cried I in tremulous accents. How to proceed I knew not; my perplexity increased every moment, and to extricate myself I had recourse to the shallowest expedient that ever was devised. “Dear madam,” said I, “the attractions of your charming Clara will be a sufficient excuse for me; and the liberty which you allow the dean, you will not, I hope, refuse to your lodger.” This was mending the matter with a vengeance. You should have seen how the hag fired at these words.—“Clara? Clara,” replied she to my argumentative exordium, “receives no visitors at night—no, nor at any other time. Go, sir,” proceeded

she with a sarcastic grin, "seek entertainment elsewhere, and do not disturb the repose of your neighbours." With these words she shut the door in my face, while I, stifling my anger as well as I could, sneaked back to my solitary room.

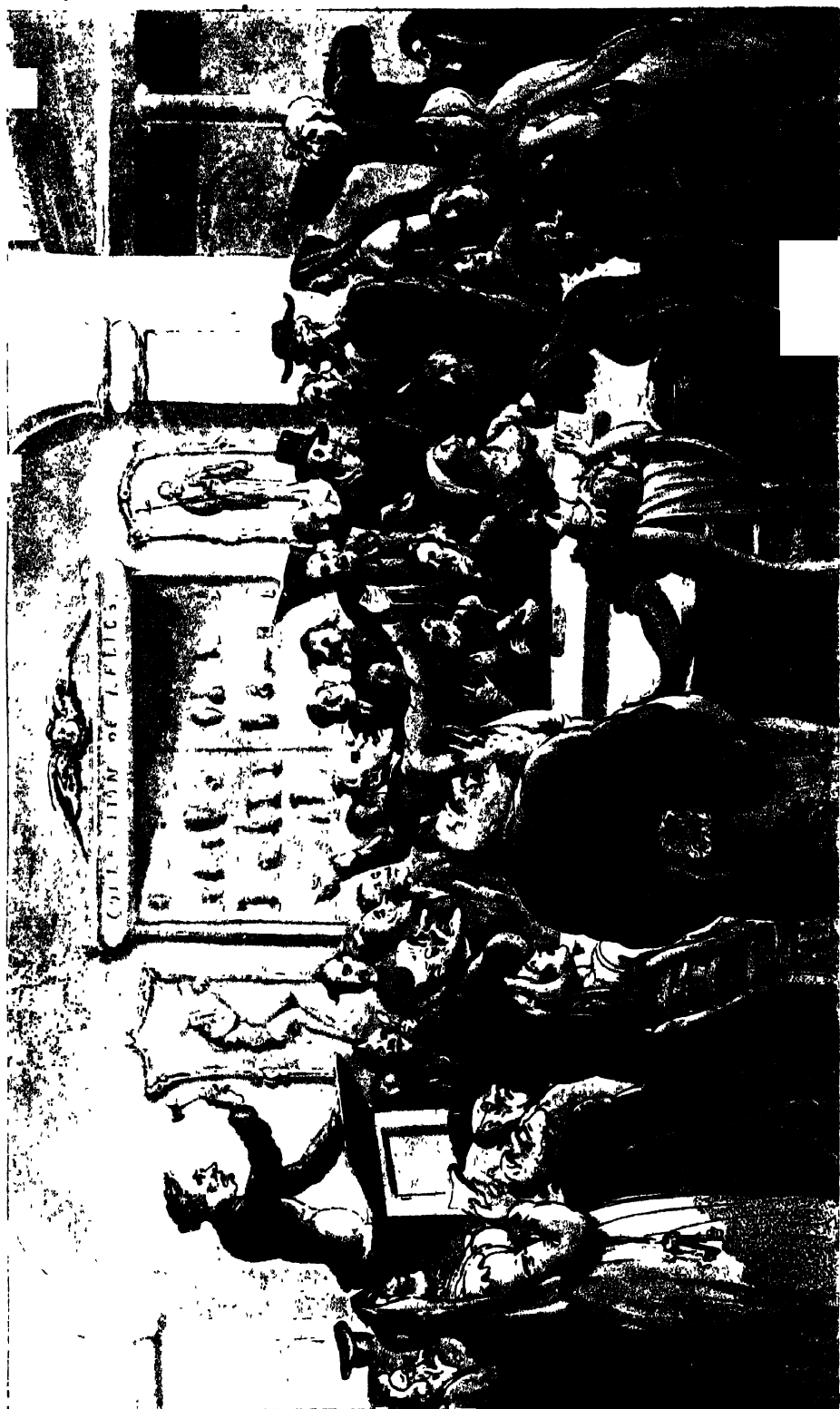
Jan. 4.

In sauntering this morning through the town, a great number of persons, some coming out of a respectable looking house, others thronging into it, excited my attention. I inquired the reason of this concourse, and learned that it was a sale of curious and valuable effects. Now, be it known to you, that I take a good deal of pleasure in occasionally attending these frolics of Fortune; for though I refrain from increasing my stock in this way, since I once purchased in Holland an English telescope, which, on coming to examine it at home, wanted the object-glass; still it affords agreeable employment to the mind, when we view with philosophic eye the various means required by the proprietor, before his physical or moral decrease, to be so learned, so fashionable, or so indigent as he was. Even the little motives which may often be easily guessed, of those who buy this or the other article left by the deceased, afford some amusement. I devoted, therefore, to my curiosity the half hour which I had yet left till dinner, and, not without considerable difficulty, ascended the crowded stairs to the auction-room.

Had I arrived a few hours earlier, I should certainly have been better entertained. As it was, there were left not more than about a

dozen lots of one of the most extraordinary collections ever brought to the hammer. The poor man who had formed it by the sacrifice of all he possessed, and who now beheld the edifice erected with so much toil and expense levelled by merciless creditors, sat tortured with grief and despair in an empty adjoining room, and inspired me at my entrance with heartfelt pity even before I had time to cast a look at his collection.

I have often seen, dear Edward, how rational persons have neglected wife and children, and renounced all the pleasures of life, for the gratification of accumulating shells, stones, books, butterflies, or pictures; I have often seen how a life of toil and trouble, the playthings of the mind have been wrested from them by the law, discharged their debt, and transferred to other men, new connoisseurs probably, who would in due time make a similar sale, and never yet did I see the property of a free agent concentrated in so extraordinary a collection, as this, for before I was aware, I found myself in the midst of a collection of sacred relics arranged Heaven knows according to what system. The first and most important lots, consisting of whole bodies, skeletons, and other treasures from the catacombs, had indeed already been disposed of; but those that still remained were of no little consequence. Six phials of the tears of St. Mary Magdalen were sold singly, and went off, in my opinion, far below their value. A very polite man who stood next to me, remarking my astonishment, and perceiving that I was a stranger, explained the reason. "We



are here," said he, "at the source of these commodities. The cavern of Beaumont, where the saint wept twelve years for her sins, is not far off. But you, sir, as a stranger, might safely have ventured to take the whole upon speculation for exportation: there can be no doubt that you would have cleared cent. per cent. by the bargain." I should probably not have done amiss had I secured the undivided lot; but you know, Edward, I have too little of a mercantile spirit, and therefore simply enough suffered this probable gain to be transferred to a Jew who deals in relics.

A finger of St. Nepomuck, the genuineness of which some of the connoisseurs present pretended to doubt, and a leg-bone of St. Francis, had no better fortune, and it was necessary to put them up together before they could obtain a purchaser. Nay, even some part of the chaste Petronella, suspended in spirits and in fine preservation, was knocked down to a Benedictine, who bought it on commission, for so small a sum that a couple of pretty creatures, probably of the same name, expressed their astonishment with uplifted hands and eyes. So much the greater was the competition for the following lot, and the jewel richly deserved this distinction. The auctioneer himself respectfully took off his hat as he held up the little box covered with velvet in which it was inclosed. Then, amidst solemn silence, only now and then interrupted by the sighs of the unhappy man in the adjoining room, he thus announced this three sacred relic: "Lot one thousand four hundred and thirty-three, the garter of the blessed St.

Genevieve, which she was accustomed to wear on her left leg; including the annexed absolution of his Holiness Pope Alexander VI. and a letter of the said holy father to the Countess Vanotia."

This relic made the impression that was to be expected. A general bustle took place among the bystanders, and several voices at once bade ten, fifteen, and twenty ducats. These offers soon rose to thirty-four. After a short pause in this stage of the business, a man apparently of some consequence, with the decided look of a genuine connoisseur, interfered and offered the round sum of forty. The auctioneer, to allow sufficient time for consideration to all the company, began: "For the first time forty ducats—for the second time forty ducats."—The hammer was already raised, and I was inwardly congratulating the last bidder on the possession of this remarkable relic, when a clear voice from the farthest corner of the room offered an additional half ducat. The tone excited my curiosity; I raised myself on tiptoe, and what was my surprise!—discovered the charming face of my fascinating neighbour. Whether it was out of delight or astonishment—whether from an involuntary impulse to repeat her words, or from a desire to hear her sonorous voice again, I cannot tell—but no sooner did her well known treble thrill the strings of my heart than my bass returned the echo of—"Half a ducat." Clara was silent—the whole assembly was silent, and to my astonishment the relic was knocked down to me at forty-one ducats.

What can equal my embarrass-

nent when those who stood near me wished me joy on the possession of this valuable article, and made way for me to the desk to pay dearly enough for the pleasure of hearing Clara's melodious voice! In the name of all the saints and all the gods, said I to myself, as I counted down the money, what will you do with this traffic? Never was envy more unseasonable than that which appeared in the looks of the other bidders when I was put in possession of my purchase. All the by-standers, however, as I passed them with the box under my arm, smiled and took off their hats; but I must have been as stupid as the ass in the fable that carried the image of Diana, could I have supposed that this mark of respect was addressed to me. At this moment, on the contrary, I cut a most ridiculous figure in my own eyes; and I should never have imagined that circumstances so unpleasant could have led me to so ingenious a plan as I had just formed, when the sale of the last lot—a feather out of the left wing of the destroying Angel—terminated the auction, the assembly broke up, and each seemed anxious to get away first.

I soon perceived what was now to be done, studied every step forward or sideward, and contrived matters so well, that, in leaving the room, Clara and I were brought close together. She could not but most heartily rejoice at thus meeting with a friendly arm, by the support of which she might hope to extricate herself from this unruly rout, without being squeezed to a mummy. O mighty Chance! my understanding again prostrates itself in the dust before thee, and

acknowledges thee for its ruler and benefactor.

I should have been unworthy of the sacred atmosphere that surrounded me, and also of the thanks of the angel, had I suffered so important an opportunity to pass unprofitably. "My charming neighbour," said I, drawing her to a window in the ante-room, till the crowd which obstructed the staircase should have dispersed, "it was not polite of me, I admit, to outbid you, but I hope my good intentions will excuse me in your eyes. You may imagine, that inestimable as this garter which fortune has thrown into my hands may be, it can have no value for me except as a present to one who is worthy to wear it. Lucky accident made me your neighbour, but your merits, my dear Clara, have made me your warmest admirer. I thought of you, my charming friend, I beheld you at the moment of bidding for this jewel; and how could I help striving for the possession of an article which was dear to you, that I might give you a proof of my respect. I only wish that this may enhance its value in your estimation. To such a purpose—" Here I paused, and her large full eye seemed to ask what was the drift of all this—"I would as cheerfully have applied my whole fortune as a paltry portion of it. I commended myself to my patroness, St. Concordia, and as you see not without the most decisive effect: she closed the mouths of the other bidders, and even your pious lips, amiable maiden, and procured me this invaluable relic at a price so unaccountably small." Clara's cheeks were suffused from moment

to moment with a deeper crimson, but she did not interrupt me. "To spare you, however," continued I more familiarly, "the smallest scruple about accepting a jewel, which, though of infinite worth to you, is of only relative value to me—permit me, my pretty neighbour, not to offer it as a gift, but to exchange it with you." She blushed still more, and her silence gave me courage to proceed. "If I may have the pleasure to wait upon you to-morrow morning"—oh! how grateful I felt to the sexton who had apprized me so minutely of the old aunt's festivals—"indeed, dearest Clara, a similar article which your goodness will then allow me to exchange for it, shall be a thousand times dearer to my heart than this."

The pride of the pretty saint was now roused. "It is ungenerous of you, sir," replied she, "to aggravate the embarrassment into which this crowd has thrown me. You use a language to which, to say the least of it, I am an utter stranger. You already know, sir, that I am dependent on my aunt, and can receive no visitors; and as to your proposed exchange, sir,"—continued she in a voice which sufficiently indicated how desirous she was to possess the garter—"my aunt would I dare say be glad to repay you the price of your purchase, if you are disposed——"

"Clara!" cried I, interrupting her with affected astonishment, "do you talk thus to me? But I forgive you. You do not know me yet—but time will shew how unwisely you act to risk a pledge of Heaven for an earthly trifle which a friend solicits of you. Either, my dear, thy friend, permit me to fulfil my

good intention, and to carry the proposed exchange into effect to-morrow at farthest; or I protest that as soon as I reach home, regardless of the many centuries which this venerable relic has survived, I will consign it to the flames, and charge you with being the cause of the sacrilege!"

How the poor girl was terrified by my oath, and the resolute tone in which it was pronounced! She turned pale, lifted up her eyes, and pressed her clasped hands to her bosom. "Well then!" cried she at length with pathetic solemnity—"if, holy saint, I am chosen by thee to rescue this thy precious bequest from the flames, I humbly submit!—But, sir," continued she, turning to me, "grant me but this one request—the respite of a single day."

"And why so?" asked I.

"Because," rejoined she, fixing her eyes on the ground, "you will not desire me to receive your visit in the absence of my aunt, who, as to-morrow is a festival, will be engaged the greatest part of the day at church."

"What, my dear pious Clara!" replied I, rather sarcastically, "are you so indifferent about the speedy possession of this treasure, as to wish to defer it on account of an insignificant scruple? or do you imagine yourself less favoured by it, unless others know of it? Would you wilfully sow the seeds of envy in the bosom of a friend? For certainly your good aunt could not be so pious as she is, if she could wish any person but herself to enjoy a relic so unique, while others of far less value are objects of contention even to churches and convents. I

appeal to yourself, my dear Clara! What would be your own feelings were you to see this inestimable gem in the possession of your worthy aunt? No, my dearest; far be it from me to disunite two such souls by any well-meant exchange. Besides, I am going the day after to-morrow to Vaucluse; and if you persist in rejecting the day which I have it in my power to offer you—why then reject the present too which the saint destined for you through my means; and again I swear——”

Here she raised her delicate hands to me in the attitude of solicitation, and her voice assumed a tone of deep solemnity. “Be it so then, sir, if you will not have it otherwise. But by St. Concordia I implore you, till the time of our exchange, to take all the care of this heavenly pledge that it deserves!”—I was able to reply: “Oh!

that I promise you,” with tolerable gravity, and would fain have inferred more from her admonition than the seriousness of her look would have authorized.

As the passage was now clear, I led the little saint down stairs, having in one quarter of an hour contracted a more intimate acquaintance with her than the sharp-sighted M. Fez will probably do in his whole life. Before we entered the street, she reminded me that she was not accustomed to be seen in public attended by any other gentleman than her confessor. This was a bitter memento. However, I respectfully loosed her hand, and took a considerable circuit to give her time with her excessively mincing step to reach the house before me.

[Here a chasm of three days occurs in the journal of our traveller.]

THE HISTORY OF ARCAS.

THOUGH uncommonly susceptible of the tender passion, Arcas remained, from a variety of causes, unmarried till a late period of his life. He then became the husband of an amiable woman, whom he passionately loved; but they had been married little more than twelve months when his wife died in giving birth to a son. Arcas had loved her with the most doting fondness, and a considerable time elapsed before he recovered from the deep dejection into which her loss had plunged him. For some years indeed he endured life only for the sake of the infant she had left, but by degrees Decius, so the child was

existence, but even made it once more valuable in his eyes.

Parental love completely blinded Arcas to the real disposition of Decius, which was visible to every eye but his own: he was naturally of a cold, insensible disposition, apparently incapable of any ardent sentiment; but he was free from every vice except obstinacy, and though the excessive affection with which Arcas always treated him had not created a similar sentiment in his bosom, yet as he always conducted himself with attention and respect, the fond father had no doubt of his filial love.

When Decius had reached maturity, his father, who earnestly de-

sired to see him married, was urgent with him to fix his choice; but during some years he resisted all the solicitations of Arcas, who, fearing that, from his own advanced age, he should never enjoy the happiness of seeing him settled, spoke to him repeatedly on the subject.

"In the choice of a wife, my son," said he, "I impose upon you only one restriction: let the woman who takes the place of your angelic mother in my house, be virtuous and virtuously descended. Should your choice fall on one endowed with birth and fortune, it will be so much the better, but the want of them shall not prove an obstacle to your felicity."

Decius, who disliked the thoughts of marriage, always found means to evade his father's entreaties, by declarations that he had never seen a woman for whom he felt a preference; and Arcas began to imagine that his darling wish would never be accomplished, when suddenly he saw a change in the temper and habits of his son, which gave him hopes that his heart had at last surrendered to the power of love.

Wholly unsuspecting that his son would venture to transgress the only command he had ever laid upon him, Arcas never supposed that the heart of Decius was bestowed upon a person to whom he could object. What then was his grief and astonishment to find, that the possessor of his son's affections was the daughter of a divorcee! It was true that her own character was without stain, but she was still very young, and until within a few years had been under the care of

her mother, who by a marriage with her seducer had attained a higher rank than that which she forfeited by her guilt.

Decius pleaded his excessive love and the unblemished character of his Amelia, but Arcas indignantly interrupted him. "Degenerate boy!" exclaimed he, "if my commands have no weight with you, does not the remembrance of your mother make you blush at your purpose? You say Amelia is virtuous, but how can you answer for the principles of one brought up as she has been by a depraved mother? Hope not that I will ever outrage the memory of my sainted wife by consenting to a union so unworthy of her son."

Decius made no reply, and from that time he spoke not of Amelia. Arcas hoped that he had resolved to conquer his passion, and, as soon as his anger had a little subsided, repenting of his harshness, he treated his son with even more than his usual tenderness. Decius tried to take advantage of his father's returning affection to render him more propitious to his love, but he soon found that the attempt was vain, and he abandoned it in despair.

Some months passed away; Arcas did not venture to renew the subject of matrimony, but as his son had resumed his usual serenity, he flattered himself that the time was not far distant when he might be prevailed upon to make a more rational choice.

This hope was extinguished by his discovering through his valet, who had lived with him for many years, and was much attached to him, that Decius and Amelia had

private meetings. The sister of this man had been the nurse of Amelia, who always continued attached to her, and at her house the young lovers had frequent interviews. This woman, though fond of Amelia, was excessively avaricious, and Arcas by a bribe of a handsome sum prevailed upon her to place him where he could hear all that passed when they next met. His intention was to break in upon them, and to take that opportunity to try, by working on the feelings of Amelia as well as of his son, to divide them for ever. Within a few days he had the opportunity he wished for; the nurse placed him in an apartment separated from that in which the lovers were only by a partition. He heard his son accuse Amelia of favouring a rival, and it was a considerable time before her protestations and even tears could appease his jealous fury. At length he appeared to believe his suspicions unfounded, and he made her a thousand protestations of love and fidelity, which she returned most fondly. But who except a parent can conceive the emotions of the unfortunate Arcas, when he heard Decius exclaim, "O Amelia, if your love is but half as fervent as mine, you will for my sake turn from adulation! How can I see you surrounded by admiring crowds on whom you bestow smiles of encouragement, without fearing that some one among them will succeed in inducing you to break the promise you have pledged to wait for me till my father's death? and though in the common course of nature a few years only can elapse till he must be called away, I am good and kind as he is,

to wish the time was arrived when I may proudly and in the face of the world call you my own."

Arcas heard no more; overpowered by the agony of his feelings, he fainted, and his fall announcing to the lovers that there had been a witness to their conversation, Decius rushed into the adjoining room, and beheld with inexpressible horror his father lying motionless on the floor.

Convinced as he was that Arcas must have overheard him, Decius was struck with the most poignant remorse; he execrated himself in a transport of sorrow as the vilest of parricides, and no sooner did he see his father's senses return, than throwing himself at his feet, he besought him to dispose of him as he pleased. Arcas shuddered as he heard his voice, and he motioned to him to leave the room, with a look so expressive of his feelings that Decius durst not venture to reply.

Left to his own reflections, Arcas endeavoured to still the tumult of his feelings, and putting himself out of the question, to pursue the course likely to be most conducive to the happiness of his son. On the one hand, he dreaded that his union with Amelia, though productive of present felicity, might be the source of future misery; and on the other, he could not bear the idea, that when the fervour of Decius' feelings had subsided, his passion for Amelia would return in its full force, and he would again be tempted to look forward with joy to the moment when the death of his father would remove the only obstacle to their union. "Oh!" cried the heart-struck Ar-

“that must not be! Let me risk all rather than by continuing obstinate in my refusal, be the cause of a wish so fraught with perdition to my unhappy boy.”

He inquired whether Amelia had left the house, and heard that she was that instant about to return home. He begged to speak to her before her departure, and ordered Decius also to be summoned.

They soon presented themselves. Amelia was pale and trembling, for she concluded that Arcas had summoned her to exact a promise that she would never wed his son. The same idea had occurred to Decius; he had determined to renounce Amelia, but the despair painted in his eyes proved what the resolution cost him. Arcas was lying on a couch when they entered: Decius advanced towards him with an assumed firmness; but Amelia timidly hung back, and one might easily read in her beautiful countenance, how much she dreaded the approaching interview.

“Come near me, my children,” said the agitated Arcas, “and receive my blessing and consent to your union, provided the relations of Amelia do not oppose it.”

Who can paint the revolution which these words produced in the feelings of the lovers! They flung themselves bathed in tears at the feet of the venerable Arcas. But the joy of Decius was cruelly emitttered by the recollection of the page which he had given to the heart of Arcas, and he mentally vowed to kneel at the feet of his father, to expiate his crime by the most unsemiting endeavours to promote his felicity in future.

The friends of Amelia gladly consented to a marriage so much to her advantage, and the lovers were soon after united. In effect, from that day the disposition of Decius appeared to be completely changed; he lost the coldness which had hitherto distinguished him, and became a most affectionate son.

But neither his tenderness nor assiduous attentions will ever remove the thorn which festers in the bosom of his unhappy father. Unable to read the heart of his son, he believes that his apparent affection is the result of remorse for his past conduct, and the dreadful thought that this son still so tenderly beloved, once regretted his existence, preys incessantly upon the mind of the miserable Arcas.

Nor is this his only source of sorrow: Decius it is true is still happy, nay blessed with his Amelia; but the fond and anxious father sees that his happiness has no solid foundation. Amelia is naturally vain and volatile, and the religious principles which would teach her to correct these defects, have never been impressed upon her mind. Though really attached most fondly to her husband, Arcas sees that she listens with delight to the gay libertines who throng around her in public, and he dreads the possibility that she may one day follow the example of her mother.

“Unfortunate Arcas!” exclaimed Fortunio, “how truly pitiable is thy lot! How do I now blush for the presumptuous rashness which the perusal of this volume has corrected! Never again will I dare to question the justice or the mercy of Heaven, but accept with

cheerful submission the trials it has fated me to bear."

"You will then act wisely, Fortunio," said a voice, in which he recognised the silver tones of his celestial friend. "And I am permitted to reward you by informing you, that few trials await you; but in your conduct under them never forget the lesson you have this day learned, and recollect, that patience and submission rob misfortune of half its sting."

At that instant the magic volume disappeared, and Fortunio returning once more his fervent thanks to the friendly Genius, resumed his usual occupations with renovated cheerfulness. In a short

time he made choice of a fair end more calculated to render him happy than the perfidious Felicia had ever been. His affection for her was warm, but it was also rational, and she returned it with a sincerity which rendered their union happy. Nevertheless, there were moments in which he had to recall the magic volume, but in justice to him we must say, that he never forgot the lesson its contents had taught him; and as they were indelibly impressed upon his memory, he committed them to paper, and bequeathed them to his children, as a legacy of more value than the ample possessions by which they were accompanied.

THE REEDS OF THE TIBER.

By Madame DE GENLIS.

AT the deplorable period when the French, friends of religion, humanity, laws, and monarchy, every where experienced a hospitable reception except in their native country, the Marquise de *** travelled in Italy; after staying three weeks at Rome, she went with an Italian lady, a friend of hers, to a nunnery, for the purpose of seeing some beautiful pictures which adorn the inner church of the convent. When she had inspected this church she descended into a vault, the door of which was open, and in which she beheld a sad and affecting object, that made the strongest impression on her imagination. It was an open coffin, surrounded with lighted tapers, in which was placed a young nun, in her usual dress, and her face uncovered. She died the preceding day, and had just

been deposited in the vault: she held a rosary of coral in her clasped hands, which were whiter than the purest alabaster; a dry reed was placed beside her in the coffin: her countenance, so far from being distorted, still displayed the most regular and perfect features. As the marquise admired with emotion this figure, whose beauty triumphed over death itself, Olympia (for this was the name of the lady who accompanied her) addressed her as follows: "You will feel no smaller interest for this young female when you know that she was a Frenchwoman, and that the most unfortunate passion was the cause of her death."—"Her lover doubtless was one of the victims of the revolution?"—"No, she died at Rome; but come to my house this evening, and you shall be informed."

of all the particulars by Belozzi, whom you know, and who received them from Lorenzi, the friend of the young lovers." The young man eagerly embraced this proposal, and the same evening Belozzi, seated between her and Olympia, spoke as follows:

The unfortunate hero of this story himself wrote down the most extraordinary circumstances of it. He had a friend named Lorenzi, to whom he gave this manuscript, which I have read. I shall, therefore, express his ideas, his grief, and his sentiments in his own words when I introduce him as speaking.

This young man, named Rozeval, was born at Paris: his father was a celebrated musician, and wishing to allow his son the liberty of one day choosing another profession, he gave him an excellent education. Rozeval possessed genius, application, a fondness for the arts and for reading: he learned several languages, and adorned his memory; at the same time he cultivated poetry, drawing, and music, and united to all these talents that of playing in a very expressive manner upon the flute. At the age of seventeen, love determined his profession; he had a cousin two years younger than himself, whose name was Urania. An orphan from her infancy, she was under the guardianship of an organist, of whom she learned to play well on the piano; she also performed on the harp, for Urania was passionately fond of music. She was destined for the profession of a musician, and was already competent, occasionally to supply her tutor's place at the organ; and often in the organ gallery of the

church of St. Paul did she delight the congregation with the harmonious sounds of her harp, accompanied by her cousin on the flute.

It was in the gallery of this church, while offering to religion the first fruits of their talents, and celebrating the greatness and goodness of the Almighty, that their love sprang up—that love which proved so constant and so pure. No profane or frivolous idea was blended with these first impressions; their very feelings were sanctified as well as their sentiments; they beheld around them within these sacred walls nothing but the august image of religious awe and faith: it was not the voluptuous odour of precious essences and amber which charmed their senses, but the mystic perfume which burned upon the altars. They heard only the solemn sound of bells and pious hymns, which expressed supreme adoration and gratitude. Their souls, soaring together towards Heaven, seemed united as they proceeded to lay at the foot of the eternal throne the same tribute of veneration, the same wishes and timid hopes.

The organist and the father of Rozeval soon perceived the mutual attachment of the young musicians, and they encouraged it: at length it was settled that Rozeval should receive the hand of Urania when she should have perfected her talents. Application now became a proof of love and study a passion. Urania no longer quitted her piano for her harp; her cousin spent every day with her: instead of forgetting the hours with him as formerly in the most agreeable conversation, Urania enter-

trained him with music as long as his vision lasted. The heart of Rozeval understood this harmonious language, and he answered with the enchanting sounds of his flute. They both played with a feeling and expression which were admired as the surprising progress of art, and which were alone owing to love. Among other pieces of music which they every day executed together was one in particular, which they were never tired of repeating; it was a piece for the harpsichord, well known in Italy by the title of *The beautiful Sonata of Corelli*. It is, in truth, one of the most charming productions of that celebrated composer. Before they separated in an evening, the young lovers always played this sonata of Corelli, and all the notes of this pleasing melody were engraven upon their minds till the next day.

Tempests suddenly arose to disturb this innocent and peaceful passion. The revolution commenced! Rozeval was in his nineteenth year; Urania was but sixteen. The father of Rozeval some time previous to this period, had occasion to pass the autumn in London, and, notwithstanding the regret of his son, he set out with him in August. Rozeval, far from foreseeing all that was to happen, made sure of returning at the beginning of winter; nevertheless his grief was extreme; he was separated from Urania for the first time in his life. His father was so successful in the business which carried him to England, that he staid there eight months, at the end of which time he felt well so that he could not go back to France. As a musician, he was not

placed on the list of emigrants; but he was obliged to remain in London to take care of his father, who, for more than a year, struggled between life and death: but at length he sunk under his long illness. As soon as he had paid the last sad duties to his parent, he hastily quitted England and returned to France. He found his Urania more tender than ever, and adorned by the double charm of a fascinating person and superior talents. They again played with delight not only the sonata of Corelli, but likewise all those pieces which they had executed together before their separation: this was repeating the first conversations of their love.

It was settled that a sacred tie should for ever unite the lovers when Rozeval had left off mourning for his father. The dreadful reign of terror now commenced. The splendid mansions of the great were already converted into inns, and the churches into stables. The priests either fled or received the palm of martyrdom. Infuriated tyrants tore the veils of chastity from the virgins devoted to God, and, notwithstanding their resistance and grief, violently forced them from their asylums. This was termed in the republican language, setting them at liberty.

One day the organist, on his return home, alarmed Urania by his paleness and his wild look. He threw himself into a chair, exclaiming in a faint voice, "O the barbarians! the cannibals!" "Good Heaven!" cried Urania, "what has happened? Have you seen any thing horrible?" "Yes, inexpressibly horrible! O the monsters!"

—“Great God, you freeze my blood!”—“I saw—I tremble—I saw the organ of St. Paul’s sold to dealers in powder-pots and tinkers!” These words relieved Urania of a dreadful weight, for the most fatal ideas crowded upon her imagination. She carefully concealed from him her secret satisfaction, and remained silent. The organist, continuing his discourse, “To the tinkers!” cried he—“the organ of St. Paul’s! and every organ in Paris will share the same fate*! The melting of the bells inspired me with sad presentiments, but who could have expected this last impiety? Alas! they destroy the altars! We can erect them in our own houses—but the organs!”—“The piano-forte is left us!”—“The piano!—do you compare it to the organ—to that sacred instrument, which alone is equivalent to an orchestra? Figure to yourself, Urania, this incomprehensible overthrow of religion, of talents and arts. I not only lose my situation, but I am deprived also of my talent. How can I exercise it?—it cannot be maintained on the harpsichord. You play better than I do on the piano-forte, but the organ is quite another thing; it is on the organ alone that a person can compose from inspiration, and the art of varying, of contrasting the different stops—the fugues! What is a fugue, upon the piano-forte! The pedals of a piano only excite the pity of an organist who has any soul. Never speak to me of piano-fortes!—and then the long and continued sound, and the hu-

* With the exception of two, the organ of St. Sulpice and that of St. Eustache, they were all sold in like manner, viz.

man voice—would the piano-forte express them? I despise, I hate it. No more organs! No more organists! The very idea confounds the imagination! A country without organs!—O the Vandals!”

These reflections overwhelmed the unfortunate man with such despair, that the same evening he was attacked by a fever. His physician was sent for, who administered sedatives, and recommended that he should be kept low. This physician, who was his friend, was named Burmond: he was celebrated for his skill, and was employed by the most eminent Jacobins; on this account he acquired considerable reputation, and he made a good use of it: he was obliging, humane, and tender-hearted.

Rozeval, with more disinterestedness, and as much warmth, expressed all the indignation at the destruction of the organs that was shewn by the organist: he even manifested it with such imprudence as to become suspected, that is to say, his death was resolved; and as he had lately returned from England, his enemies determined to denounce and accuse him of holding communication with Pitt and Coburg.

Fortunately the honest Burmond was informed of this ill-will (and all ill-will at that time was sure to prove fatal), and immediately apprised the organist and the young lovers of it. Having procured passports under a fictitious name for Rozeval, he strenuously exhorted him to quit Paris with an Irishman, who was to set out the same evening for London. “Do not delay,” continued Burmond; “your life is at stake.” At these words the organist exclaimed, that

this would be losing it in a glorious cause. He at length agreed that it was necessary to follow the advice of Burmond; and to profit by his offers, Urania conjured Rozeval to accept them: but the latter could not make up his mind to leave her, as he said, in the midst of those enemies to the arts, who would at last, perhaps, destroy all the pianofortes and flutes, and sacrifice all the musicians. "Be not concerned about the flutes," rejoined Burmond, "for their destruction would not produce money: they destroy the organs from the same motive that they demolish the mansions; but they respect the cottages, because they would obtain from them neither marble, bronze, lead, nor stone."—"Impiety and rapacity are the true causes of what is done at present, and under such a government shall I abandon Urania?" cried Rozeval: "no, no, never!"—"By exposing yourself to danger," said Urania, "you will kill me with grief and terror." This discussion was very long: the organist at length terminated it by pledging his word to rejoin Rozeval with Urania within eight days. "Whilst the organ of St. Paul's existed," added he, "hope chained me to Paris; but when I reflect that this organ, the finest in all France, is broken up by tinkers, nothing can any longer restrain me, and I am determined to visit England; there I shall find plenty of organs, and were it only for the pleasure of hearing and seeing them again, I would proceed thither."—"But how can you?" inquired Rozeval.—"I will undertake," replied Burmond, "to supply him with every necessary."

Rozeval at length complied, but with bitter and profound grief. That of Urania was not less severe. She was about to experience a still more violent shock.

The organist, whose melancholy reflections became more painful every day, suddenly fell into the most alarming state; a dreadful delirium left him the remembrance of one thing only—the organ of St. Paul's. He imagined that he still beheld the tinkers and tinmen disputing about the sad relics of that revered instrument. This sight, so terrible to him, exhausted his strength: the fever, which had not left him, became so violent that it carried him off in five days. To aggravate this misfortune, several persons opposed the civism of Urania. The physician, now her only protector, knowing that she would be arrested, could not favour her flight, because for several days it had been impossible to procure passports. In this extremity he fetched her to his house in the middle of the night, and concealed her in his own apartment. He next proceeded to the Committee of Public Welfare to denounce her. His declaration purported, that she had fled in order to rejoin her lover, Rozeval, an aristocrat and player on the flute, in the pay of Pitt and Coburg, and who had found means to escape to England. This pretended flight of Urania, this action, so contrary to good manners, was deemed so much the more scandalous by the severe committee, as Urania was reported to have received on the death of the organist a rich bequest, chiefly in ready money, which she had taken with her. An order was immediately

issued for tracing and pursuing the fugitive. Burmond gave a description of her with many false particulars: all the republicans applauded his zeal, for denunciations are the best proofs of it in the eyes of tyrants.

Whilst the patriotism of Burmond was extolled, this honest man consoled himself for these ignominious eulogies by attending in person upon the miserable Urania, and by bestowing on her all the care of the most affectionate father.

One thing only rendered Burmond uneasy—it was the indiscreet character of Rozeval. He could not trust such a secret in a letter; and even if he were to run that risk, he was certain that the anxiety of Rozeval would hurry him to Paris, in hopes of concealing himself there also, or merely with the romantic idea of sharing the dangers of Urania. It was easy by a strange hand to write to him that Urania was safe; but he was certain that when she did not arrive, Rozeval would, in defiance of every danger, come to seek her: then by sacrificing his own life, he would also expose that of Urania and her deliverer. On being arrested he would say, without intending it, a thousand things to implicate Burmond, for he would not fail to speak of his friendship for him: he would then no longer be able to evade suspicion. The point, therefore, was, to find means to prevent Rozeval from harbouring any wish not only to return to France, but also to write or take any steps whatever in this respect. After a thousand reflections, Burmond could devise but one way—to inspire him with a belief that Urania was dead. This

was a cruel expedient, but Burmond resolved to resort to it, on reflecting that he should preserve Rozeval from inevitable destruction, and that perhaps he should thereby save Urania's life and his own.

About this period Burmond attended the wife of a Swedish merchant, whose husband was in London upon business. This lady, reduced on the fourth day to the point of death by an inflammation of the lungs, expired on the seventh. Burmond now wrote the following letter:

“Arm yourself with all the fortitude, with all the courage which a man ought to possess to support the most severe blow:—she has ceased to exist, notwithstanding all my exertions, and all the succour of art. I have sat up seven nights with her; she heaved her last sigh in my arms, requesting me to tell you, that she enjoined you to live, not to neglect those talents which you have acquired, and which you cultivated together with her, and to travel: she desired that you would spend two or three years in Italy, but without passing through France. She commanded me expressly to direct you not to return thither, even for a moment. Such were her last wishes. You will hold them sacred if you loved her, as I have every reason to suppose.”

After writing this letter, Burmond folded it up and put it in a cover, on which he wrote the address of the Swedish merchant.

The physician had a pupil on whose attachment he could rely: this young man was going to England as a mineralogist, and was to travel over that country, Scotland,

and Ireland; and as it was his intention to stay some time in London, Burmond gave him his letter, letting him at the same time a little into his secret. He encouraged him in the belief that Urania had escaped, and that he was ignorant of her retreat; that he merely knew she was concealed a few leagues from Paris; and to prevent the fatal imprudence of Rozeval, it was necessary to persuade him she no longer existed. "I am aware," continued he, "of the cruelty of this stratagem, but it will save his life as well as that of his mistress,

who is believed to be out of France; and who is no longer pursued. I, therefore, request you to take charge of this letter. If on your way through France any inquiry should be made for your papers, shew it; it is not sealed, and being addressed to the Swedish gentleman whose wife has so recently died, the contents will appear very simple, and it cannot compromise you; but on your arrival in England, you will put it under cover, addressed to Rozeval, to whom you will give it."

(To be continued.)

FLORICOUR, OR NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

I WENT once to the theatre, and I saw a comedy which put me to sleep; this was succeeded by a farce, at which the audience laughed heartily. "Pray," said I to a gentleman on my left hand, "in what does the joke consist? for I can see neither wit nor humour."—"Wit and humour!" repeated he contemptuously. "How can any one look at that man," pointing to one of the actors, "without being ready to die with laughing? Observe how devilishly well he mimics the dress and manners of a stage-coachman. 'Pon my soul! I think his slang is superior to that of Tom Belcher himself."

All that I understood of this speech was, that I ought to be ready to die with laughing: but I could not laugh, so I returned home; where I heard ways of the price of stocks, the fluctuations which may take place in them the next day, and the effects of the weather on my horse. This is sometimes followed by a dead silence, sometimes

by a copious detail of the skill by which he gained his last game of chess. His wife remains silent, occupied with her work. His eldest daughter is occupied with herself; and his youngest, who is writing a treatise on the government of temper, seldom takes her eye off her desk, except to look up at me, and tell me in an angry tone, that the weariness of which I am afraid I give too evident signs, proceeds from sheer idleness.

If visitors come in, they talk politics, digress occasionally to the price of provisions, seldom notice me, or if they do address any particular conversation to me, they either inquire whether I am not transported with Shakspeare, delighted with the cleanliness and regularity with which London is built, or happy in an opportunity of seeing the first commercial city in the world. My replies unfortunately do not conciliate their good opinion, consequently they seldom trouble themselves to ad-

dress me a second time. I cannot walk, because the people laugh at my little French hat; and I am resolved not to disfigure myself by wearing one of their frightful English ones. I once attempted to ride, but my horse threw me. The weather during the last few days affords only an alternation of fog and rain: this depresses my spirits so much that I cannot employ myself, and I have no resources to render idleness amusing; not even a pretty *fille de chambre* to ogle from my windows, for my opposite neighbours are a gouty old man and a virgin in her grand climacteric. In a word, there is only one thing which supports my spirits in this detestable exile from all that can render life desirable, and that is, the thought that in twelve months I shall return to Paris.

* * * * *

The above is an extract from the first letter written by Floricour, a young Frenchman who had recently arrived in England, to his confidential friend in Paris. "Prejudiced, impertinent coxcomb!" cries my English reader on perusing it. "Ah! poor Floricour, how much thou art to be pitied!" would a Frenchman say.

The Englishman would be right, and the Frenchman not wrong. Floricour was a prejudiced coxcomb, and yet he was an object of pity, as much as a man can be who is unhappy without any actual cause to be so.

The father of Floricour was a merchant of eminence; he was passionately attached to our hero, who was his only child: but though parental love placed the virtues of Louis in the fairest point of view,

it did not blind Monsieur Floricour to his foibles; which were those that we generally ascribe to his nation. He was impetuous, sickle, self-sufficient, and always getting into scrapes through his extravagant devotion to the ladies. A little affair of the heart, as Louis termed an intrigue with a *grisette*, had both alarmed and displeased his father; he found means indeed to break the connection, but fearful of its renewal, he sent Louis to England, ostensibly to acquire some notion of commerce, but really to put all notion of the *petite bourgeoisie* out of his head.

Louis had heard much of the English, and was rather prejudiced against them: nevertheless, he concluded that they were a good stupid sort of people, with whom he could yawn away a few months without being very uncomfortable. He even generously resolved, in case they proved as docile as he expected, to take some pains to polish them. His trip from Paris was a very pleasant one, and he arrived at the house of his father's correspondent in the city in health and spirits.

M. Floricour, senior, had written to this gentleman, whose name was Methodic, to settle his son in the house of a respectable and pleasing English family; signifying at the same time, that the terms for his accommodation would be no object. Mr. Methodic did not want a boarder, but out of respect to his correspondent, he determined to accommodate the young man himself. Louis's letter has already given the reader some idea of the family with whom he was accommodated.

Methodic, a plain sober citizen, who had made his way in the world solely by his own industry, had his whole thoughts absorbed in the concerns of his counting-house and kitchen. As long as trade went well, and his dinner was properly dressed, he was the happiest man in the world. A short time before the arrival of *Louis*, an additional source of felicity was opened to him, by his acquiring some knowledge of chess, which he soon became passionately fond of.

Mrs. *Methodic* was what is generally termed a good sort of woman: she, like her husband, had risen from nothing, and having very little intellect, and no taste for dissipation, she was always employed at her needle or with her family concerns. She piqued herself upon being a good manager, and the best maker of tea in England; to which her husband cordially assented. Miss *Methodic* was a pretty insipid girl, who devoted the chief part of her time to the perusal of romances, and was when in company always too intent on exhibiting her person in every interesting attitude she could think of. *Sophia*, the second daughter, possessed some talent, and was not ill-natured; but she was fond of literary pursuits, and she devoted so much of her time to them, that she had little to spare for conversation with *Floricour*.

If the family of Mr. *Methodic* did not make a very favourable impression on our young Frenchman, he certainly made a still less advantageous one upon them. — Mrs. *Methodic* was prejudiced against him on the very evening of his arrival, because he begged for

a double portion of sugar and a little water in his tea. Miss *Methodic* soon saw that he was very stupid, for he wholly overlooked all her efforts to appear interesting. *Sophia* was rather pleased with him till he had the hardihood to prefer *Racine* to *Shakspeare*. She laughed at his vanity for presuming to form a judgment of the merits of our immortal bard, before he had acquired a knowledge of our language. *Floricour* found her railery very bitter, and as deference to the fair sex forms no part of a modern Frenchman's creed, he replied very petulantly. *Sophia's* temper was warm; she used some expressions which produced a quarrel between them, and this disagreement brought on a settled coolness.

Mr. *Methodic*, who knew that *Louis's* father was a good man in the commercial acceptance of the word, preserved some respect for the son, till he found that he was so complete a dunce at chess, that after several lessons he was scarcely conscious of the difference in value between a queen and a pawn. The contempt for poor *Louis* which this discovery produced in the mind of Mr. *Methodic*, was heightened excessively by his finding the young Frenchman one day in his kitchen, busily engaged in teaching the cook how to compose an onion-soup; a mess which Mr. *Methodic* declared was only fit for the dogs, and a man must be a fool indeed to think of eating it, in a house where he could have every dainty.

Thus *Louis* was set down by the father, mother, and daughters, as a stupid, ill-mannered, insensible blockhead, whose conduct present-

such an unfavourable sample of his countrymen's manners, that they heartily hoped never to have another French inmate; while their behaviour, on the other hand, strengthened his prejudices so much, that he had no wish so ardent as that of bidding adieu to England and all its inhabitants for ever.

M. Floricour had given his son letters of introduction to several families; but as they were chiefly gentlemen engaged in commercial concerns, Louis supposed that he should see only such people as visited at Mr. Methodic's, and he felt no desire to form similar acquaintance.

The fogs and rain of November had given place to clear frosty weather, when one day, as Louis was crossing Bloomsbury-square, a gentleman's foot slipped just as he was passing him, and but for Louis he would have fallen; as it was, he sprained his ankle a little, and our hero, who saw that he walked in pain, offered him the support of his arm. The gentleman thanked him in very good French; and Louis, enchanted at finding a person who spoke to him in his native tongue, for French was prohibited at Mr. Methodic's, in order to oblige him to learn English, entered into conversation with the stranger, and found that he was a Mr. Stanhope, to whom he had a letter of introduction. On his mentioning this circumstance, Mr. Stanhope pressed him so earnestly to go home and dine with him, promising if he would to send a servant to Mr. Methodic's to apologize, that Louis consented.

On arriving at Mr. Stanhope's house Louis was shewn into the

drawing-room, where he remained for a few minutes alone. Presently he heard a light step, the door was thrown open, and a young lady entered the room, exclaiming, "My dear papa, what—" She stopped on perceiving Louis, blushed, courtiesied, and immediately disappeared. Louis thought that she was very pretty, he even fancied that there was something French in her air; and he was beginning to congratulate himself on the prospect of meeting with a countrywoman, when Mr. Stanhope entered the room, leading an elegant woman of middle age, and followed by the fair object of Louis' curiosity. Mr. Stanhope introduced the ladies as his wife and daughter. In a few minutes afterwards dinner was announced, and they were joined by a young man nearly our hero's age, and two younger lads, whom Stanhope presented as his sons.

Young Floricour enjoyed this day for the first time an English family dinner. At the table of Mr. Methodic eating appeared a momentous business; the first part of the meal generally passed in total silence, the remainder in culinary discussions. At Mr. Stanhope's, cheerful conversation enlivened the repast from beginning to end. Mr. Methodic, who was frugal in the midst of his riches, and who consulted only his own palate, generally dispensed with a dessert, because he cared little for fruit or sweetmeats. Louis, who was fond of, and had always been accustomed to them, felt this as a deprivation, but did not choose to complain; but he partook with the greater relish of Mr. Stanhope's dessert. Julia Stanhope, who

him to some dried fruit, and told him, with a smile, she hoped he would like them; for they were French; and he found them delicious.

The evening passed with the greatest rapidity. Louis could scarce believe it was so late when he heard the watchman call past eleven; and when he tore himself from his hospitable new friends, he promised with great sincerity to visit them often.

On reaching home he hastened immediately to bed, that he might have leisure to congratulate himself on the treasure he had just discovered. "These people are really charming," said he to himself; "they deserve to be French." Reader, if you have formed a just idea of our Louis, you will allow that this was no slight eulogium. Yet though his prejudices were shaken they were not conquered, and he began to scrutinize the behaviour of each of the party, in hopes of finding something purely English in it.

Not a single trait of prejudice or illiberality, however, could he discover. He was forced to allow, that the good sense of Mr. Stanhope, his easy pleasing manners, and frank hospitality, would do honour to any country. As to Mrs. Stanhope and Julia, they were characters quite new to him; but he was compelled to acknowledge, that the gentleness of the mother was void of insipidity, that if she did not shine in conversation, she always pleased; and in spite of his favourable recollection of the imposing air and decided tone which generally distinguish ladies of a certain age in France, he was obli-

ged to confess, that the soft reserve which shaded, without concealing, the talents of Mrs. Stanhope, was peculiarly and elegantly feminine.

As to Julia, she seemed to be a compound of every thing that was best in the two nations. She had all the easy grace for which Frenchwomen are celebrated; she seemed, too, to have a considerable portion of their vivacity: but though the arch expression of her eye, when she uttered a *bon mot*, was French, the rising blush, which shewed that the sally was unintentional, was English. Her deference to her parents, the attention with which she listened to them, and the pleasure which sparkled in her eyes when either made an observation more than commonly striking, were new to Floricour. We do not mean to say that our neighbours are devoid of filial regard, but certainly those who have travelled in France within the last few years will admit, that it is not a striking trait in the manners of the young people of the present day; and it rendered Julia infinitely interesting to Floricour.

The brothers were lively, interesting young men, who expressed with much *naïveté* their wonder at Floricour's having been so long in London without seeing those things most worthy of notice; and they offered to take him to view them with a cordial good-will, which prepossessed them in his favour. He went to sleep thinking of them all, and dreamed that he was walking with Julia in the gardens of the Tuilleries.

A summons to the breakfast-table robbed him of this blissful vision. The moment the report was over, he dressed and went to Mr.

Stanhope's. That gentleman was engaged in his business, but he found Julia and her mother at home, and the eldest of the brothers with them. They seemed much pleased to see him, and the young man said he was just going to call upon him, for the purpose of taking him to view some of our public buildings. Floricour would rather have remained to view Julia, but as that could not be, he accepted his young friend's offer with a good grace, and the morning was devoted to seeing part of what was most worthy of attention in the metropolis.

Floricour was obliged to dine at home this day, because he had given no intimation that he should dine out, but he joined his new friends in the evening. They had a small party, and he saw with surprise that an English party was not the sombre assembly which he expected. The people were gay, unreserved, even amusing. "Am I really in London?" said Floricour mentally, and he rubbed his eyes to be convinced that he was actually awake.

Some of the old people talked, others played at cards, and his host sat down with another gentleman to chess. Julia approached the table. "Do you not think chess a delightful game?" said she to Floricour. "Delightful, certainly!" replied he, without thinking of what he said, for in fact his eyes were fixed upon her face. "I wish you would play a game or two with me then," said Julia: "I am very fond of chess, but I know so little of it that I can seldom get any one to have patience with me. Now you look so good-

natured, that I think you will bear with my blunders."

"I can scarcely believe that you will make any."—"Very well, we will begin, and you shall see."

They played a couple of games. Our young Frenchman knew more of chess than Mr. Methodic suspected, but he never could have believed that he would play at it with pleasure: such, however, was the case. His lovely opponent seemed to take such an interest in the game, was so grateful for his instructions, and rallied her own blunders with so much good-humour, that the hour spent at the chess-table seemed but a moment.

"There, there," cried she, sweeping all the pieces off the board towards the end of the second game, "I see you are too generous to checkmate me abruptly, but you might have done it half an hour ago. I will plague you no longer; let us have a little music. They went into the next room, where some young ladies were playing and singing. Julia sang a little French air, as a reward, she said, for the patience of M. Floricour, who listened to her with a rapture which music had never excited even in France.

Louis passed some happy months, during which he was only nominally the boarder of Mr. Methodic, for nearly the whole of his time was, with the entire consent of his father, given to the Stanhopes. He visited the theatre with them, and they took care to choose pieces calculated to raise the drama and the actors of England in his estimation.

Louis's whole time, however, was not given to pleasure. Mr. Stan-

hope initiated him in the mysteries of commerce; and by perusing our best authors with Julia and her mother, he acquired a knowledge of, and a taste for, English literature. During this time Julia had been gradually gaining upon his affections; every day discovered some new trait in her disposition which endeared her still more to him, or some accomplishment which he did not know that she possessed.

For the first time in his life he really loved, and his passion aided his natural good sense in clearing away the mists of vanity and prejudice; he did noble justice to the virtues and talents of the English: but his attachment to his own country was not less warm, though far more rational, than it had been before his acquaintance with the Stanhopes.

It was some time before Stanhope suspected that his daughter had made a serious impression upon the heart of Louis, but he lost not a moment in informing his father of it.

"Your son will be rich," said he, "my daughter comparatively poor. His attachment to her will probably be displeasing to you, and in that case I advise you to recall him immediately to France."

Floricour wrote in answer, "What do you tell me of Julia's being poor? I say she possesses a dower for a prince. We shall be too hap-

py to transplant so lovely a lily to our fine country. My friend, marry these children as soon as you can. I have for some time taken measures to retire from trade, and I shall join you in a couple of months. Let your lawyer draw up the marriage articles directly; only remember, that if my daughter Julia survives Louis, she inherits twenty thousand livres a year. There will be enough for the children besides, let Providence send as many as it pleases."

And what said Julia and Floricour to the old gentleman's arrangement? asks my reader. Why, they expressed their acquiescence in the manner of their respective countries. Julia threw herself, blushing and in silence, on the bosom of her mother. Floricour hugged Stanhope, then caught his intended brothers-in-law in his arms, and almost smothered them with the fervour of his embraces; cut capers round the room, and clasping Julia to his heart, burst into tears, and sobbed out that he was the happiest fellow in existence.

Two years have elapsed since he became a Benedict, and he is as fond of Madame Floricour as he was of *la belle Julie*. He is a *rara avis* for a Frenchman, says my English reader. Granted; but Julia would be thought the paragon of wives in any country in Europe.

THE STROLLER'S TALE: SKETCHED FROM NATURE.

(Continued from p. 23.)

On my return to the town with my brother buskin, he laid open to me the life he had led: he had been

an artist, a novelist, and a politician; he had danced attendance at a minister's levee with bows and

manuscripts, and had built many a mighty castle in the air, which had vanished, and

Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a wreck behind.

At our approach to the Red Lion we were attentively viewed by two of the sable tribe, not parsons—but sweeps. A little wretch, bending under a weight of soot, with which he could scarcely crawl, called aloud to a big fellow, who, with hand unoccupied, walked listlessly whistling before, and when he came up with him, exclaimed, “Master, master, there be the actor-men!” —“Hold your tongue, you young rascal,” retorted the fellow, “you don’t know what you may come to yourself.” Thus you see how mistaken we are in bestowing our compassion: this little wretch had just before claimed our pity, and his tyrant our detestation. The promised dinner was as good as nut-ton-chops and a glass of grog between us could make it, and to do my friend justice, he seemed perfectly satisfied with the treat. He repaid my hospitality by many hints with respect to my professional life, which were of the greatest service to me hereafter. “With regard,” said he, “to your benefit-night, which is now approaching, and towards which you have done nothing—alas! my dear fellow, if you don’t push, it won’t cover the expenses. *You must make a bill.* Where are your tickets? Have you got a bespeak? Is a young lady to recite Collins’s *Ode on the Passions*, or a young gentleman only ten years of age to play a solo between the acts, or yourself to dance a hornpipe? If you do not stir in this you can’t expect a house: how-

ever, the manager must be consulted.—Order some more ale, will you?” This we drank, and parted

Each to his several business.

On the following day it was agreed that *Venice Preserved* should be enacted for my benefit. A very different man was the manager I was now with from him I had left, so tenacious of playing all the principal characters. At the theatre at which I now performed, Mr. Daggerwood cared not who played the tyrant, or who enacted the lover; pecuniary emolument was dearer to him than the *vox populi*: in fact, he informed me he should prefer that character which would prove most advantageous to the house. Not a disciple of Plutus on the Royal Exchange could be more industrious than he was, or could labour harder at his vocation. Alas! degenerate son of Shakspeare, thou lovedst thy wages better than the applause of thy profession! Often indeed he did thank his stars he was no genius. No shopman could be more at home in reckoning up a bill than he was, and no counter youth more indefatigable in shewing his pattern-book. He painted scenes, fitted up boxes, made lamps, and altered dresses; and if the lamps went out, and the unfastened seat brought its unwary visitors to the ground, the creature was at his dirty work again, for he literally looked more like a blacksmith than an *arbiter elegantiarum*. The wife of his bosom printed the bills, which their papas and mammas, the Romeos and Juliets of former times, distributed; and even their youngest child became an angel or a devil for the public good. In every thing, however, the manager was

steady, perfect, and diligent. His Hotspur, Iago, Falstaff, or Slender, was correct by the book; his Harlequin, Clown, Macbeth, or Young Meadows, was played with equal attention; he had a quick study: he sung, though without a voice, if the part required it, and danced without knowing a step. What a strange freak of Fortune to throw a cold phlegmatic calculating Cocker into the track of a theatrical player! Had he been brought up a cordwainer, he must, in spite of himself, have become lord mayor. He promised to exert himself to get me a house, for his demand was half of the profits: he offered me his wife and children to do with as I would, and even allowed me to take off his papa by poison, or his mamma by the blow of the dagger. I might have strangled his dear spouse as Desdemona; and for profit, he would have given up his babes once more to be strangled in the Tower by the hands of a Tyrrell. I might have ruined his mamma as Calista, without her becoming a Fair Penitent: so I engaged to take all his little ones "at one fell swoop." He set to work to manufacture candlesticks on the following night, after playing Lear and Jeremy Diddler; added a pennyworth of red-lead to the box decorations; robbed a pig-sty to mend the orchestra; while his deary mended a slit in Belvidera's gown, washed a pair of trousers for the gay deceiving Renault; and I retired to study the part of Jaffier, learn "London's like the Devil," "The beautiful Maid," and the recitation of Monsieur Tomson; to draw up a bill and lay back, and pocket my tickets for tomorrow.

Busied in preparing for my benefit, and my thoughts completely occupied, I became for a time comparatively happy, in spite of the trouble it caused me to prevail on the performers to accept those parts which I allotted them, and the fear that obtruded on my mind lest my expenses might not "be twice told," or my remuneration insufficient to satisfy the harpies who were hovering round me, and whose only hope of being satisfied, rested on my thus raising the wind. My *ci-devant* military friend introduced me to a milliner's shop, from whose occupants I received the most polite attention, and from whom I gained the loan of a mock diamond ring to enact Jaffier, and while it glittered on my finger, to "thank God I was not worth a ducat."

On my first visit to Mrs. Wireman and her daughters, she thanked my friend for making them acquainted with such a star as Mr. Sydney, and declared how happy they should be in my acquaintance. How could I requite this politeness! I ordered a sword-knot, which from that day to this was never paid for, although it came but to 1½d. On my first appearance at the milliner's, I had an order for two in my pocket, with which I presented them in my best manner, and they in return promised to place my bill in a conspicuous part of their window, and to get rid of as many tickets as was in their power.

Here quite a new scene opened to me. It was now more than five months since my vision had been gladdened by the smiles of a female, except of those in our company, and they, alas! were of faded splendour. I brushed up the few smart

things which adversity had still left me, and decking my face with smiles, often accompanied my friend to the tea-table of Mrs. Wireman and her two daughters. Though for a time my histrionic brother gave me little chance of succeeding in their affections, he soon left me in full possession of the field; and as he was once more seated in affluence on the death of a relation, I never heard of him more.

My new friends I found were all bitten by the theatrical mania. Circumstances of a pecuniary nature had alone kept this passion dormant; but now in the possession of the common necessities of life, it again burst forth like a repressed conflagration. They were more delighted with my spouting than all my friends, and both sisters would I really believe have followed me "over the hills and far away," in exercise of the sock and the buskin, which reign paramount over bonnets, caps, and pelisses. Here Miss Philippina-Gondiberta Wireman was my favourite, nor was Laurentina-Matilda indifferent to me. Philippina-Gondiberta Wireman was about eighteen; she possessed a good *petite-figure*; her face was pure red and white; she had a little nose cocked up in the air, white teeth, and a well-turned ankle: she was blessed with an unbounded flow of spirits, called herself a mad girl—and it were well it was no worse. Laurentina-Matilda was much older; six and thirty years had seen her bewailing her

single-boss: she was tall but round, and the ruby red which sat on her nose's tip was barely subdued by the rouge which amply covered her cheeks; while every action of her body or article of dress seemed to sing or say,

Willow! willow! willow!

Their father had been a man of some property, but he lost it all through mismanagement in the haberdashery line. "My papa," Gondiberta would say, "had always *genteel idears*." He had also contrived to give his children a *genteel* education; they could write almost well enough to be read, and by carefully avoiding hard words, spelt tolerably well, particularly when they had a dictionary by them.

That there may not be the smallest doubt as to the acquirements of my friends I must say that they were devoted to novels and dress; they could play many such compositions of Mr. Hook's as "Catch me if you can," and "I'll not be married yet," without much discord; gabble bad French, draw shells, cut up gold paper for chimney-ornaments without taste; in fact, they could do every thing but attend to domestic concerns: these were degrading pursuits, and so exactly did these ideas then correspond with my own, that I have often since deplored those comforts I then affected to despise, but which I found that that experience alone could purchase.

(To be continued.)

DANGEROUS EFFECTS OF CONJUGAL CONCEALMENT.

Mr. MARGROVE, whose attention to his wife's welfare was ever the principal object of his thoughts, about the year 1804, during the short interval of peace, proposed a journey to the south of France for

the benefit of Mrs. Margrove's health. Finding the change of climate salutary, they prolonged their stay; and though they lived as retired as possible, yet they could not avoid contracting an acquaintance with some whom they were in the habit of visiting.

On one of these visits they were informed, that an English lady of an elegant appearance, and whose lodgings were near their own, appeared to be overwhelmed with affliction and distress. The nature of her sorrows was utterly unknown, as was her name. From an excess of grief her health was daily impaired, and so sincere was their compassion for the fair unknown, that they ardently wished to offer her every possible consolation. With this humane view, Mrs. Margrove addressed the following note to the afflicted stranger:

"Mrs. Margrove is not stimulated by any idle curiosity, when she begs permission to visit her countrywoman. She feels a sympathising concern for her illness, and would be happy to render her any service."

The lady returned for answer, that Mrs. Margrove's compassion for an unfortunate stranger claimed her thanks; and that though her sorrows were beyond the reach of human pity to remove, yet she should thankfully accept the promised visit.

Mrs. Margrove went, and found the lovely mourner reclined on a couch. She made an effort to rise at her visitor's approach, who hastily prevented her, and took a seat beside the invalid. Tears were the only language for some time, and Mrs. Margrove endeavoured to

suppress the concern the stranger's very emaciated appearance could not fail to excite. Her face retained the traces of beauty, though the ravages of grief were painted in every feature. Her eyes streamed with tears, and her whole manner bespoke unutterable woe. Mrs. Margrove begged her to be comforted, and to look on her as a friend.

"Generous stranger!" replied the invalid, "forbear to mention comfort to a wretch like me. I am not worthy of your friendship; but I have a reason, a most powerful reason, for imploring your pity and compassion. Shocking as the recital may be, yet to you I will unbosom my afflictions, which are but too justly my due reward. On your next visit to this apartment of misery, I will endeavour to give you my sad story."

Mrs. Margrove repeated every assurance of friendship, and gave the stranger some little account of her connections and situation, adding every thing she could to gain her confidence, and to convince her that it would not be unworthily placed. They then parted with mutual regret, and Mrs. Margrove gave a particular account of her visit to her husband. He became greatly interested, and said that every thing which depended on his exertions, should be afforded to alleviate the stranger's misfortunes. Mrs. Margrove did not delay her promise of attending the lady again, who, though evidently extremely weak and languid, summoned all her strength to relate her promised story, beginning as follows:

"I will begin, madam, with telling you, that my father was a gen-

them of fortune, and my mother justly respected for her estimable virtues. As I was their only child, their indulgence was unbounded. This led them into an error, for they never permitted me to be contradicted, and their partiality would not suffer them to think that I could act wrong. The great attention I received at home made me expect the same from my acquaintance, from whom I could not brook the least opposition to my wishes. I mention this, madam, as an error in my education, which too much cherished a disposition that led to my present misfortunes; otherwise my education was virtuous and proper.

"Among the gentlemen who honoured me with their addresses was one whose character was universally admired. His name was Beville. My heart declared in his favour, and my parents rejoiced at my giving Mr. Beville the preference. Our union met with the approbation of all my friends, and I soon became the wife of the generous, the truly noble-minded Beville.

"The death of my affectionate parents interrupted our felicity, for I had the misfortune to lose them both the first year of our marriage. Mr. Beville combated my affliction with the arguments of reason, and the birth of a son called for my maternal care and attention. Never could any joy exceed that which Beville expressed. The child perfectly resembled his father's features; may he imitate his virtues! Two happy years passed away in innocence and peace—beyond days of virtue never to return. Never must my son be alive again the carresses of his father, never

more be the means of lighting up the countenance of his parent with joy—and he is now a forlorn stranger in a foreign land.

Mrs. Beville became so much affected that Mrs. Margrove was obliged to ring the bell. A servant entered, leading the most lovely child that ever was beheld. His mother pressed him to her bosom, while her tears streamed over his innocent cheeks. Mrs. Beville continued so much agitated, that Mrs. Margrove would have wished her to discontinue her narrative, but she persisted, saying, that in her uncertain state of health, delay was more than commonly unsafe.

"Mr. Beville had in his youth contracted a most intimate acquaintance with two gentlemen, one of whom he expected to pay him a visit. He came, and was received in the most cordial manner by his friend. He was gay and volatile, and seemed to be of an open, generous disposition. As he was the friend of my husband, I behaved to him with attention: he often congratulated Beville on his happy choice of a partner. To be approved of by the friends of my husband was my ambition, and I imagined it very justifiable, since on the good opinion of my husband my happiness must depend. The sincerity of his friendship gave me every reason to hope that his affection for me would be the more permanent, and our time passed in blissful serenity. In the sunshine of prosperity, how could I foresee the storm which was gathering over my head? I could not see an approaching danger, and I was too happy to suspect it. I was too happy to suspect it."

"One fatal day was the prelude to all my misfortunes. Beville received a letter, when, contrary to his usual custom, he immediately began to prepare for a journey, without saying whether he was going, or on what account. On his return he seemed full of solicitude and anxiety, and in a short time again left home. In vain did I endeavour, by all the influence I was mistress of, to draw from him the secret. I was alarmed. A thousand apprehensions crowded on my mind. My servant, in whom I placed much confidence, saw my tears, and inquired with respectful accents the source of my vexation. She soon became acquainted that I was hurt at Beville's silence as to the reasons of his journeys. She pitied me, she seemed confused, and dropped hints which alarmed me still more. I insisted on an explanation, promised her the most inviolable secrecy, and, in a word, said every thing I could to extort from her a confession. She at length told me, that she had every reason to think I had a rival. Mr. Beville's servant had confided to her such intelligence. His master in the private meeting had observed much caution. My reformer again begged my promise of remaining silent, which I again repeated, and earnestly charged her to use every means to obtain all the information she could on the heart-wounding subject. My peace was now invaded. Jealousy began to work in my afflicted heart. Mr. Bromly for this was the name of Beville's friend, took notice of my apparent solicitation. He indicated, with some reserve, but not dissimulation, if any thing was to be said, happened to

his friend; if so, his fortune, his interest should all be used to render us happy. Ah! madam, soothed by the voice of friendship, I incautiously confessed the reason of my sorrows.

" 'O sir,' said I, 'Beville no longer loves the unfortunate Clara; a rival has torn him from his wife, who loves him with the utmost tenderness, and from a son, who must no longer be doated on by his perfidious father! I am distracted with the thought of what woes my dear boy will experience, since his father can no longer love us.'

" 'Ah! madam,' said Bromly, 'I conjure you beware of jealousy; harbour not a thought injurious to my friend. Tell me, I beseech you, from whence arises your suspicion?'

"I related all I had been informed of. He listened with attention, and when I had ended, remained some time silent. At length he said, 'Really, madam, appearances seem very much against my friend: yet I beg you will compose your mind, and not suffer Mr. Beville to perceive your anxiety. The matter does not yet amount to a certainty; when that is the case, I cannot but say, that you will have every reason to think my friend cruel, ungrateful, and blind to your merit.'

" 'Sir,' said I, 'my heart cannot harbour a thought which could give him a moment's inquietude; nor could I bear the least slight or contempt from a friend, dearest to me in the world. How then shall I sustain this heart-wounding event?'

" 'Be pacified,' returned Bromly; 'my friend Beville is too generous, and sensible of the wrong

worth of his amiable Clara. I am a friend both to you and Beville, and I, therefore, again entreat that you will not let him perceive your disquiet." *(To be concluded in our next.)*

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXVI.

Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deem,
When all three kinds of love together meet,
And do dispart the heart with either extreme,
Whether shall weigh the balance down; to wit,
The dear affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeal of friends combin'd by virtue meet.
But of them all, the best of virtuous mind
Methinks the gentle heart should most assured bind.

For natural affection soon doth cease,
And quenched is with Cupid's greater flame;
But faithful friendship doth them both suppress,
And them with mastering discipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aspiring to eternal fame
For as the soul doth rule the earthly mass,
And all the service of the body frame
So love of soul doth love of body pass,
No less than perfect gold surmounts the meanest brass

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen*

I SHALL not perplex my female readers, to whom these papers are more particularly devoted, with a metaphysical account of love, which has nothing to do with its experimental happiness and pure enjoyments; nor shall I attempt to amuse them with its mythological history, and thus give the most delightful source of human joy the air of a fable, by stories about Cupid, and the powers which poetry and fancy have attributed, under a variety of what have so long been commonplace descriptions. I shall call their attention to the only seat and consummation of its felicity, by the bonds of marriage; an institution, which, when obeyed by the united influence of reason and affection, promises the happiest situation which social life is capable of attaining. Two persons who choose each other for their reciprocal comfort and pleasure, have consequently bound themselves to be

good-humoured, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and perfections, to the end of their lives. When such a union is formed and duly maintained, things the most indifferent in themselves administer delight; in short, it becomes a source of continual gratification in a state of prosperity, and amid the changes and chances of time, and the unavoidable sorrows of our nature, a certain and a sure refuge. How great the comfort, when a man can with an assured confidence say to himself, "If the whole world should be cold towards me, there is one who will receive me with real joy."

But happiness in the marriage though some have considered matrimony as a lottery, is not to be left to chance. Like every other blessing in life, it must, in a great measure, be not altogether depend upon previous consideration and a

well weighed choice. When the persons whom we prefer can bear a scrutinizing examination, when they improve upon our nearest acquaintance, and new beauties are discovered in proportion as we search into their characters, love will naturally increase as their perfections are developed.

Two of the principal ingredients of matrimonial happiness are constancy and cheerfulness. A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will render beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will alleviate sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity; and create an interest in those to whom nature has not given beauty.

Constancy is natural to those who possess even tempers and uniform dispositions; and may, as it ought to, be acquired by those whose temper is even subject to fickleness, violence, and irritation, if they do but seriously consider the terms of the hymeneal union, the mutual interest in which man and wife are engaged, with all the motives that ought to incite their tenderness and compassion towards each other, embarked as they are for life in the same state of happiness or misery. Constancy, when it grows in the mind from such serious and important considerations, becomes a moral virtue of the first order, a kind of fixed principle, that is not subject to any change of health, age, fortune, or any of those human contingencies which are so apt to unsettle the best disposition. If they are founded rather in selfishness than in any reason, which constancy is the most undamned passion may deviate, or ra-

ther sink, into coolness and indifference; and the most melting tenderness degenerate into coldness, and as I fear it has sometimes been known to do, into absolute aversion.

But passion, as such, is no promoter of matrimonial happiness, for this convincing reason, that it is too short-lived to produce it. The lasting principle that animates, warms, and endures, is affection. An example of its effects on married life I read the other day in an author whose works, sorry am I to say it, are seldom mentioned, and which is so much to my purpose, that I shall offer it to the attention of my readers, and indeed to the imitation of such of them as are in a situation to profit by it. His description of a married pair is as follows:

"Clarinda is handsome, elegant, possesses a well informed mind, is very accomplished, and has a certain tenderness of disposition, which creates an interest in every thing she does or says. She is most fortunately married to Cleanthes, who has inherited a considerable fortune, and, which fortune cannot purchase, is governed by an undeviating principle of rectitude, that is enlivened and adorned by knowledge, elegance, and taste. Such is his character in the world, arising from the admirable manner in which he conducts himself, that she seldom or never visits the circles of her friends and acquaintance, without enjoying the real delight of hearing the eulogiums of others respecting him. So far from thinking marriage an excuse for negligence, carelessness, or inattention, since Cleanthes has been united to

his Glorinda, but more than ever attentive to the decoration of his person; and in all companies he manifests as much complaisant attention to his *cara sposa* as to any other lady; and if she should chance to let fall her *ridicule*, presents it to her with all the gallantry of a lover. In their walks or their rides he takes every opportunity to improve her thoughts, direct her inquiries, and enlarge the compass of her knowledge. She is at once grateful and delighted at having new sources of improvement opened to her; while such conduct not only causes her to increase in fondness for him, but to be more satisfied with herself. He finds good sense or beauty in all the expressions of her thoughts, and she is thus insensibly led to discover, that she possesses qualifications which she did not suspect were such estimable parts of her character. He contrives, by the most delicate art, to give her the credit of all those undefinable circumstances which add a lustre to domestic happiness. Such a delightful union as makes Cleanthes and Glorinda the admiration of those who know them, might be attained by all, if the same previous examination into character, sentiments, and habits of life which preceded the marriage of this happy pair, was a general practice among those who accompany each other to the altar of Hymen.

It has been among my dreams respecting the married state, of which I have had some experience, as I have buried two husbands, that a court might be established which should possess the power of determining, from a minute examination of temper, character, and fortune

in parties proposing to enter into the married state, whether they were so suited to each other as to promise a life of domestic happiness; and that no marriage should be permitted without licence, first had and obtained, from the deliberate judgment and investigating powers of the proposed judicature. Should the government be at any time inspired with so much wisdom as to adopt a plan so formed for the increase and enlarged distribution of social happiness, I should propose a very heavy tax to be levied on all bachelors after a certain age, who did not enter into a state which, under such auspices, would secure, as far as human judgment and the wisest precautions could do, the reasonable enjoyments and comforts of matrimonial life.

I shall explain myself further by the conduct of the imperial Augustus, when he wielded the power of the Roman empire. The historian of that splendid period thus relates the policy of the emperor respecting marriage.

On the return of this renowned sovereign to Rome at the conclusion of a war, he is said to have encouraged every communication that might tend to advance the arts of peace, and the political welfare of the Roman people. Among the various memorials which were offered to him for the correction of evil, or the promotion of good, it was represented to his attention, that a very considerable number of the Roman young men of rank remained unmarried, and even manifested no reluctance to enter into the married state. The emperor therefore, in consequence of this information, ordered the

whole of the equestrian order to be assembled, and having separated those who were married from such as were single, addressed the former in terms of the highest eulogium, and then delivered his sentiments to the latter with looks and words that denoted his extreme displeasure. He told the bachelors, that their lives and actions were of such a cast, that he knew not by what expressions to designate them. He could not, he said, call them men, for they performed nothing that was manly; nor by that of citizens, as the city might perish, at least as far as depended upon them; nor by that of Romans, for it seemed as if by their conduct they were careless of continuing the Roman name. After enlarging upon his own tender care and ardent affection for the Roman people, he further told them, that their course of life, by which he wished to be understood their aversion to matrimony, was such, that all other crimes put together could not equalize theirs: for that he considered them as actually guilty of murder, in not suffering those to be born which should and ought to proceed from them; that they merited the accusation of impiety, in causing the names and honours of their ancestors to cease; and he brought the charge of sacrilege against them, in preventing the multiplication of their kind, which proceed from the immortal gods, as well as from human nature itself, which is immediately and primarily consecrated to them. That, in this respect, their conduct had not only an obvious but direct tendency to dissolve the government, by disobeying its laws, betraying their coun-

try, rendering it barren and waste, and demolishing the city by depriving it of inhabitants. The emperor concluded his address, by telling them in terms of the most bitter reproach, that their aversion to marriage did not proceed from any principle of virtue or religious abstinence, but from a looseness of life, wantonness of habit, and unchaste, profligate inclinations, which not only ought never to be encouraged in any civil government, but should be visited by its severest and most exemplary punishments.

Such was the judgment which the emperor Augustus, one of the most enlightened monarchs whose character has been transmitted to us by the annals of former times:—but here the historian concludes with an unpardonable negligence; nor informs us of the good effect which the wise and truly politic conduct of the emperor produced on the bachelors of Rome in the Augustan age. All circumstances considered, we have a right to presume, that the equestrian bachelors hastened to relieve themselves from the stigma which the imperial voice had cast upon the unmarried state, and that the temple of Hymen became a place of fashionable resort.

I have but one additional observation to make. He has very imperfect notions of vice and virtue, who will not allow that life, without the rules of morality, is a wayward, uneasy being, with snatches only of pleasure; but under the regulation of virtue, a rational and uniform habit of enjoyment: and how much it may be heightened by marriage, when, disdaining sordid

interests and transitory passion, it is founded on real affection, cannot be necessary for me to endeavour to prove; I shall not insult my readers by making the attempt.

O Marriage, happiest, easiest, safest state!
Let debauchees and drunkards vomit rites,
Who, in their nauseous draughts and fusts,
profane
Both thee and Heaven, by whom thou wert
ordain'd.

How can the savage call it loss of freedom,
Thus to converse with, thus to gaze at
A beauteous, faithful friend!

Blush not, my fair-one, that thy love applauds thee;

Not be it painful to my wedded wife,
That my full heart o'erflows in praise of thee.
Thou art by law, by interest, passion mine
Passion and Reason join in love of thee.
Thus through a world of calumny and fraud,
We pass both unreproach'd, both undeciv'd;
While in each other's interest and happiness,
We without art all faculties employ,
And all our senses without guilt enjoy.

These lines are from an old comedy, whose title I do not recollect.

F — T —

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

IMPROVEMENT OF FRUIT-TREES.

THE last portion of the *Transactions of the Horticultural Society of London*, lately published, contains the following account of an easy, simple, and infallible method to force every fruit-tree to blossom and to bear fruit; translated from the German of the Rev. George Charles Lewis Hempel, secretary to the Pomological Society of Altenburg in Saxony, by Dr. Noehden.

In my early years I saw my father, who was fond of pomology and skilled in that science, cutting a ring on several branches of trees which already were in blossom, for the purpose of producing, by that means, larger fruit than usual. This was not his own invention, but, as far as I recollect, derived from a French journal. Thirty years ago, when I was a boy, I practised this operation, in imitation of him, and hereby obtained large pears and plums. In repeating this operation of ringing the branches, which I did merely for the purpose of getting larger fruit,

I observed that the branches so operated upon always bore the next year. By this reiterated appearance I was led to the idea, that perhaps this mode of ringing the bark might be a means of compelling every unproductive branch to yield fruit. With this view, I cut rings upon a considerable number of branches, which as yet shewed no blossom; and found, by repeating the experiment, the truth of my supposition indisputably confirmed by experience.

The application of this experiment, whereby upon every bough or branch fruit may artificially be produced, is very simple and easy, and the mode of proceeding as follows:

With a sharp knife make a cut in the bark of the branch which you mean to force to bear, and not far from the place where it is connected with the stem; or if it be a small branch, or shoot, near to where it is joined to the larger bough: the cut is to go round the branch, or to encircle it, and to pe-

netrate to the wood. A quarter of an inch from this cut, you make a second cut, like the first, round the branch, so that by both encircling the branch, you have marked a ring upon the branch, a quarter of an inch broad, between the two cuts. The bark between these two cuts you take clean away with a knife, down to the wood, removing even the fine inner bark, which immediately lies upon the wood; so that no connection whatever remains between the two parts of the bark, but the bare and naked wood appears white and smooth. But this bark-ring, which is to compel the tree to bear, must be made at the right time, that is, when in all nature the buds are strongly swelling, or are breaking out into blossom. In the same year a callus is formed at the edges of the ring, on both sides, and the connection of the bark, that had been interrupted, is restored again without any detriment to the tree, or the branch operated upon, in which the artificial wound soon again grows over.

By this simple though artificial means of forcing every fruit-tree, with certainty, to bear, you obtain the following important advantages:

1. You may compel every young tree of which you do not know the sort, to shew its fruit, and decide sooner whether, being of a good quality, it may remain in its first state, or require to be grafted.

2. You may, thereby, with certainty get fruit of every good sort, of which you wish to see the produce, in the next year.

3. This method may probably serve to increase considerably the quantity of fruit in the country.

The branches so operated upon are hung full of fruit, while the others that are not ringed, often have nothing, or very little on them. This effect is to be explained from the theory of the motion of the sap: for when the sap moves slowly in a tree, it produces fruit-buds, which is the case in old trees; when it moves vigorously, the tree forms wood, or runs into shoots, as happens with young trees.

Though I arrived at this discovery myself, in consequence of trying the same process with a different view, namely, to increase only the size of the fruit, but not to force barren branches, that were furnished with only leaf-buds, to bear, this latter application being before quite unknown to me; I will, on that account, by no means give myself out for the first inventor of this operation: but I was ignorant of the effects to be produced by this method, and only discovered them by repeated experiments of my own, which I made for the promotion of pomology. Frequent experience of the completest success has confirmed the truth of my observations. Nor do I think that this method is generally known; at least to all those to whom I shewed the experiment, the effect produced appeared new and surprising. At all events, that method, supposing it even to be an invention of older date, has, as far as I know, not yet been fully described by any one, and published in print.

METHOD OF KEEPING POTATOES.

A French agriculturist, for the potatoes that he intends to keep for the ensuing consumption, adopts this method. He immerses them

once or twice in boiling water, to destroy the vegetable life; dries them in a cool oven, and puts them in sacks, which he keeps in a dry place: by this means he keeps without difficulty and loss this precious root until new potatoes come

REMEDY FOR SCALDS AND BURNS.

A correspondent (E. M.) communicates the following simple and efficacious remedy for scalds or burnus: Immerse the part affected in cold water for half an hour, which will entirely remove all tendency to blistering, and take out all the heat occasioned by the burn.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

"*Le Regret*," for the *Piano-Forte*, composed in Memory of H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Coburg, and dedicated to Miss North of Lisson-street, New-road, by P. A. Kreusser. Pr. 3s.

THE title of this publication applies to it both directly and in a sense certainly not intended by the author. The appearance of such a performance must excite deep regret, to see the pen that produced it in a state of inactivity for successive years. If we are not mistaken, Mr. K. has written nothing since 1812, when he presented the musical public with three sonatas (opp. 25, 26, and 27), the excellence of which places them in the first rank of piano-forte compositions. We have heard these sonatas so frequently, that, in case of total loss, we might nearly engage to reindite them from memory; and still their beauty, at every recurrent performance, appears before us in all the bloom and freshness of primitive enjoyment. This we anticipate will be the case with the publication under present consideration, in which the author has endeavoured, without the aid of any but musical language, and by means of several successive movements,

to awake sensations analogous to the feelings excited by the loss of our dear Princess. The attempt was arduous. Not to mention the danger of falling into monotonous sameness, the solemnity of the subject required a correspondingly severe style, which, with so little scope for contrast as to *tempo*, would, without the utmost exercise of care and judgment, easily degenerate into tedious and languid dolefulness. These difficulties Mr. K. has ably conquered by variety of movements, of time, of key, and, above all, by the diversity of style and character in the ideas themselves. We have as much pleasure in this assertion as we derived in the perception of these merits; for in the contemplation of works of art and taste, the mind of the spectator is filled with delight, somewhat tinctured with proud self-complacency, on divining and tracing the effect and the operations of the mind and judgment of the artist.

It is rather curious to observe, that almost all the compositions on this occasion have been set in the key of F. In Mr. Kreusser's "*Le Regret*" this is likewise the master-key; the signatures of the five movements being either F major or

F minor, or the relative minor of the former. In this respect we are inclined to think, that, if one of the movements had been in a key not absolutely belonging to the above family, the effect of contrast would have been decidedly advantageous. But this may be matter of opinion, and the numerous interior modulations might probably be alleged in reply.

Of the five movements, a detailed analysis would exceed our limits, which leave scarcely room for a superficial notice of their general nature. The first, a largo of two lines, in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, may be considered as the harbinger of the sad tidings; its object, indeed, is evident. In the succeeding lento ($\frac{3}{4}$), the author enlarges upon the subject in a serious and pathetic strain of harmony, generally in four parts, finely blended into each other, and rendered additionally attractive and solemn by frequent passages of crossed hands admirably contrived. The third movement is a slow march, somewhat (and very properly so) in the more severe style of our great ancient masters; rich in fine contrapuntal contrivance, of well-measured rhythmical symmetry; original in its ideas; stern in character, yet without eccentricity. The fourth movement, the most considerable as to extent, admitted of greater scope in the treatment and developement of its constituent parts. The two first bars announce mainly the subject upon which the whole piece hinges. It is the parent theme which, under great diversity of forms, has insinuated itself into the whole structure; thus combining the two essential requisites of the beautiful in the

fine arts—unity and variety, a combination, to the magic of which the compositions of Haydn are so largely indebted. The score of this movement is, upon the whole, more open and less contrapuntal than is the case in the preceding march and largo, but its attractions are not the less forcible. Towards its conclusion (*p. 7*) it assumes a character of elaborate internal colouring; the parts fuse into each other with the utmost mellowness, and produce a richness of harmony, undisturbed until a break towards a climax of excellence, which reminds us of the manner of Mozart and Beethoven, such as we find it in their best works. The concluding movement is a short allegro (*poco presto*) in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, terminating in an *accidental* line. It would perhaps be difficult to assign to this allegro a share in the recital of the subject to which “*Le Regret*” professes to refer, especially in its place at the conclusion. But, on the other hand, the author may have been desirous of parting with his hearers so as to leave them in a mood somewhat recovered from the sombre impressions which his four preceding pieces cannot fail to inspire; and we must add, that he has attained this end without destroying the effect of his previous labour, inasmuch as the allegro in question is neither light nor gay, but rather of a serious character.

In taking our leave of this able and meritorious composition, we will only add, that its execution, at least the mechanical part of it, is not very difficult; but inward feeling and good style are indispensably necessary to infuse the requi-

site expression into the performance.

On an Autumn Violet, the 6th of November, 1817: the Poetry by C. D.; set to Music, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, by Ferd. Ries. Pr. 2s.

This being the first lyric publication of Mr. R.'s that has come under our observation, its appearance naturally excited our curiosity. We do not say, that the high value which we set upon the instrumental compositions of this gentleman leads us to expect equal excellence in the vocal department; but in itself so distinct from the other, and, so far as we know, so free from obvious defects, and, moreover, entitled to the advantage of a certain singleness of composition, means of an elegant subject, which is liable to peculiar difficulties.

On an attentive examination of the song before us, we find considerable originality in some of the ideas, good taste and skilful treatment in the harmonic arrangement, and several instances of highly judicious and judicious expression of the text. The melody, however, without being liable to objection on special grounds, seems to us to fall short of that sweet melodiousness, that fascinating flow of natural simplicity, which form the charm of compositions of this description, and which distinguish more particularly the good productions of the Italian school, and are equally abundant in the lyric works of many of the German masters, such as Himmel, Hurka, Schultze, and, above all, Mozart. In short, the general character of the melody seems to us to be somewhat too

stern and severe. The poem consists of six stanzas, the four first of which significantly describe the beauty of a lonely violet found blooming in autumn. Thus far not the slightest hint of our recent calamity exists. This is reserved for the fifth and sixth stanzas, which relate and bewail the destruction of the "Queen flow'ret" by a treacherous blast; and here even the allusion is so delicate, that it might escape a reader of any other country—a happy and beautiful allegory, by the way! From what has been said, it will be obvious that the four first stanzas were susceptible, and perhaps demanded, a melodic character of the same or nearly the same cast, and that it would have been advantageous to defer any striking change to the fifth and sixth stanzas. Mr R.'s arrangement, however, assigns to the first stanza a very serious melody in G minor, preceded by two introductory bars of singular originality, but of deep melancholic import. In the second stanza the subject of the first is exhibited in the major key, which enlivens the air, but still leaves much more plaintiveness than the text demands; and this impression is strongly increased by the harmony and the concluding symphony. In this manner, and to these two melodies, all the succeeding stanzas are set, major and minor alternately, with some occasional diversity of expression, very judiciously employed, such as at "unshaded," "unsheltered," (fifth stanza,) and at the final close, which very appropriately merges into the minor key. *Select Melodies, with Variations for the Flute and Piano-Forte, com-*

posed by C. Nicholson and J. F. Burrowes. No. III. Pr. 3s.

The two preceding numbers of this work have been recommended to the favour of our readers on a former occasion. The one before us equally claims their attention. The theme is Mr. Bishop's air, "And has she then failed in her truth," one of that gentleman's happiest vocal labours. Among the variations, which are all good, we will notice No. 3. an impressive adagio, and, above all, No. 1. which amplifies the melody into semiquavers, the piano-forte acting as second (in thirds and sixths generally) to the flute, which has the lead. This is a very able and elegant variation. Both instruments, of course, act *obligato* parts.

Mozart's favourite Air, "*Ah perdoni al primo affetto*," with Variations, and an Introduction for the Harp, composed, and dedicated to Miss Sharp, by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 4s.

After a very brilliant and imposing introductory movement, Mr. B. exhibits the above-mentioned air in the most effective harmonic dress. In its full extent, as here given, we think the air too long for a theme of variations; and, for the sake of simplicity, could have dispensed with some decorative additions which appear in the theme itself. The variations are deserving of the highest commendation. Without adverting to all, we shall select one or two. No. 1. is conceived in a most elegant style; the melody in semiquavers flows in tasteful and natural connection from beginning to end, and some fine bass passages are happily applied. No. 2. represents the air in C mi-

nor: it is devised with uncommon taste, and in the best style; the harmony is classic, and the portion in the key of E b major truly interesting. The polacca (var. 4.) is also cleverly deduced from the subject, and by various good modulations made to lead to a satisfactory conclusion.

"*The Flower of Love*," a Song from *Melincourt: the Music composed by G. Kiallmark*. Pr. 2s.

A modest title like this, unseasoned by "the much admired"—"with unbounded applause," and other self-encomiastic *façons de parler*, has great weight with us, and we have seldom been disappointed in the expectations which such unassuming meekness excited. In the present instance we derive additional confirmation of this experience. Mr. Kiallmark's "Flower of love" is a sweet little song, as unaffected as its title: the agreeable melody is supported by a pretty accompaniment, which, in the repetition of the verses, is neatly diversified. All is as it should be.

"*Can Language paint the Lover's bliss?*" a favourite Song sung by Mr. Horn; composed by Thomas Attwood; the Words by R. Hamilton, Esq. Pr. 4s. 6d.

This song was set for the musical drama of *Elfi Bey*, which failed on the boards of Drury-lane about ten months ago. Some of the music we then thought deserving of a better fate, and the present song is among that number, although not quite free from critical objection. The symphony is very neatly imagined; but we should have liked four bars of the subject instead of two, before the digressive passages set in, and, in that case, have ended

with the second bar of the second line. This would have produced greater rhythmical symmetry. The subject of the song is one of tasteful simplicity; but here the author again digresses and modulates too soon, and among the various ideas which follow in quick succession, however separately interesting, there appears to us to be a want of connection and of rhythmical balancing. In the whole page we do not meet with a perfect cadence on the tonic for the mind to repose on. On the score of harmony some remarks too offer themselves. We shall select one or two: *P. 3, bb. 1* and *2*, the leading note *F* on "that" is incompatible with the chord of *D* major immediately succeeding, and the progress of the voice through the scale of *G* minor to the word "yes" (*b. 2*) agrees as little with the chord of *G* major, which is assigned to that word.

No. XXXII. *Button, Whitaker, and Co.'s Selection of Dances, Reels, and Waltzes for the Piano-Forte, Harp, Violin, or Flute, with double and single Figures to each Dance*, by Mr. Wilson. Pr. 1s.

The five tunes in this collection are all waltzes, and bear internal evidence of foreign extraction. Good taste prevails in all of them, and one or two are of rather curious and certainly original structure. Mr. Wilson has put to each a set of figures for country dances and for waltzing. In our opinion waltzing, in the *bon genre*, is best without figures; but *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, will Mr. W. say. As the staves are uncommonly crowded, and as the music is really good in the main, and well calculated for mere practice, the price of one

shilling must be deemed extremely moderate.

"*The cold Wind has blighted the Flowers of May*," sung by Miss Tunstall at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in the grand Melo-drame entitled "*The Terrible Peak*;" composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte by John Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A pleasing little ballad of natural melodic expression, and well supported by proper accompaniment. We are not aware of Mr. W.'s motive for adding to some of his vocal compositions the full score for all the instruments of the orchestra; but we have certainly no right to object to such a plan, in as much as the price of the publication does not appear to have been heightened on that account, and although nine out of ten purchasers may not care for the full score, it may be acceptable to a few occasionally.

Favourite Melodies of various Nations, for the German Flute, with Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte, selected from the Compositions of celebrated Authors, and dedicated, by permission, to Lord Churchill, by W. Wheatstone.—Nos. II. and III. Pr. 3s. each.

In the sixteenth number of the *Repository* we noticed with approbation the first number of this collection of flute melodies, and said a few words explanatory of its nature. We shall, therefore, content ourselves on this occasion with stating, that the two numbers now before us are formed precisely on the same plan; their typographical execution is equally elegant, and their intrinsic value, both as to judicious selection and adequate arrangement, not less satisfactory.

The first number, we are pleased to find, has arrived at a second edition, in which two airs from *Il Don Giovanni* have been substituted for others, and an error noticed in our former critique amended.

An Anthem for three Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-Forte, on the mournful Event of the Death of H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte of Wales, &c. &c.; the Music composed by L. Jansen. Pr. 2s.

As this composition has been reviewed by us about seven years ago, we refer the possessors of the *Repository* (First Series) to our critique in vol. iv. p. 361, where full justice has been done to Mr. Jansen's meritorious labour. It required, unfortunately, but too few alterations in words, as well as in notes, to adapt it from an anthem on the death of Princess Amelia, to the melancholy catastrophe to which it has now been applied; and we devoutly hope no fresh calamity of a similar nature will give occasion for a third edition.

• *Second Edition of SPAGNOLETTI's celebrated Polacca for the Violin, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, dedicated to Urban Sartoris, Esq. by the Author.—Pr. 3s. 6d.*

Those violin-players who are not yet acquainted with this polacca, and are arrived at a stage of proficiency to master the performance, have a treat in store. The whole composition, introductory andante as well as polacca, presents a combination of delicacy and elegance which we have seldom witnessed in writing for the violin, and the piano-forte accompaniment is contrived with a taste and in a style

corresponding with the excellence of the violin part. It is perhaps from a want of compositions of such a description, that the practice of the violin becomes daily more confined to the professors on that instrument.

"Mary, the Maid of the Green," an admired Ballad, sung by Mr. Coggon at Vauxhall Gardens, &c.; written by Mr. J. Cole, composed by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The merit of this ballad is more negative than positive. It affords no cause for decided encomium, but, on the other hand, gives no imaginable offence. The melody is very proper and regular, but offers no feature of originality.

"Sweet Friendship," a Canzonet, written, composed, and affectionately inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. Kenney, by Fanny Holcroft. Pr. 1s. 6d.

There is no striking novelty in this song, but its melody and accompaniment evince good taste and a respectable share of musical knowledge. The ideas are pleasing, their succession is natural, and there is proper rhythmical keeping in the periods.

"Lost in all a Lover's madness," translated from the admired "Boscareccia" in the Opera of Joconde, adapted to the original Music of Nicolo by W. Ball. Pr. 2s.

Many of the ideas in this composition are highly original and interesting, but, upon the whole, it does not satisfy the expectations which the name of Nicolo warranted us in forming. The music is too much in the French style, and has not gained by being put to an English text. Of the three strains, the allegretto in E major is the

most attractive. In the succeeding minore we meet with some neat thoughts, but its general complexion differs inconsiderably from the common run of minor melodies.

"*Sally*," a favourite Ballad, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-Forte: the Words by R. Priestley, Esq.; the Music by Joseph Coggins. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Four stanzas, two of which are composed. The subject of the first stanza, barring a little defect in harmony in bar 3, is of such sweet simplicity, and in such good taste, that we must regret it has not been more pursued and developed, so as to throw the two stanzas into one continued melody, rather than assign to the beginning of the second stanza (after a complete interruption of three bars passage-work), a minor harmony in itself singular, and here out of character.

"*The Cottager's Welcome*," a favourite Rondo for the Piano-Forte or Harp, in which is introduced the much-admired Air of "Adieu! good Night!" sung by Mr. Duret at the Theatre Royal Haymarket; composed, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, and respectfully inscribed to Mr. W. Wilson, by Charles Henry Forrester. Pr. 2s.

As Mr. Forrester's name appears for the first time in our musical critique, it affords us pleasure to pronounce the *début* to be a favourable one. His introductory slow movement evinces taste; the air "Adieu! good night!" is satisfactorily exhibited and amplified; and the rondo conceived in a pleasing and animated style. Nothing very highly seasoned is attempted, but the fire

actually given is wholesome and palatable.

Favourite Airs, selected from Mozart's celebrated Opera "Il Don Giovanni," arranged as a Diver-timento for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, ad lib. by John Purkis. Pr. 3s.

Mr. Purkis, who for some time past has delighted the musical public by his performance on the Apollonion, has satisfactorily exerted his talents on the present publication. The airs he has selected for his subjects are "Vedrai carino," and "Batti, batti," besides one which Mozart introduces in his *Don Giovanni* from Martini's "Cosa rara." Among these a considerable quantum of digressive matter is interwoven in good order and taste, so that the several portions blend into an agreeable and effective whole.

"*Flow, flow, Cubana*," sung by Mr. Pearman in "*The Persian Hunters, or the Rose of Gurgistan*," as performed at the Theatre Royal English Opera: the Words by T. Noble, Esq.; the Music by C. F. Horn. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A soft, chaste melody, supported by an accompaniment in good style, would, in this instance, have commanded a high degree of our critical favour, were these advantages not allowed by very uncreditable impurities in harmony. To mention one or two: The second bar of the symphony contains, 1st. a very oddly octave in the first quaver; and the c in the second quaver is not less objectionable. The instrumental link in the fourth bar of the second page is uncouth. In the eleventh bar. p. 3, another strange harmony

presents itself in the accompaniment. With all these, and other imperfections, however, the song possesses attractions which must recommend it to the amateur the

ideas are good, their connection is natural, and they are ranged and unfolded in proper rhythmical order.

FINE ARTS.

PICTORIAL CARDS.

PLATE 9—FOUR PLAYING-CARDS.

THE EIGHT OF CLUBS is designed to represent a lady walking in a gallery the chief ornament is the shamroc, and the card seems to have some allusion to the beauties of Hibernia; her parasol is ornamented with this device, as are the pillars, the railing of the gallery, and the base of it. The combination is very elegant.

THE SEVEN OF SPADES This card forms a continuance of the *Fracas*, the subject of which is illustrated by the annexed story. Here the spade is made to form a birdcage, a bodice, a ridicule, an aperture in the wall, a wig, a coffee-baggin, and an architectural ornament. This card is arranged with great taste and considerable effect.

THE THREE OF HEARTS is very sweetly designed, with much of the character and spirit of the celebrated Albert Durer, a painter whose works have been very successfully studied by the artist who composed these cards. It seems to represent the parting of lovers, the young knight being summoned to the field of battle: they are about to enter a terrace from the castle, the porch which composes the back-ground. The heart is transformed into the arms of the family, and carved

above the arch—into her bodice, and also into a border of the lady's dress.

THE FIVE OF DIAMONDS is a very beautiful composition, representing a tournament of knights on horseback in complete armour; to which the sovereign is a spectator, attended by ladies of the court. The knight in black armour is on the point of being dismounted. The diamond forms armorial bearings, an ornament in the tapestry, and the shields of the contending knights. The architecture and perspective of this card are very beautiful and the whole is well designed and ably executed.

BEATRICE, OR THE FRACAS.

(Continued from p. 4.)

It was a dark stormy night, the wind blew with fearful violence, and the rain descended in floods, as they burst forth from the door of the hotel; the elements seemed to take part in the affray, and splashed and howled in unison with the uproar made by the linguists and the painter. Awful would be this combination of ill sounds—and so it was to a tall thin brother of the order of St. Francis, who, closely wrapped in his mantle and cowl, was calmly pacing homeward,



meditating on the blissful passage to a better world, to which he had just forwarded a pious contributor to his abbey. He was somewhat in advance of the contending parties as they passed down the street, and he heard them and the storm gathering upon him, with a dismay only to be equalled by his resignation to the fearful consequences. There was but just time to make one pious ejaculation (for he thought that surely evil spirits were abroad), when the linguist, still proceeding with his *mélange* of execrations, came furiously against him—Monsieur Le Pallet passed on. Now it happened that the linguist, although of prodigious spirit, was short in stature, and his forehead coming in contact with the elbow of the pious father, as his hands were crossed upon his breast, he fell to the ground, senseless and silent as the stones on which he lay. “Holy St Francis!” said the father, “it is a human being!” and he called to the linguist and bade him rise—but all was silent now, except the wind and the rain; for the sound of the retreating footsteps of the pious man was speedily lost in the unceasing patter of the shower—“Holy St Francis!” said he again, for his heart palpitated with anxiety and alarm as he stooped to assist the prostrate being that lay before him, and who, from the darkness of the night, might be felt, but not seen—“Holy St. Francis!” said the good father, “the man is dead!”

Beatrice and Teresa sat long in expectation that one, at least, of the combatants would return to them, but in this they were disappointed; and when their friend the

musician was about to depart, the storm was so violent that he shuddered to encounter it, and begged that, in any way, the ladies would afford him shelter for the night. So they manufactured for him a sort of truckle-bed, in a dark closet behind the parlour, in which the cornchandler’s samples had been formerly deposited, and which was yet visited nightly by a horde of half-starved mice and rats, that had long been disappointed of their accustomed supplies.

How securely does the honest man sleep! How peaceful are the slumbers of him whose bosom is not torn by the bitter recollections of past errors, and who has devoutly appropriated “that solemn hour not lent to labour or repose!”—provided there are no rats to disturb him. but it is to be feared that honesty or piety avail little towards a comfortable night’s rest, if two or three score of these famished vermin happen to be out on a foraging party during four hours of it, in a small bedchamber six feet by nine.

Before the musician retired to this humble accommodation for the night, he fortunately hung his periwig and cloak upon the gilded ornament in the parlour, which Mrs. Seltston had prepared long before as a similar convenience to her husband. Without the precaution, this the musician’s chief pride, or all human probability, had been devoured for the sake of the *pomme d’olive* that it contained in its sacred composition. The loss, or even the injury, it must have sustained by the half-famished troop, would have been a great mortification to him, for this wig was the result of much painstaking and study, it be-

ing formed upon a union of the principles of those of Mozart, Bach, and the celebrated Gluck; and this his own he conceived was peculiarly Gluckish, combining all the crisp independence of the Bach, with the rich, harmonious, and ample contour of the great Mozart.

As daylight appeared, the fatigued and terrified musician was left by them to repose; he then fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not awake until near mid-day; when a low whispering, and his own name frequently repeated, engaged his attention. Creeping softly from his bed, and peeping through a hole in the partition, he beheld Monsieur Le Pallet hanging fondly over the shoulder of Teresa, and vaunting his overthrow of the master of languages; ridiculing his own the musician's gravity, and making love with all the affected adroitness of a true *charlatan d'amour*.

At this moment the valet of the linguist, in great agitation, came to inquire for his master: he had not returned to his lodgings, and the poor fellow was really in distress, assuring them that something serious must have happened, to have kept so steady and so devout a gentleman from his home until so late

an hour in the morning. It was unfortunate for the painter that he had indulged in the heroics; for Teresa, with all the *piquantes* shrewdness of coquetish wit, retailed the whole again to the astonished servant, who, not doubting the truth of one word, swore that his master was murdered, and that he would give instant notice of it to the minister of police. "You will do right, my child," said the musician, who read the whole score at once, and perceived that this discord would give effect to the harmony of his own arrangements—"you will do right, my child," said he; and turning to the painter, who stood aghast at this new appearance of affairs, he began a solemn lecture on the sinfulness of "colouring too highly," and on the atrocity of murder: which, however, Le Pallet was not disposed to hear; but following the impulse which the panic had occasioned, his mind picturing nothing but prisons and post-horses, he sallied forth to the nearest post-house, and was speedily out of the dominions of the emperor.

"Heavens!" cried Teresa, "what can have happened to our friend the master of languages?"

(To be continued.)

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS from NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

(From *The Soldiers of Venezuela*.)

I HAVE some apprehensions, but I trust they are groundless, that you suffer an anxiety to pry on your spirits, that even brotherly attachment is not permitted to share. Deem me neither curious

nor inquisitive. I would not inquire the cause of a disquietude that you may not consider proper to communicate; but yet I would entreat leave to caution you against the effects of hidden anguish. It preys on the vitals, consumes the very essence of life, produces premature imbecility, and unfits the body for activity; while it unnerves the mind for every noble design. I have not gleaned my opinion on this matter from the academies of the learned, nor have I accepted them as a boon from the miserable. Experience has taught me what I impart to you, and time cannot eradicate her lessons. You will, perhaps, learn hereafter, that the sword of a warrior never ventures to violate the delicate ties that are elicited by the heart's early attachments; nor can the shield of a cuirassier render the breast invulnerable to the arrows of love.

My father, having no daughters, received into his house the female orphan of his sister. Her age was very junior to mine, and I climbed the cowa-tree for a bunch of its berries to amuse her, as often as I taught my brother, who was about Adela's age, how to mould his toys from the acorns his playful industry had collected. When I quit-
ted home for the army, my cousin had just gone to school; and on my first visit, after an absence of four years in the West Indies, Adela was among the happy group assembled to welcome me. The satisfaction that I shared with my family to witness her improvement, grew into a peculiar feeling of delight. My senses became her slaves, and I loved her with all the ardour of devotion, ere I dreamt of

the thousand obstacles that disqualified me from marrying. My leave of absence expired; I rejoined my regiment, preserving the strictest silence on the sentiments that absorbed me, lest the consequences might be productive of unhappiness to her. I did not propose to include her in my list of correspondents—I did not intimate that she was dearer to me than her consanguinity justified; for I was then a soldier whose only fortune was his sword, and I knew I was not at liberty to make decided proposals of marriage. Hope encouraged me to anticipate another return, when all my blissful visions would be realized; but possibility whispered, that I might return no more. In either case, it appeared my only proper course was concealment of my feelings; and, apparently, I parted from Adela as I did from my other relations.

Words would fail to convince you how deeply her image was engraven on my soul: Adela was the talismanic word that seemed to turn aside the messengers of death.—Adela was my morning vision and my evening solace; the moonbeams were not softer than my fancy pictured would be her smile, and I knew the cloudless atmosphere was not purer than her heart. I blessed the setting sun, because the last beams lingered on the west—the evening star seemed to bring tidings from Adela—her voice breathed in the zephyrs that received my earliest adoration—in crowds my thoughts would steal to her—the solitary night-watch was a luxury of meditation. The excess of my attachment increased by absence, and with the swiftness

of a lover's fancy, I obtained permission to revisit home.

On returning to England from a three years' campaign on the Continent, I did not wait to apprise my father of my approach to that spot where every hope of bliss was centred. The sounds of mirth saluted my ear before I reached the door—the old piper was tuning a strathspey—the young and the aged were rejoicing—Adela was that day married to my brother!

Imagine the horrible effect this intelligence had on a mind naturally sanguine, and wrought up to the very acme of promised felicity. I had, throughout, assured myself that Adela had divined my attachment to her, had entered into the recesses of my heart, and seen her name indelibly written in its core. Too late I became sensible that reality had not kept pace with my ardent imagination. I had arrived to behold a perfection of human happiness in which I could not participate—to sit in solitary sadness, or to sink a prey to despair! No description can convey to you the dreadful hostility of my feelings: I viewed myself as the resemblance of another Cain, jealous of a brother's bliss; or like the rebel angel, waiting to blast the Eden of the first pair with the consuming fire of dissension! Oh! no—shade of the gentle Adela, and Ronald brother of my heart, ever dearly and faithfully remembered, every vein of mine should have bled to

have preserved your happiness from interruption! I would have died the victim of mistaken propriety; but never should the cause of my sighs have disturbed your serenity—your tears might have bedewed my ashes, but never reproached my conduct.

Overwhelmed by the extreme agony of my mind, I sank under an attack of fever and delirium. Fortunately the cause of my illness was still undiscovered; and the first glimpse of returning reason presented to my view Adela and my brother zealously watching and anxiously praying for my recovery. Soon as it was accomplished, I hastened my departure from Scotland, and rushing into the thickest ranks of war, sought that oblivion of remembrance which life did not promise to bestow. But I was still doomed to mourn, though from a different cause.

Hitherto my grief had been selfish, despicable, and degrading; it became social, brotherly, and communicable; and time has restored me, to speak calmly of my errors, and patiently of my sufferings.

In one of those furious gales that occasionally descend from the mountains to agitate the lakes into commotion, a boat, in which my brother and his wife were passengers, was lost by the unskilfulness of the pilot. They were deposited in the "narrow house" of their ancestors; and my sorrowing father quickly followed to the grave.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 10.—EVENING DRESS.

A FROCK composed of British net, and worn over a white satin

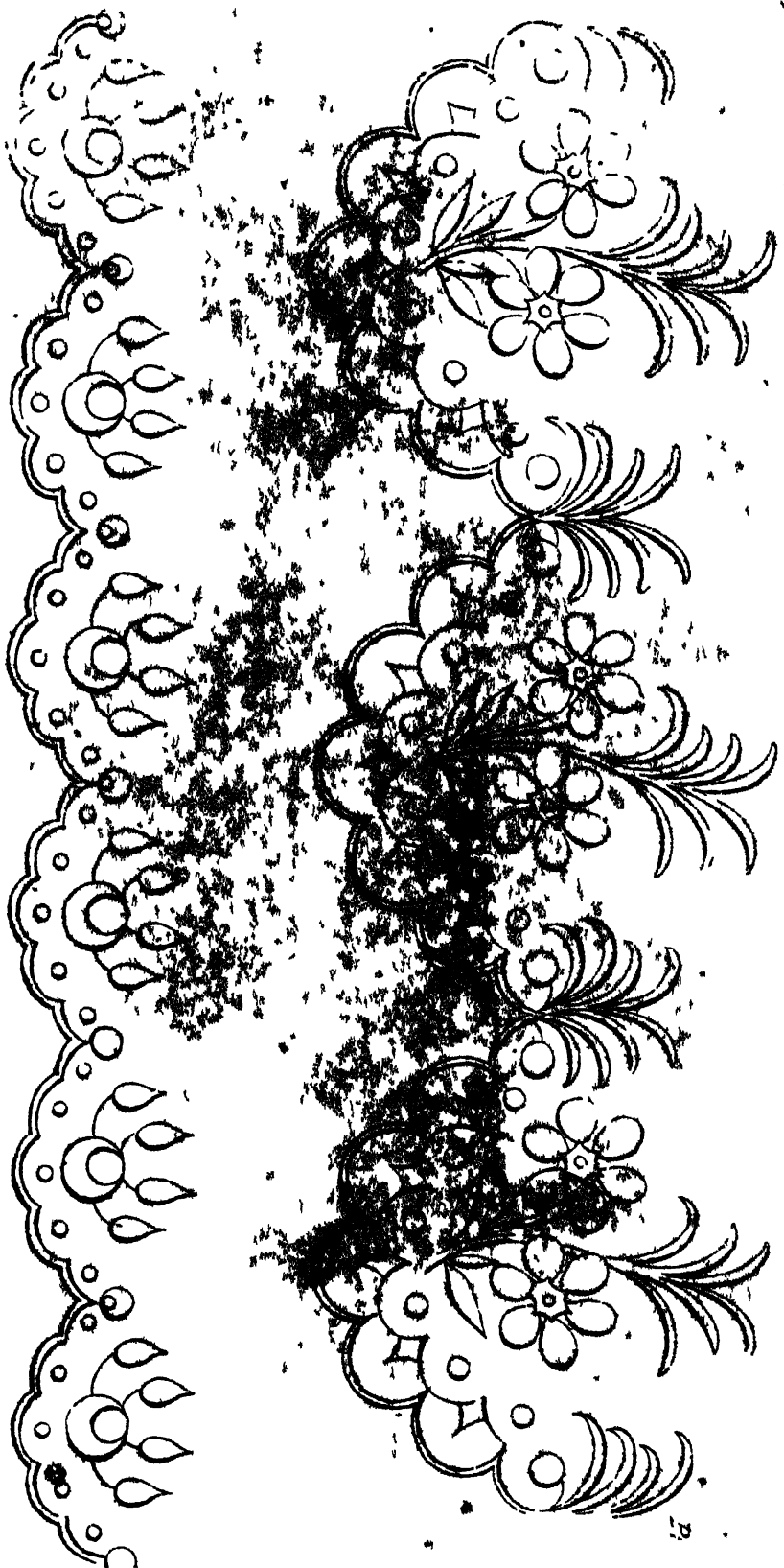
slip: the body, which is somewhat in the Spanish style, is called the *corsage à l'Infante*; it is composed



EVENING DRESS.



WALKING DRESS



MISLIN PATTERNS

of an intermixture of white satin and British net, and ornamented with pearls. A row of points, composed of satin and net, finishes the waist, which is very short. The sleeve, which is very short, is slashed; the slashes are filled with net, and edged with pearl; and the bottom of the sleeve, as well as the bust, is ornamented by a full quilting of blond. The skirt is moderately long, and more than usually full; it is finished by the most novel and tasteful trimming which we have seen for some time. This trimming, composed of blue satin, chenille, and British net, forms a chain of hearts, the effect of which is at once singular and elegant; it is surmounted by a light embroidery of *fleurs de lis* in blue silk.

Head-dress *la toque d'Orleans*: it is composed of an intermixture of soft white satin and British net: it is made a moderate height, and ornamented with a plume of heron's feathers. The hair is disposed in a few light curls at each side, and the forehead is entirely bare. Neck-lace and ear-rings diamond. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves. Spangled crape fan.

PLATE 11.—WALKING DRESS.

A fawn-coloured poplin round dress: the body is of a three-quarter height; it is cut byas, and has no seam, except under the arm. The back is narrower than last month; the fronts just meet, but do not cross; the sleeve is long, rather loose, and confined across the wrist by a satin piping disposed in waves; they are about two inches in length, and are finished by a small silk tuft at the end of each wave. The bust is trimmed to correspond, and the skirt is finished round the bottom

by three rows of satin pipings, which form a deep wave, and which are also finished by tufts.

Over this dress is worn a pelisse composed of fine fawn-coloured cloth, and lined with white sarsnet. The waist of the pelisse is of a moderate length, the body is tight to the shape, and it has a small standing collar. The trimming which goes down the front, and finishes the bottoms of the sleeves, is extremely tasteful; it is an embroidery composed of intermingled blue ribbon and chenille, which has a very striking effect. The sleeve is rather wide, except at the wrist, and is finished by a half sleeve in the Parisian style; that is to say, very full on the shoulder, and confined across the arm by a row of small silk buttons. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of satin to correspond in colour with the pelisse, lined with white sarsnet, and elegantly ornamented with a light embroidery in straw. For the shape of this bonnet, which is singularly becoming, we refer our readers to our print: it is trimmed with blue satin ribbon and a large plume of feathers. Limerick gloves, and half-boots composed of fawn-coloured kid.

We are indebted to the taste and invention of Mrs. Bell of 52, St. James's-street, for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON
FASHION AND DRESS.

In order to prevent that general stagnation of trade which must have ensued if the mourning for our late Princess had continued longer, it was yesterday at an end: but though we have discarded the outward sem-

blance of woe, her memory will be long and tenderly cherished by the people of the united kingdoms, who so lately exulted in her virtues and talents.

Light colours appear this winter likely to be more in estimation than they have been for some time. Pelisses are most in favour for the promenade, though cloaks are also in request, and spencers are partially worn; but the latter seem in a great measure confined to carriage dress.

The article most in favour for pelisses is the Russian hair-cloth, which is of the softest texture, exquisitely fine, and sufficiently light to be used for bonnets or home dresses. This cloth was manufactured, we understand, under the inspection of the lady who furnished our dresses, and can be had only from her. The pelisse which we have given in our print is composed of it.

Cloaks are not considered very tonish, and the few that are worn are composed of grey mixture cloth; they are made in the comfortable style of the one given in our last number, and lined with light-coloured sarsnet. The most elegant are edged with swansdown; but in general they are simply bound with a ribbon to correspond with the lining.

For carriage costume, velvet spencers, and cloth shawls richly embroidered in coloured silks, are in the highest estimation. The favourite article for spencers is a newly invented fancy velvet: it is corded; the cord is extremely narrow, and it has a light and elegant appearance.

We have seen a spencer made of

this velvet, the form of which struck us as very novel; it was made tight to the shape, short in the waist, and the back was ornamented with a row of slight embroidery in chenille on each side. The sleeve was finished at the bottom by a piece of white satin laid on full, and fancifully interspersed with chenille; it had likewise a small *epaulette* composed of the same material as the spencer, which was edged with a fulness of white satin interspersed with chenille. A small collar, which is cut something in the form of a pelerine, and is lined with white satin, comes as far as the shoulder in front, and falls over. The fronts are finished by lappels, lined with white satin. This is the most elegant spencer we have seen for a considerable time, and no *corsage* can be better calculated to display a fine shape to advantage.

Cloth shawls are of different colours, but those composed of the Russian hair-cloth are most fashionable, and they are always of a delicate fawn-colour; they are worn large, and are richly embroidered in a mixture of silk and chenille. We have seen some worked in lamb's wool, which had a very tasteful and striking effect, because the embroidery was so well raised.

For the walking costume, bonnets composed of velvet or beaver are in the highest estimation. The most fashionable are those which correspond in colour with the dress. Feathers form the favourite ornament for beaver bonnets: some, however, are lined and trimmed with satin. Velvet bonnets are ornamented with feathers only. There is nothing novel in the form of walking bonnets.

The style of head-dress generally adopted in the carriage dress is extremely tasteful. Bonnets are fashionable, and the one most in request is that which we give in our print; it was in fact made for a dress promenade bonnet, which is the same thing as a carriage head-dress. Velvet *toques* are also in favour. We have seen some of which the upper part was composed of velvet only; the lower, that is to say the part next to the face, was a mixture of velvet and satin. These *toques* are ornamented sometimes with feathers, sometimes with bunches of winter flowers. We have also to notice the introduction of hats composed of a new material, which is at once novel, light, and elegant. These hats are of various shapes and differently ornamented; the most fashionable are the gipsy shape, one of which we hope to present to our readers next month.

The materials for dinner dress are various. Sarsnets, striped, plain, and twilled, are all in request. Fancy silks are also worn, and poplins are in high estimation. There is not that variety in trimmings which we expected; but, in fact, the invention of our dress-makers seems to have been turned almost wholly to out-door costume and full dress. Satin and blond are in the highest estimation for the trimming of dinner gowns. We have seen also some broad trimmings, composed of chenille and velvet; they were wreaths of velvet leaves inserted in a net-work of chenille: this net-work was finished at each edge by a row of narrow velvet points. We have seen also some sarsnet dresses trimmed round the

bottom of the skirt with three rows of satin scallops, which were edged with velvet. The effect of this trimming was rich, but heavy.

The most novel dinner dress is the one we have described as worn under the *felisse* given in our print. Low dresses, however, are in greater estimation than three-quarter high ones for dinner parties. Waists continue as short as they have been worn, but backs are narrower and sleeves wider than we remember them for some time past; long sleeves also continue in estimation. Full bodies are wholly out of favour. We see with real pleasure, that lace *fichus* are adopted by several *élégantes* of acknowledged taste; they are at once delicate and becoming, and certainly very appropriate to dinner dress: some of them are made up to the throat with a small lace pelerine, which falls over. The *fichu* wraps considerably to one side, and is trimmed either with blond or fine narrow lace. Others, and these we think are likely to be the most fashionable, are finished by a queen Elizabeth ruff of broad lace, which stands up round the neck.

The full dress we have given in our print is deservedly, from its elegance and lightness, the first in estimation. British net, the material of which it is composed, is also considered most fashionable; but white *tulle* and gauze are also worn. Coloured satins are likewise partially adopted; and gossamer gauze, an article which looks extremely well, although it is not expensive, has just been introduced; how far it may become fashionable we cannot at present say, as we have noticed very few dresses

made of it. We have seen some trimmings of lamb's wool worked upon net in large flowers for evening dress; the effect was pretty, and they are likely to become fashionable.

We have just seen a white satin dress, which we consider highly worthy of the attention of our fair subscribers. The bottom of the skirt is finished by a single fall of blond lace set on very full; this is surmounted by an embroidery of peach-blossoms formed of satin and chenille. The body is composed of British net, made tight to the shape; the back is plain, but the front is formed, something in the style of a stomacher, by white satin pipings interspersed with letting-in lace. A trimming formed of small rosettes, composed of net, with floss silk hearts, goes round the bust. The sleeves are very short and full; the fulness is divided into compartments by satin pipings. The net is puckered about an inch in breadth at the bottom of the sleeve, and finished by two rows of pipings.

Half-dress caps do not seem likely to be in such very great favour as they have been for some time past: they are still, however, considered genteel. Small round caps, with low crowns profusely trimmed with lace, and ornamented with large bows of satin ribbon placed to the side, are in great favour for dishabille; but for half dress, small lace handkerchiefs carelessly twisted through the hair, and ornamented with a flower placed on one side, seem to us more likely to be fashionable than caps. Many *élégantes*, particularly young ladies, appear in their hair only.

Toques are likely to be universally worn in full dress by all but very *juvenile belles*. They are variously ornamented; ostrich feathers, heron's feathers, and artificial flowers, are all worn. These head-dresses are composed either of white satin and net mixed, or else of tissue gauze, spangled crape, or net lightly embroidered in silver.

For very young ladies, flowers it is thought will be most in favour, or else their hair dressed either without ornament or only with a single peak comb.

We have seen some very elegant ornaments in half-dress jewellery, composed of gold partly dead and partly finished; they consisted of a neck-chain, bracelets, and earrings. The drops of the latter were of uncommon length, and most exquisitely finished.

We have not noticed any thing novel in full-dress jewellery.

Dress shoes are again composed of white satin, white spotted silk, and white levantine. They are still made exceedingly and unbecomingly high over the instep, and are generally finished with a rich embroidery.

Fashionable colours are, fawn-colour, azure, wild rose-colour, Clarence blue, purple, slate-colour, and damask rose-colour.

A correspondent wishes to know why we so seldom mention stays. The reason is, because we do not recommend any but those likely to improve the shape, without injuring the health; and we have not seen any new stay of that description since the one we mentioned under the title of the improved *corset des Grâces*.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Jan. 22.

My dear SOPHIA,

PELISSES are with us at present the order of the day; one sees scarcely any thing else in our promenades: but the extraordinary variety both in the form and colour of head-dresses, prevents the tiresome uniformity which would otherwise result from the general adoption of this fashion.

Pelisses, or, as we call them, *car-ricks*, continue to be made as I described them in my last letter. The materials of which they are composed are fine Merino cloth, levan-tine, and sometimes velvet: the latter, however, is but partially worn. Rose-colour, azure, and drab are the favourite colours. The trimmings most in estimation are Branden-burgs of steel and swansdown. The former are considered most fashionable; they are placed at regular distances down the front of the pelisse; the bottom, sleeves, and collar of which are ornamented only with a single rouleau of satin.

Pelisses trimmed with Branden-burgs are always close in front, but when swansdown is used, they are open and trimmed all round; the trimming is also very broad, and the brim of the *chapeau* worn with it has a light edging of swansdown.

Now for the head, the adornment of which is always the first object with the French *belles*, who take incredible pains to adapt their head-dresses to their style of features and complexion. There are some people who think they succeed, but, for my own part, I am of a contrary opinion. They do not under-

stand the grand secret, which is the proper and becoming mixture of colours; and they use too many ornaments. But let me have done with digression, which I am too apt to fall into, and describe to you as well as I can the fashionable *chapeaux* and *toques*.

Silk plush, velvet, and satin are the materials used for *chapeaux*, which have varied considerably in form since I wrote last. The brims now are not near so large as they have been worn, and instead of coming close round the face, they stand out at a considerable distance from it. The crowns are round and much broader at the top than the bottom. The edges are sometimes finished by a row of *tulle* plaited in the middle very full; at others a striped watered ribbon is sewed on either flat or slightly puckered. Velvet flowers and long flat feathers are the ornaments used for these hats. Marabouts are now never worn, except when the pelisse is trimmed with swansdown; then the *chapeau* has, as I before observed, a slight edging of swansdown, and four or five Marabout feathers are placed upright in front.

Another hat, and one which is in very great favour, is shaped like a man's hat; the brim comes down before and behind, and is rather large, but is narrow at the sides. The crowns of these hats are sometimes ornamented with two bands of broad satin ribbon, which are fastened by oblong yellow metal buckles. Sometimes, instead of these two buckles, the *chapeau* is ornamented with a large knot of

the material it is composed of, or a cockade, which is also of the same material, placed at one side.

A small cap, composed of *tulle*, is always worn with these hats, which are put on so as partially to display it before and behind. These caps are of a small round shape, with a full border of narrow lace. They are ornamented in general with a byas piece of *tulle*, which is nearly a quarter of a yard in breadth, and pointed at one end: it is plaited full across the crown; it is edged with narrow lace, and finished in front by a bow of ribbon or a lace rosette: the end, which is about half a quarter in length, falls into the neck.

As to the colours of *chapeaux*, rose-colour and white are considered as most fashionable; but azure, fawn-colour, and coral red are partially adopted by the most tonish *élégantes*.

For dinner dress levantine appears to be in greater favour than Merino cloth, and *percale* is almost as generally worn as either. Dinner gowns are now made rather more full than they were, and I think waists are a very little longer. Short sleeves begin to be seen in dinner dress. Gowns are cut much higher round the bust in front, but the backs are still very low.

Embroidery continues to be the favourite trimming for Merino dresses. Those made of levantine are frequently trimmed with swansdown. A trimming now very fashionable, is composed of *tulle*, velvet, and satin. There are three falls of *tulle*, each of which is cut in points at one side; these points are edged with satin pipings cut byas, and headed by a wreath of velvet

leaves. The effect of this trimming is extremely pretty; it is light, and as the falls are not very deep, it has not the effect of overloading the dress.

Percale gowns are generally trimmed with three narrow flounces of clear muslin, put on very close at the bottom, and surmounted by a row of rich work: this work is generally a wreath of leaves worked in white; the middle of each leaf is formed of lace. Over this are sometimes a few small tucks, but this is seldom the case.

Three rouleaus of clear crimped muslin, to each of which is attached a very narrow flounce of clear muslin small-plaited, are also used to decorate the bottoms of dinner gowns: a corkscrew roll of satin of two different colours is sometimes run through these rouleaus, and has a very pretty effect.

The busts and sleeves of dinner dresses are trimmed either with blond or *tulle*, except when the bottom is trimmed with swansdown, and then the bosom and sleeves are finished to correspond. Narrow lace, quilled very full, is generally used for *percale*; but I have seen some of these dresses ornamented with full puffings of clear muslin round the sleeves and bosom; a small bow of narrow ribbon was placed between each puffing. This kind of trimming had a neat and simple effect.

The favourite materials for full dress at present are *tulle* over white satin, or white satin only. Gauze and crape have disappeared. One sees, however, on some *élégantes* dresses of rich white lace over white satin; but these dresses are rare, very probably because they are

extremely costly. They are worn with a bodice of white satin made exactly to the shape, cut very low round the bust, and finished at the waist by *tabs*.

If, my dear Sophia, you do not know what a *tab* is, your grand-mamma will probably be able to shew you some at the bottom of her stays. These *tabs* are something less than an inch in breadth; they are edged with narrow silk trimming or lace. The sleeves are very short; they are composed of white lace, and generally finished by a satin band edged with pearl. A lace pelerine ornaments the bust, and a single flounce of very broad lace goes round the bottom. These dresses please me very much; there is an elegant simplicity in them which one rarely meets with here.

The *costume de bal* has not altered since I wrote last; and the very elegant dancing dress which I then described to you, is still in as much estimation as ever.

Coral is in very great estimation, though not quite so much the rage as it was last year: it is sometimes mixed with gold. Coral sprigs, for instance, have a gold stalk. Sprigs, flowers, bunches of wild berries and of raspberries, composed of it, are all fashionable as ornaments for the hair.

The hair is now dressed lighter on the temples than it has been for some time. The hind hair still continues to be divided into bands, which are platted and intermixed with pearl; these bands, instead of being brought up to the crown of the head, are now brought over to the front, and arranged so as to form a very full tuft. For balls, the hair is always ornamented with a

wreath of roses, either white or red, or sometimes a mixture of both; this wreath is placed very forward on the forehead.

Toques continue to be worn in full dress; they are higher in the crown than when I wrote last, but they are not so fashionable as turbans. The favourite materials for these latter are India muslin, crape, and cachemire. India muslin is generally embroidered in gold and mixed with crape; and when the turban is of cachemire, the crown is almost always of satin.

The forms of these turbans defy description, they are so varied by the manner in which the materials are disposed. I shall endeavour to send you one of the newest by the first opportunity.

It is some time since I have spoken of promenade or dress shoes. The former are generally composed of coloured kid. When the weather is clear and frosty, they are lined and trimmed with fur. Sandals are very little worn. Slippers are made to come high over the instep, but not unbecomingly so. Dress slippers are always composed of white silk, except when the trimming of the dress is coloured, and then they correspond.

Roses are at present the only flower in request for full dress. One sometimes sees indeed those ladies who are outrageous partisans either of the revolutionary or the royalist cause, adorned with lilies or violets; but this is rarely the case, for there seems to be a tacit agreement on both sides, to avoid the badges of party. You have heard, I suppose, of the king and the members of the royal family wearing the violet, from a wish to

abolish all party distinctions: but I am sorry to say that it has had no effect, for the spirit of rancour and ill-will, which party feuds always generate, is as violent as ever. But if I begin upon politics, I am sure

you will say that it is high time for me to conclude my letter. So adieu, my dear Sophia! Believe me always your

EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

The History and Antiquities of the Cathedral of Winchester, by Mr. Britton, with thirty engravings, is nearly completed. It comprises an original investigation into the early establishment and progress of Christianity in the south-western part of the island, *i. e.* among the West Saxons; an essay on the origin and architectural styles of the present cathedral, and a description of that edifice; an account of its various and splendid monuments; biographical anecdotes of the bishops, &c.; with ample graphic illustrations of the architecture and sculpture of the church. The latter are chiefly engraved by J. and H. Le Keux, from drawings by Edward Blore. The volume is dedicated, by permission, to the late Princess Charlotte, whose character and loss are noticed in the preface. In its historical and architectural relations, the cathedral of Winchester presents more attraction than any other edifice in England; and the author appears to have taken much pains to elucidate the one and illustrate the other.

Mr. Britton's first number of *Illustrations of York Cathedral* is also just ready; with six engravings by the two Le Keux, Scott, &c. from drawings by Mackenzie and Blore.

Mr. Donald Mackay has in the press, and will shortly publish, in

one volume 12mo. *The Lady's Encyclopædia*, being an introduction to those branches of science essential in the education of young females; comprehending Chronology, Ancient History, Geography, Drawing, Music, Dancing, &c.; from the French of Madame de la Mimardiere.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in one volume, *A Week's Holidays at Home*, or *The Townly Family*, being a collection of original stories, for the amusement and instruction of youth; containing also a Morning and Evening Hymn for every day in the week.

Shortly will be published, 12mo. a third edition, with additions, of *The Pleasures of Religion*, in letters, from Joseph Felton to his son Charles.

Early in February will be published, *Tales of my Landlady*, in three volumes.

Early in February will be published, *Sir James the Ross*, a border story, in one volume 12mo.

Shortly will be published, *Rhododaphne*, or *The Thessalian Spell*, a poem, in foolscap.

Mr. Egerton has in the press a new work, *The Soldiers of Venezuela*, which it is expected will excite much interest.

In the press, *A Journey to Rome and Naples*, performed in the summer of 1817, by way of Paris, &c.

ons, Mount Cenis, Turin, Genoa, (by sea to) Leghorn, Pisa, Rome, Naples; including visits to Portici, Herculaneum, Pompeii, Vesuvius (which was ascended during the time of an eruption), and the classic ground of Pozzuoli and Baiæ; returning by the Adriatic, Bologna, Venice, Vicenza, Verona, Milan, the Simplon, and Geneva: giving some account of the present state of society in Italy, with a short description of the several cities and countries passed through, and a sketch of their ancient and poetic history: containing also a dissertation on the fine arts, with observations on the present schools of England, France, and Italy; together with a relation of the various accidents met with by the author in travelling, the robberies and assassinations he was witness of, with such other information as may be thought useful to future travellers in Italy, or interesting to readers at home: by Henry Sass, student of the Royal Academy of Arts.

A Collection, made by Dr. May at Augsburg, of 1076 *Tracts on the Reformation*, published between the years 1518 and 1550 by Luther and his cotemporaries, partly in Latin, partly in German, is offered for sale. Twelve or fifteen of these tracts have manuscript notes in Luther's own hand-writing. Of some of them, there are five or six different editions of the same year. The collection is chronologically arranged, and a systematic *catalogue raisonné* in two small folio volumes will be delivered with it. A fine manuscript of Luther's Explanation of the Penitentiary Psalms, written on vellum in or about the year 1524, ornamented with gold and coloured letters, belongs likewise

to the collection. This collection of *Autographa Lutheri et Reformationum* is as complete as the famous collection made by Panzer and Schwarz. The price demanded for it is 150 guineas.

Mr. Heaphy intends to publish early in February next, the first number of his *British Characters*, being studies from nature during the time he was with his Grace the Duke of Wellington in Spain. Each number will consist of four portraits of brave men who have fought the battles of their country, with an account of the engagements in which they have respectively been. This work will be printed from stone, and published, for Mr. Heaphy, by R. Ackermann.

Mrs. Peck, with whose literary character the world is already well acquainted, is about to give a new proof of her imagination and taste by the publication of a national tale, founded on some extraordinary facts in the history of Ireland during the seventh century.

Letters, written during a tour through Ireland, by John C. Curwen, Esq. M. P. are printing in two volumes 8vo.

Zeluz Alvarez, or Manners in Spain, interspersed with poetry, by Alex. R. C. Dallas, Esq. will shortly appear in three volumes 12mo.

Mr. Carlisle's *Account of the Endowed Grammar Schools in England and Wales*, is nearly ready for publication.

Mr. C. W. Rördanez is about to publish *The Mercantile Guide*, being an account of the trade of the principal commercial places on the Continent of Europe; of their monies, exchanges, weights and measures, charges, duties, &c. in one volume 8vo.

An Account of the Life, Ministry, and Writings of the Rev. John Fawcett, D. D. fifty years minister of the Gospel at Halifax, will be shortly published by his son.

On the 1st of February will be published, in one volume 8vo. *An Historical and Explanatory Dissertation on Steam-Engines and Steam-Packets*; with the evidence in full, given by the most eminent engineers, mechanists, and manufacturers, to the select committees of the House of Commons: together with the Committees' Reports, distinguishing and defining safe and unsafe steam-engines, and their proper management: comprising particulars of the fatal explosions of boilers at Norwich, Northumberland, Wells-street, and in America: concluding with a Narrative, by Isaac Weld, Esq. of the interesting voyage of the Thames steam-yacht from Glasgow in Scotland, to Dublin and London, by Geo. Dodd, civil engineer: illustrated by two ele-

gant engravings of steam-yachts. This work embraces much practical and scientific information on this novel and interesting subject.

Mr. Bakewell will commence his Series of Lessons on Geology at the Argyle Rooms early in March, to be elucidated by a magnificent suite of rock specimens recently collected by himself, and by a great variety of new and original drawings, sections, and models.

At a meeting of the governors of the Royal Dispensary for the Diseases of the Ear, a vote of thanks was unanimously given to John Sims, M. D. F. R. S. the consulting physician; also to J. H. Curtis, Esq. surgeon to the institution. Since its establishment upwards of 340 patients have been received, a great number of whom have been cured or relieved; among them a boy, seven years of age, born deaf and dumb, has been restored to the use of hearing and speech.

Poetry.

VALENTINE, for Miss RACHEL I

RAINE shall for thee the Muse her votive lay,

And wake her lyre thy merits to display.
Charming thy form is! oh! what peerless grace!

Heav'n seldom has produced a lovelier face;

Each winning way is thine that charms the heart;

Love's in thy smile, and transport does impart;

Delight attends where'er thou deign'st to dwell;

Unrival'd wit, in sense who can excel?

Now for a wreath to bind thy temples round,

Let roses, rose-buds, hyacinths be found:
Oh! then let music loftiest pæans raise,

Proclaim unto the world thy matchless praise.

GLASGOW.

J. C.

VALENTINE, for Miss HELEN B——.

The lovely smile on Helen's cheek
Delights me more than tongue can speak;
The heav'nly glance of those bright eyes,
So well the want of words supplies,
Each heart must feel their power divine;
'Tis then no wonder they've pierced mine.

Is she not gay as blooming May,
Nice as the peach pluck'd from the spray,
Delicious as the mellow pine,
Enchanting as the Muses nine?
Is she not as the lily fair,
A rose-bud of such beauty rare,
That sigh must many a gallant swain
Her love and favour to obtain?
Oh! may that happiness be mine!
Thrice blest shall hence be

VALENTINE.

GLASGOW.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

Laicus is inadmissible, as we cannot make our pages the vehicle of religious controversy.

If Camilla will favour us with a sight of the manuscript in question, we shall be able to give a decisive answer on the subject.

Some unexpected articles which it was desirable to introduce into the present Number, have obliged us to postpone various Selections till our next.

Several poetical contributions, which it is unnecessary to specify, are below par.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNTON, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.



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VOL. V.

MARCH 1, 1818.

XXVII.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE 13.—THE BRIDGE OF ST. MAURICE.

WHEN the traveller has quitted Boveret, the aspect of the country totally changes; instead of the smiling and ever-varying banks of the lake, the road runs along a valley, contracted by the Rhone, and almost uncultivated, to Sex, an ancient castle, now forsaken, which formerly defended the entrance of the Valais. The country afterwards becomes more fertile; it is covered with villages, fine meadows, and fruit-trees, through which are seen, on the other side of the Rhone, the steeples of Aigle and Bex.

As you proceed into the Valais the mountains rise; the tower of Aix and the Diablerets, from which issue the salt-springs of Bex, are perceived on the left; and farther on, the Dent de Morcles, and that of the south, peaks almost always covered with snow, approach so near to one another, that they seem to have been separated by some convulsion, for the purpose of opening a passage for the rapid river which flows at their feet. St. Maurice, whose ancient castle is built

on the brow of a rock, closes the pass: a bridge of a single arch crosses the whole breadth of the valley; and but for the new road of the Simplon, it would still be, as formerly, the only entrance of the Valais passable by carriages. On account of its bold construction it has been ascribed to the Romans, but it was built by Justus de Sitten, Bishop of Sion, who lived at the end of the fifteenth century. The tower at one extremity marks the boundary between the canton of Vaud and the Valais.

St. Maurice was the *Aganion* of the Romans, and the place to which they conveyed the dead from all the adjacent country for interment. The pavement of the church was formerly composed of the sepulchral stones of these ancient graves. Several Roman monuments are still to be seen there. This town owes its present name to an abbey, erected in the beginning of the sixth century, in honour of St. Maurice the martyr, who, according to the legend, was massacred at this place in 302 by

the Emperor Maximus, for being a Christian, together with the whole Theban legion which he commanded.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE VALAIS.

No country of Europe has such a just claim to the attention of the enlightened traveller as the Valais. The naturalist, the philosopher, and the statesman, will traverse that extraordinary country with equal interest. There every thing differs from what is seen elsewhere: there are found a different nature, different manners, and political customs abolished among the neighbouring nations; and this country, so little known, is placed between France and Italy, in the centre of the most civilized regions of the globe.

The Valais is situated in the midst of the Alps. On quitting La Fourche these colossal mountains divide, and the two chains uniting at Mont Blanc, encompass the deepest valley of the known world. In the southern chain are the three highest mountains in Europe: Mont Blanc, which rises, according to the measurements of Trallès, 2466 fathoms above the sea; Mont Rosa, 2430; and Mont Cervin, 2309, according to Saussure. The loftiest of the northern chain are, the Finsteraarhorn, 2206; the Jungfrau, 2145; and the Balmhorn, 1905 fathoms, according to Trallès. Brieg, situated between Mont Rosa and the Finsteraarhorn, and which is 364 fathoms above the level of the sea, is consequently at the bottom of a valley, the southern declivity of which is 2066 and the northern 1842 fathoms in height. The valley of Chamouni is only 1926 fa-

thoms lower than Mont Blanc, and that of Quito is 1751 lower than Chimborasso, though this point of the Cordilleras is 750 fathoms higher than Mont Blanc.

The northern chain separates the Valais from the other Swiss cantons; the southern forms a vast barrier between that valley and Savoy and Piedmont. The Valais is thirty-four leagues in length from east to west, ten in its greatest breadth from north to south, and its area is about 200 square leagues.

The summits of these two chains of the Alps are covered with everlasting snow; their sides are riven by deep and narrow ravines, which serve for channels to rapid torrents, and run to the principal valley. The Rhone traverses the Valais longitudinally, from the glaciers of La Fourche, where that river rises, to the Lake of Geneva, into which it discharges its waters. Its fall in this space is 713 fathoms. Sometimes cooped between rocks, it can scarcely force a passage, and its foaming waves precipitate themselves in cascades; at others, spreading over the plains, it inundates the meadows, converts them into marshes, and leaves traces of its ravages wherever the hand of man has not confined it within due bounds.

To its depth, and to the altitude of the mountains which surround it, this valley owes the great variety observed in its productions. In low and open situations the fruits of Italy attain maturity; the vine prospers there, and yields excellent wines. As you ascend the slope of the Alps, you find the vines succeeded by fields, and the fields by forests and pastures, which extend

to the snowy region. Nature here presents the most astonishing contrast of the rich productions of the south and all the horrors of the frozen zone.

The Valais has hitherto been but little visited and little known: it is necessarily cut off from its neighbours by its situation. Before the construction of the road of the Simplon, one gate at St. Maurice closed the entrance to the whole country; and in a circumference of seventy leagues there was but a small number of communications with Italy and Switzerland, of which the inhabitants of the plains cannot form any conception. The most commodious and most frequented passage, the Great St. Bernard, leading to the valley of Aoste, offers to travellers a road that is passable only during a few months of the year for mules alone, and where they would often be exposed to the greatest dangers, but for the assistance of the monks who reside in the hospital on the summit of the mountain. A kind of enthusiasm, and the absolute renouncement of all the pleasures of life, have been, and still are, necessary to fix men in these frightful deserts. A second road, cut in a zigzag direction in the vertical side of a rock 600 fathoms in height, leads to the baths of Louesch, in the canton of Berne, across the Gemmi. A third, likewise very steep, conducts to the valley of Chamouni: lastly, three dangerous passes lead, the one to the canton of Berne by the Grimsel; the second to the valley of Urseren, at the foot of St. Gothard, by La Fourche; and the third to the valley of Formazza, in Italy, by

a mountain called the Griess. Such were the channels opened for foreign traffic: the internal communications were little better; many of the villages had no other than ladders from platform to platform, by means of which their inhabitants climbed up perpendicular rocks several hundred fathoms in height.

This country was formerly divided into the Upper Valais, comprising the seven *dirains* of Sion, Sieres, Loquesch, Viege, Razon, Brieg, and Goms; and the Lower Valais, containing seven *chatellenies* or *baillages*, the seats of which were at Saint Maurice, Martigny, Montey, Neuda, Boveret, Arden, and Bagne. On quitting the banks of the Lake of Geneva, and proceeding up the Rhone, the traveller first passes through the Lower Valais, in which lie St. Maurice and Martigny. Five leagues from St. Maurice, at the little river Morse, begins the territory of the Upper Valais; a league higher is Sion, the capital of the whole country. Continuing his course eastward, he comes to Sieres and Leuck, or Louesch; Viege and Razon next make their appearance, and lastly Brieg, where the pass of the Simplon commences. Beyond Brieg the valley grows considerably narrower, and becomes a kind of precipice, the bottom of which is ravaged by the Rhone. Conches is on the left bank of the river; but continuing along its right bank, you arrive by a narrow path at Lax, a village built in a very wild situation on the steep declivity of a mountain. Beyond Lax, the same path leads to a branch of the mountains which runs to the foot of the

Grimsel, La Fourche, and the glaciers, the inexhaustible sources of the Rhone.

No man, however insensible to the beauties of nature, can traverse the Valais without feeling surprise and deep emotion. The mere perusal of the beautiful description given of it by Rousseau will never cease to enchant, by its force and truth, the genuine lovers of nature, and the admirers of the power which art exercises over it. "Slowly, and on foot," says he, "I climbed some very rugged paths. I wished to indulge my reverie, but was incessantly diverted from it by some unexpected sight: here immense rocks hung in ruins over my head; there high and noisy waterfalls drenched me with their thick spray; and presently an everlasting torrent opened beside me an abyss which the eye durst not venture to fathom. Sometimes I lost myself in the recesses of a thick wood; at others, on issuing from a rugged ravine, cheerful meadows suddenly burst upon my view. An astonishing mixture of wild and cultivated nature every where displayed the hand of man in spots to which he might have been supposed to have never penetrated. By the side of a cavern stood houses; I met with grapes where I should have expected nothing but briars; excellent fruit on rocks, and fields at the bottom of precipices.

"It was not human labour alone that produced such strange contrasts in this extraordinary country: Nature seemed also to have taken pleasure in presenting herself on one and the same spot under the most different aspects. To the east the flowers of spring; to the

south the fruits of autumn; to the north the ice of winter. She combined all the seasons in the same moment, all climates in the same place, soils the most contrary on the same spot, and formed a medley, elsewhere unknown, of the productions of the plains and those of the Alps. Add to all this, the optical illusions, the peaks of the mountains differently lighted, the *chiaroscuro* of the sun and shadows, and all the accidents of light resulting from it morning and evening, and you will have some idea of the ever-varying scenes that excited my admiration, and that seemed to be presented to me in a real theatre; for the prospect of the mountains being vertical, strikes the eye at once, and much more strongly than that of the plains, which are seen obliquely by degrees, and where every object conceals another from your view."

The productions of the Valais are indeed infinitely diversified, and the most striking contrasts result from their assemblage. Its mountains, fragments of which cover the plains of the Pays de Vaud, and the base of part of the Jura, display the astonishing succession of the rocks of the Alps: they are composed of granite, gneiss, schist, serpentine, marble, and ancient calcareous rocks: they contain also load-stone, beautiful granates, crystals of various kinds, perhaps likewise ores of the precious metals; at least it is to the discovery of such ores that the people attribute the considerable wealth of certain families of the Valais. From the banks of the Rhone to the region of snow, the slope of the mountains is covered with an admirable suc-

cession of trees and plants. At the bottom of the valley you leave the fig and the pomegranate loaded with fruit, and as you continue to ascend, you meet with the trees and plants of every climate, up to the rhododendron which thrives close to the everlasting snows. The forests consist of the chesnut, plane, oak, beech, birch, pine, fir, or larch, according to the degree of their elevation.

The wild goat and the chamois climb the least accessible rocks, and graze upon their summits: the bear, the marmot, the white hare, inhabit the dreary retreats of the narrow defiles of the Alps; and the boar sometimes appears on the banks of the Rhone. Birds of prey of all kinds build in the cavities of the steepest rocks; moor-fowl, and the red and white partridge, as well as all the birds of passage, abound in the forests and in the marshes at the bottom of the valley.

About 24,000 souls compose the population of the whole country. The inhabitants of the Upper Valais are a handsome, robust race, resembling in character and manners the mountaineers of the neighbouring cantons of Berne and Uri: strangers like the latter to commerce and manufactures, and averse to tillage, their meadows and cattle engage their whole attention. The inhabitants of the Lower Valais are not so stout and strong: they carelessly cultivate a rich soil; but the negligence of the husbandman is almost justified by the moderation of his desires.

Two diseases are in some measure peculiar to the Valaisans, and more especially to those who inhabit the districts of Sieres, Sion, and Mar-

tigny: these diseases are the *goitre*, and what is called *cretinism*, the causes of which are still unknown. The former is a swelling, often of monstrous size, but rarely mortal; but the latter, dreadful in its effects, degrades both the moral and physical man, and transforms him into a stupid and disgusting brute. A livid complexion, flaccid flesh, and pendent lips are the external symptoms of the disease: several cretins, denied both speech and hearing, are strangers to every other sensation than that of satisfying the first wants of nature. The efforts of the government and of individuals have considerably diminished the number of these unfortunate persons, yet they are still frequently met with in the Lower Valais. Is this disease owing to the excessive heat and a defective circulation of the air in the bottom of the valley? or is it hereditary, and confined to certain families? These are questions of the highest importance to the Valaisans; were they to be resolved, we should soon see the country delivered for ever from the most dreadful and melancholy of afflictions.

All the Valaisans profess the Roman Catholic religion, and are attached to it with all that tenacity to ancient customs and opinions which is observed in mountaineers. With the exception of a few parishes of the Pennine Alps, where a corrupt Italian is spoken, the language of the whole of the Upper Valais is the Swiss German dialect: the French, and a Roman *patois* almost unintelligible to strangers, are the idiom of the Lower Valais.

The Valaisan, living by himself, either as a herdsman or a husband-

man, has remained a stranger to the numerous wants which luxury and effeminacy have introduced among most nations: the simplicity of his manners, his moderation, and his hospitality, have been described in the most impressive manner by one who deeply felt the value of those virtues. Every Valaisan, when absent from his country, longs to return thither: foreign military service does not weaken this desire; and general officers, habituated during a long absence to the luxury of courts and the pleasures of great cities, have been seen on their return home, to resume the simple manners and ancient customs of their forefathers.

Is it not to this very simplicity of manners, and to the moderation of the Valaisans, that we ought to ascribe the imperfection of their agriculture and the total want of manufactures? In the cultivation of the vine, and in the manner of making wine, they are far behind their neighbours, the inhabitants of the canton of Vaud: yet the Valais contains superb vineyards, and the excellent quality of the wines of certain quarters may afford an idea of the advantage that would result from their improvement. The same observation applies to the fields, the orchards, and in general to all the lands susceptible of cultivation at the bottom of the valley and at the foot of the mountains. The people of the Upper Valais have a thorough knowledge of the management of meadows and cattle. There you find irrigations effected with long and persevering toil: frequently a rivulet is turned from its course, and carried in long wooden channels

across rocks and ravines, till it reaches the field over which its waters are to diffuse life and fertility. The Valaisan exports some raw productions, but no manufactured articles: indeed he scarcely knows how to convert his wool and flax into the coarse stuffs in which the lower classes are clothed. The road which now traverses the Valais will perhaps impart increased activity to agriculture, and give birth to some manufactures: but these advantages, splendid as they may appear, would be too dearly bought, if they cost these people the simplicity of their manners and the happy obscurity in which they have so long lived.

A valley situated between Italy and Gaul could not have been neglected by the Romans: the single passage of the St. Bernard required a police and a security which the Roman laws and legions could alone afford. Various monuments, and a great number of inscriptions, prove the establishment of the Romans in the Lower Valais. We learn from Cæsar, that the Veragri and Seduni were the ancient inhabitants of the country; he says that their territories extended from the frontiers of the Allobroges, Lake Lemman, and the Rhone, to the summits of the Alps. St. Maurice was the ancient *Aganum*; Martigny, *Octodurum*; Sion, *Sedunum*, the capital of the tribe who bore its name. The Upper Valais was probably indebted to its mountains for the preservation of its liberty. From the 5th century this country formed part of the different kingdoms of Burgundy. In 1032, the death of Rudolph III. having put an end to the last of these monar-

chies, the Emperor Conrad II. made himself master of the whole country: he gave the Lower Valais to Humbert Count of Savoy, and left the Upper subject to the Bishop of Sion. In 1250, during the interregnum which followed the death of the Emperor Frederic II. the Valaisans asserted their independence: they secured by alliances the support of the neighbouring towns, and after a long and bloody struggle with their bishops, who were assisted by the house of Savoy and by several gentlemen, the towns of Brieg, Naters, and Vierge, at length concluded, in 1417, an alliance with the Swiss cantons of Lucerne, Uri, and Unterwalden. In 1475, the Upper Valaisans, with the aid of their allies and the people of Berne, subdued the Lower Valais. From the year 1533 a close and perpetual alliance with Berne and the seven Catholic cantons, irrevocably attached the Valais to the Helvetic confederation. This country, therefore, took part in its wars, and, like the cantons, concluded various capitulations for furnishing troops to foreign powers. In 1798 it shared the fate of the rest of Switzerland; but its subjugation was not accomplished without long and bloody conflicts. The Valais was then made a district of a Rhodanic republic, afterwards a Swiss canton, and then a separate republic under the immediate protection of France.

At length, in 1810, it was incorporated with the French empire by the style of the department of the Simplon, and such it remained till the fall of Buonaparte once more restored it to the independence which it now enjoys as a canton of the Swiss confederation.

Before 1798, the Upper Valais, which exercised the sovereignty, was composed of seven *dirains*, which were so many petty republics: each had its high jurisdiction and its council, with a *châtelain* at its head. The deputies of these *dirains*, convoked at Sion by a captain-general, composed a national council, which treated of peace, war, and all affairs that concerned the whole of the country. The Bishop of Sion had a vote and seat in this council; he sealed its acts in quality of count and prefect of the Valais; a dignity which, with the title of prince, had been anciently conferred upon him by the emperors. The money of the country was also coined in his name. The general council appointed the captain of the country, the chancellor, and other officers, and also the seven bailiffs who governed the Lower Valais. Since 1798 all the Valaisans have had a share in the sovereignty, and to the seven old *dirains* have been added five new ones, composed of the inhabitants of the Lower Valais, formerly subject to the Upper.

MISCELLANIES.

PL. 14.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER XVII.

Do you know what I have been doing? I have been making a propitiatory sacrifice to the blessed memory of Rousseau, which I so cruelly insulted an hour ago: I have exterminated all the infernal

casuistical books in my closet, which had well nigh tempted me to turn Jesuit. From the treatise *De Probabilitate* to Sanchez *De Matrimonio*—of seventeen works with which I had made myself pretty intimately acquainted, there is nothing left but the backs, and one single leaf of the legend of St. Clara, containing the grand demonstration of the Trinity, and which I bethought myself to rescue from the flames as a voucher of my veracity, after the book was completely in a blaze. The fire has consumed all the rest. This *auto-da-fé* took place immediately under the bust of that immortal writer. The more the rising flames spread in the fireplace, the more they tinged his pallid countenance, which, as if glowing with the fire of virtue, looked down upon me. I fancied that I could perceive in his austere looks the highest disapprobation of my levity, and my own cheeks were crimsoned with repentant shame on account of the indiscretions into which I had been allured.

If the images of those thousands who have been canonized were capable of awakening such sensations—ah! who could censure the paying of religious veneration to them? Who could then ridicule the devotion of a tender maiden kneeling before the Madonna beside her bed, in order to strengthen her tottering virtue? Who would venture to banish from his sight a figure that serves to remind him of honour and integrity, whether it were a Borromæus or a Rousseau?—O ye popes, ye deans, and monks, who have placed upon altars a legion of profligates, not for the preservation but for the seduction of virtue—who by flagitious arts hard-

en the tender conscience—who by passports encourage many a weak soul to tread the paths of vice—who suspend consolation for criminals to every lamp that lights your St. Concordias, your Magdalens, and your Madonnas—who by your consecrated relics exalt the imagination, and impose upon the unsuspecting—O ye most reprobate of mankind! O that I could destroy all your niches and chapels, all your sanctuaries consecrated to guilt, as easily as I have annihilated the poisonous pages that were calculated to encourage only the basest passions! And you, my good countrymen, who may chance hereafter to occupy these lodgings, thank me for having purified them of that licentious company, whose ashes will soon be given to all the winds of heaven! Buy instead of them for your recreation the works of Rousseau of your neighbour Fez, and read them in the presence of his bust. Against the charms of the psalm-singing sorceress I have no occasion to warn you—you know her now; and she herself will scarcely trust a heretic again.

The horses are not yet come, anxious as I am to get away from the scene of this odious story, of which I am here most painfully reminded by every object, from the glowing ashes in my fireplace to the empty backs, which, like the skins of serpents and crocodiles, are lying beside them.

Tell me, Edward—Heaven and hell! what do I see? The only spectre from which I have any thing to fear, comes hobbling along the street—approaches nearer—stares with evident surprise at my carriage, which stands at the door ready for my departure—and now—

the horrid figure ascends the stairs. In a word, old Bertilia is returned. But—for mercy's sake--what keeps the horses?—Upon my word, I almost believe that it is necessary for them as well as their driver, to hear mass before their religion permits them to remove a heretic. What will become of me, my dear Edward, if the hag should discover the least trace of my visit to Clara; if she should perceive the rumpled made during her absence in her niece's muslin neck-handkerchief, and if the little artful saint, like another Delilah, should betray me to my enemies?—Oh! that the post-horses were but here! But Bastian himself, whom I have sent after them for the third time, does not come back. I seem to myself as though I were betrayed and sold—'Tis all over with me, Edward—here's the aunt—she knocks at the door--the pen drops from my hand--

I have now, my dear friend, to give you an account of a most unpleasant affair, and I could not have a better opportunity for doing it; for, unluckily, I am brought to such a pass that I am in the custody of an old woman, and cannot for the present converse with a single human being except yourself. As to my journey, I must give up all thoughts of that for to-day; and at times I even feel apprehensive that I may perhaps be detained till the festival of St. Cecilia—God knows for what kind of ceremony.

The execrable woman! She entered my room politely enough, and her countenance had nothing more repulsive than usual. I placed a chair for her opposite to mine, and the following dialogue ensued:

Vol. V. No. XXVII.

“ You are going to leave us already, sir, as I perceive by your preparations.”

“ Letters from Marseilles, my dear madam, oblige me to set out sooner than I intended. But I mean, God willing, to be back by the 18th of next month. Will you keep the apartments for me till that time?”

“ What, sir! so you have heard already of the extraordinary solemnities of that festival? But do you know too what a high price lodgings fetch in this city on that occasion?”

“ I do: but the price is of no consequence—what any other would give, I can afford to give too.”

“ That is very well, sir; but I cannot engage the lodgings for such a time without consulting his reverence the dean. I cannot possibly tell what he may intend to do with the apartments. He may have promised them to a friend, or to avoid disturbance, he may even have resolved to let them stand empty. He has, you know, the superintendence of this charitable institution; and it is but natural—”

“ O perfectly natural!” cried I impatiently. “ But I cannot conceive what keeps my horses such an unconscionable while.”

She would not understand me.

“ I am only sorry, sir,” continued she, “ that you should have occupied the apartments scarcely a fourth part of the time for which you will have to pay.”

“ Let me beg of you, my dear madam, not to mention such a trifle. The poor will reap the benefit”—and with these words I cast an anxious look at my watch.

T

"This point," she resumed—

"Only tell me," cried I, interrupting her, "whether the post is far from hence. The best thing I could do would be to run thither myself." So saying I rose from my seat.

"Let me beg of you, sir," replied the obstinate woman, also rising, "not to interrupt me thus incessantly.—This point, I say, was settled before: and so, that I may not delay you, I will just run over the little inventory of the things left for your use—merely for form's sake, as I am sure that all will be right."

These words fell upon me like a thunderbolt. My indiscretion now stared me in the face. How could I be so absent as not to think till this moment of the empty backs of the books, which seemed to wait behind the old woman's chair like witnesses to accuse me! Not having the power to strike her blind, as I would fain have done, I saw no human possibility of getting rid of these evidences of my guilt. Neither could I at once devise any plausible excuse, as though every species of sophistry had been banished from the world by the burning of those books. She leisurely adjusted her spectacles, examined the looking-glass most minutely, notwithstanding the hideous figure which it reflected—turned the bust to the light—spread out the taffeta window-curtains, and just as I was going to throw the hog-skin cover of my trunk over the relics of my victims, she turned her dragon's eyes to the fireplace.

I verily believe, Edward, that an old woman in anger is one of the things that Horace forbids to be

brought upon the stage. I shall therefore not attempt to delineate her look; you shall only hear her voice, and that I dare say will be quite enough for you. Not longer than for about one dreadful minute she looked speechless first at me, and then at the backs of the books, as though she doubted the possession of her senses or the fidelity of her spectacles. She stepped nearer, cast a look of despair at the precious heap of ashes, picked up the back of Sanchez—dropped it again with horror, and threw herself down as if frantic, and with folded hands, beside it. A Fury invoking the god of hell cannot present a more hideous figure than she exhibited in this attitude. My hair stood erect, and I started back with mingled awe and horror when her lips began to move. I have not only heard in my lifetime many silly and absurd prayers, but likewise many damnatory and maledictory ones; but never before had such a composition as hers met my ear. At first her expressions were only silly, something like the exordium of many a controversial sermon. "*Sancta Trinitas!*" cried she, "*ora pro nobis!* Charge not to my account, O ye saints and martyrs, the crime committed in this house of God by a despiser of your name!"—But as if she had thereby acquired a right to curse without reserve, she then strung together all the most horrible imprecations that could be picked out of a hundred prayer-books, into an anathema against me, in comparison with which the *Bulla in Cana Domini** is politeness itself. God for-

* Such is the name given to a piece composed of imprecations and curses,

bid that I should repeat it after her! —I listened to her for a considerable time in patient astonishment —nay, if you please, with a sort of admiration of her infernal eloquence. At length, however, when the poisonous torrent rolled with increased impetuosity—when her lips foamed, and her eyes became more and more inflamed—when she thundered forth that many, not a whit my inferiors, had in her pious country been broken upon the wheel for smaller crimes, and served as food for the crows—and I recollected the miserable fate of the innocent Calas—my bile began to overflow. “Detestable hag!” cried I, “avaunt this instant! Begone to your harlot of a niece, lest I should smother you in the ashes of the generation of vipers which you are lamenting.” I then ran, some- what infected with her fury, and pulled the bell to obtain Bastian’s assistance; but while I was ringing like a fool, the witch escaped, and before I could conceive why a person who has been sent to the post cannot possibly be at home, she had taken away the key and locked the door on the outside. It was now obvious enough how much she had the advantage of me, as the ebullition of my just indignation had rendered me blind to all the minor circumstances that might have been

which has for centuries been read every Maundy-Thursdaiy, in the presence of the popes, against all those whom they honour with the appellation of *heretics*. When it is finished, a burning torch is dashed upon the ground, as an emblem of the anathema which they hurl in spirit upon those who presume to think differently from themselves. A most edifying festival at Rome!

serviceable to me: whereas she, notwithstanding her rage, never lost sight of the smallest occasion to gratify her malice.

This scene, Edward, has quite confounded me. I cannot make out to my satisfaction the situation in which I stand in regard to the hospital, or duly balance the *pros* and *cons* of my case. That I have burned some books belonging to a charitable institution is very true: —but, good God! what kind of books! Does he deserve the gallows who steals poison, for the purpose of throwing it into a pit, that none of his fellow-creatures may receive injury from it? Yes indeed, if murderers are his judges. This is not the most cheering of prospects, and I fear—I very much fear, that I shall have to pay dearly for the sacrifice that I have offered to the memory of the immortal Rousseau.

I have just heard them locking all the doors of the ante-room and of the house, and now I see the aunt and niece running across the street—Heaven knows for what assistants of their spite. Let them collect all the judges and executioners in the city for what I care; I would rather have to contend, as a man of experience observes, with lions and dragons than with one enraged woman. That nothing good for me can proceed from the conjunction of the artifice of age and the affronted feelings of youth, is sufficiently evident. How powerfully will the grudge of the pious damsel, which is scarcely an hour old, and which must be the more dangerous the more it is concealed, second the loud accusation of the aunt before the ministers of justice

to whom they are hastening! How severely will the devout psalmist make me suffer for the slight which I offered to her charms and her indulgences! How dearly shall I have to pay for all the crosses that my awkwardness erased! She need only support the ardent zeal of her worthy aunt with a few crocodile tears—she need only, when her superior is considering of the matter, to allow St. Nicaise a little air, or attract the eye of the judge, as she did mine, by the picturesque folds of her drapery, and lead him, by the most insane of all conclusions, to seek proofs of innocence behind them, and my transgressions against God and his church will appear as evident and as heinous as the old dragon can desire.—O deceitful sex! why has Nature enveloped thee in that beauteous cover, which frustrates all endeavours to ascertain thy real figure? Why has she disguised thy hideousness with charms which deceive the most sharp-sighted of men? And, alas! why has she left but one way to the mazy labyrinth of thy heart? How different would have been my situation at this moment, if—But why should I wish myself back

from Clara's chambers more guilty than—God be praised!—I really left her? For the paltry advantage—though condemned by my conscience—of passing in the eyes of such persons for a man of honour and good-breeding, and as one who is worthy of belonging to their religion!

I regret the necessity of parting from you, Edward; but prudence commands it. When one man has to cope with two exasperated females, the best thing he can do is to devise all possible means of counteracting their malignity before it is reinforced by other passions, which are always at hand, and it proves to be too late. I hope yet to find time to continue my chat with you, when I have determined upon measures of defence. Would to Heaven that to-morrow—for what remains of to-day will certainly be too short for the purpose—may suffice, if not to retrieve, at least to neutralize all this morning's follies!—Indeed, Edward, when I entered upon this year, I could not have dreamt that I should conclude the first week in it with such a wish.

DANGEROUS EFFECTS OF CONJUGAL CONCEALMENT.

(Continued from p. 97.)

“ I PROMISED to obey Bromly's injunctions, and when my husband returned, assumed an air of cheerfulness, which was foreign to my heart. The tenderness of his behaviour to me and the dear boy would sometimes dispel my suspicions: but then again I should imagine he was overjoyed at his treachery to me being undiscover-

ed. Every trifle tended to awaken my suspicion, and of course to destroy my peace. Judge how I was again alarmed when Beville said to me, ‘ My dear Clara, indispensable business again calls me from home! Believe me, I will use all possible despatch to return. In the mean time be careful of your health, and that of our dear child;

for remember, the happiness of your Beville depends upon you. My friend Bromly informs me that he is about to leave us; I will not, therefore, permit you to remain in solitude any longer than while I am transacting the confidential business which now calls for my attention.'

"Thus saying, he left me a prey to my own wretched reflections. His departure seemed an undoubted confirmation. Bromly was about to take leave: he was, however, he said, unwilling to leave me in a state of such anxiety and suspense; warned me against jealousy, and spoke in the highest terms of my husband, whose character he professed himself desirous to vindicate. My tears continued to flow, and my emissary to procure information. Her behaviour now appeared as if she feared to speak the worst. I entreated, I insisted; at length she exclaimed, 'Madam, why force me to tell you that my master is gone to London? By his servant I have gained this intelligence. The lady who is your rival, is gone thither also, and Mr. Beville has taken bills with him, of great value.'

"As when a whirlwind bursts from its cavern, and suddenly overturns every thing in its way; so did reason fall prostrate before the rage which jealousy kindled in my soul. 'Ungrateful man!' said I, 'never more shall he behold the injured Clara. I will fly. I will remove far distant from him. Nor shall my child be subjected to the imperious rival of my happiness. No, we will go! Virtue and innocence will protect us!' Bromly now made his appearance. He pitied my dis-

traction, owned himself too clearly convinced of Beville's infidelity, but professed himself at a loss how to advise.—'Advice, sir,' I replied, 'is not required. My resolution is fixed. I instantly prepare to leave this country.'—'Ill-fated and ungrateful Beville,' said Bromly, "to drive an amiable wife to this rash, though, perhaps, necessary step! I must own, madam, your husband proves unworthy your esteem. Go then, unfortunate, injured Mrs. Beville, and allow me to prove myself your friend. Permit me to be your protector.'

" 'Not for the universe,' I replied, 'should you be the partner of my flight. However unworthy my husband may be of my love, my heart cannot forget the respect due to its virtue; nor will I incur a suspicion to the contrary. I will only ask your advice as to the manner of my preparing for the Continent. I have some property, exclusively my own; it will be enough for me and my dear deserted child, who shall partake my solitude. However, sir, may your friend live to repent his errors, and to retrace his unhappy course!'

"I bade my servant to pack up all my valuables, and resentment seeming to give me wings, we made a very rapid journey to Brussels. I left a letter for Beville, reproaching him with his infidelity, and assuring him of my unalterable determination to see him no more. Here I arrived, fatigued both in mind and body. Reflection took place, and I could not forbear to wonder at the celerity which had conducted me into a foreign country. Yet I still thought myself perfectly justifiable in the mea-

asures I had taken, and began to form plans for my future conduct. Indeed I felt a triumph in the superiority of virtue even when suffering under the pain inflicted by the vice of others. Alas! short was my triumph, short the applause of my own conduct! Full of such thoughts as reconciled me to every inconveniency, I was one day deeply absorbed in thought, when I was informed that a gentleman begged to see me. Before I could answer, Bromly appeared! I was surprised to see him, and by no means agreeably. But how great was my terror, indignation, and astonishment when he avowed that love had brought him to Brussels! and dared to add, that I was the object of his passion! I could not command patience to hear another syllable. I asked him how he dared to insult my misfortunes. Just resentment had, indeed, impelled me to leave my husband; but Beville was still dear, even though faithless. 'My love of virtue remains inviolable, and the only favour I can entreat from Mr. Bromly is, that I may see him no more.'—'So you hate me, madam?'—'I must, and ever shall! for you have added insult in speech to injury in thought.'—'And hatred, madam,' the fiend replied with a malicious smile, 'demands revenge; mine is already complete—Beville supposes you eloped with me. I have taken care he should think so.'—'Barbarous, detested monster!' I returned, 'thou hast blotted my fair fame for ever! Fly, lest the earth absorb so complicate a villain!'—'One word more,' said he, 'before I remove the hated Bromly from your sight. Know, to your confusion, that you

had no rival in Beville's affection: his journey was for the romantic purpose of secretly relieving a friend from the horrors of a prison.' Thus saying, the wretch departed, leaving a letter on the table.

"O madam, to paint the horror, the distraction of my mind, is impossible! Jealousy, baneful passion! had undone me, and want of candour ruined my reputation and my husband's peace. My son, my dear Augustus, was a continual reproach to me. My whole misguided conduct passed in review before my maddened imagination. Beville had every reason to think me guilty, for appearances combined against me in all their force. To return to England was impossible; to remain in Brussels, where the malice of Bromly might still annoy me deeply, was dangerous. I became ill; tears were my only resource, but I found pity in your look or compassionate sympathy. On opening the letter left by Bromly, I found the real cause of my husband's absence. Too late did I discover the reason, too late was convinced of his innocence. Generous, ever dear Beville! thou hast learned to reckon thy heart-broken Clara among the number of those despised on earth, and rejected by Heaven.

"I came hither without being able to determine on any future plan. My health, as you may perceive, declines fast. My son! my dear Augustus! when I think of thee, a stranger, an unhappy exile in a foreign land!"

"Will you, madam," said Mrs. Margrove, "consider me as your friend? Will you accept my offer-

ed protection? Mr. Margrove is equally ready as myself to prove the sincerity of our wishes. We will send to England; we will endeavour to reconcile Mr. Beville, while you shall remain with us. Be assured your son shall not be forgotten."

"Were I capable of receiving consolation," said Mrs. Beville, "I should be encouraged to hope much from your generous assurances; but, alas! madam, I cannot hope any reconciliation with my husband. The world believe me criminal. Noble-minded persons, yet his notions of honour and his temper are such, that I have felt no extensions to forgiveness in this world. My only comfort now is for my son. Your friendship is the most consolatory resource. I will remain when you think proper."

Mrs. Margrove was glad to receive her assent, and immediately made preparations for her reception. Every day she became more dear to them; her beauty and her sufferings formed a claim, which

hearts so philanthropic could not resist. She had indeed erred, but it was a fault of the head; her heart had never for an instant revolted against virtue. A thousand times she repeated her earnest prayer, that Mr. Beville might survive to be convinced of her innocence. Mrs. Margrove's accounts from England were too distressing to be communicated to the invalid. These accounts stated, that Mrs. Beville's guilt was fully accredited, and that Mr. Beville had left the kingdom, the place of his residence being quite unknown.

In a very few months the infant Augustus was bequeathed by his dying mother to the care of the generous Margroves. The death of the amiable Mrs. Beville threw a shade of deep concern over their reflections for no short period of time. The youthful Augustus had been made acquainted with the errors and misfortunes of his parents:—may he avoid the improper example of concealment in the one, and the excess of credulity in the other!

THE REEDS OF THE TIBER.

By Madame DE GENLIS.

(Continued from p. 81.)

BURNON'S directions were strictly obeyed, and the latter was delivered to Reneval. The despair of the unfortunate young man was too violent for consolation. He had many friends in London, whom he owed not only to his talents, but also to the excellence of his disposition and the nobleness of his character: they did not desert him on this afflicting occasion. He fell dangerously ill, and it was even

feared in his convalescence that his reason would have sunk under the violence of his grief: they succeeded in restoring him a little only by reminding him, and incessantly repeating to him, that Urania had relied on his virtue, his courage, and that she had enjoined him to cultivate his talents. "Ah! I shall doubtless obey her," said he, "if I can without dying! But how can I again take up that flute which has

been from our early years the interpreter of my heart? Every note which it has hitherto produced expressed a feeling of joy or hope. I must cultivate my talent. Alas! this talent, matured, brought to perfection by love, this useless and unfortunate talent, no longer exists; it is buried with her in the tomb! All those elevated ideas with which she inspired me, all those illusions, are annihilated for me. I shall hereafter be but a vulgar musician! I have irretrievably lost all emulation, and all hope of recompence!" With these words he shed a torrent of tears. Nevertheless, from a religious respect for the last wishes of Urania, he caused his flute to be brought to him—he shuddered as he again took it up. He at first produced only plaintive notes, interrupted by frequent pauses; and never did music so well express deep affliction. All listened to him with surprise and emotion. He took a melancholy delight in hearing himself. Suddenly, wishing to desist from rending his heart, he began to play the accompaniment to the sonata of Corelli; at the end of a few bars the music indicated a pause for the flute, during which time the harpsichord only must play. Rozeval stopped—he became motionless, turned pale, and exclaimed in a concentrated voice, "Oh! it is no longer the silence of absence! How dreadful, how terrible it is! It must be eternal, it is that of death!" At these words his flute dropped from his hand, he staggered, and one of his friends ran and caught him in his arms.

These violent emotions did not

prevent him from playing every evening, but always with the same oppression of heart and the same anxiety.

Having at length resolved to travel in Italy, he accepted the offer of an English nobleman who was going to Florence, and who wished him to accompany him. They set out at the beginning of March, and arrived at Florence towards the latter end of April. This nobleman intended to remain there at least five months, and Rozeval, being unable to endure the company of twenty or thirty persons every day at dinner, requested permission to spend some time at Rome. It was not a desire to see that famous city which induced Rozeval to leave Florence. Nothing damps curiosity like profound grief. Rozeval only wished to devote himself to absolute solitude. He was furnished with numerous letters of recommendation; but, determined to see nobody, he made no use of them. His patrimony ensured to him the means of subsistence without exercising his profession: this was sufficient for him; he no longer possessed ambition, nor felt any concern for the future.

Rozeval took a lodging at Rome, which he never quitted except to go to church, or to walk out beyond the walls of the city. Faithful to the vow which he had made to obey Urania, he always played upon his flute before he went abroad; for he was so fatigued with his long walks, that he immediately retired to rest on his return. He soon became celebrated, much against his wish. His interesting and dejected appearance excited the attention of all his neighbours. The windows

of his room looked towards the court of his house, and whenever he played upon his flute this court was filled with the curious, who flocked from all quarters to hear him. Among these persons were many eminent musicians, who were charmed at the superiority of his talent. He received numberless cards of invitation, but he replied to them only by cold and laconic politeness, and by positive refusals. Among those who in vain invited him to their houses was a young widow named Rosanna, who was passionately attached to music. She evinced such a desire to hear Rozeval, that she went and listened to him in the court of his house—and it was with enthusiasm. She repaired thither several times, and one day, concealed behind a door, she saw Rozeval pass by: she admired his elegant and dignified figure, and his melancholy and affecting looks. This image was indelibly engraved upon her heart. Rozeval was in mourning: his servant informed her that it was for an adored wife. Several persons who had come from Florence, concurred in praising his genius and disposition. Rosanna learned all these circumstances; she was young, rich, and beautiful, and flattered herself that in a little time she should succeed in consoling this stranger, so interesting by his appearance, his talents, and his grief. She knew Lorenzi (from whom, as I have stated, I received these particulars), who not only lodged in the same house which Rozeval inhabited, but whose chamber was separated from that of the latter only by a partition.

Rosanna, under pretence of her passion for music, went almost eve-

ry day with one of her relations to Lorenzi's house, at the time when Rozeval usually played upon the flute. When he played extempore, he expressed such tender and affecting regret, that Rosanna was affected even to tears. She imagined that this unfortunate young man opened his heart to her, and implored her pity; and, in hopes of becoming his comforter, she experienced a melancholy satisfaction in persuading herself that she was his confidante; for she conceived it to be impossible that he was ignorant she heard him, and yet this was actually the case. He asked no questions, neither did he notice what passed around him. He merely observed that people assembled in the court of his house to hear him, but he thought that this whim would soon wear off; yet, as it daily became more and more thronged, he wished to get rid of this importunity, and determined henceforth to play only in his solitary rambles without the city. On passing through the Porto del Popolo, and walking along the Tiber, he resolved to spend an hour every evening in a charming spot which he had remarked on its banks, a short distance from the gate; it was a bank of green turf surrounded by reeds, which near this river grow to a prodigious height: three stately poplars shade this bank, which was doubtless made by a friend of the Muses and of antiquity. There every thing encourages reverie; there every thing recalls the sweet illusions of mythology, together with the grand events of history. When the reeds are agitated by a slight breeze, they emit different sounds, the union of

which produces a vague and delicious symphony. These plaintive and affecting sounds are nearly always in perfect thirds, and pass successively from the major to the minor.

You might imagine that you heard the lamentations of the fugitive Syrinx, or the regrets expressed on the first flute, of which her lover was the inventor. These singular effects are attributed to the extraordinary height and size of these reeds; and when they bend and strike against one another, their harmonious vibrations seem to serve as an accompaniment to the wind, which plays among their hollow and sonorous stems—aërial melody, equally sweet and pure, of which the Æolian harp can alone convey any idea*.

Rosanna, not hearing from Lorenzi's apartment as usual the enchanting sounds of the affecting and plaintive flute of Rozeval, soon learned that he went every evening to muse on the banks of the Tiber. She easily guessed that he stopped at the seat of green turf; she well knew this place, where she herself had a thousand times rested in her long walks, and conceived that it would be very practicable to proceed thither unseen, and conceal herself among the reeds, which there form a kind of forest.

Rozeval lived in profound retirement. He had not asked a single question during the five weeks he had resided at Rome; consequently he was wholly unacquainted with the phenomenon produced

by the reeds of the Tiber. For the first week that he played upon his flute in this solitary spot the weather was calm, and the reeds remained mute and motionless. He visited it in a few days in the like weather, but scarcely had he played a quarter of an hour when the wind suddenly rose. Rozeval stopped, and starting from his seat, exclaimed, "What do I hear? O Heaven, she answers me! It is her celestial voice, and the harmonious sounds of her harp. What did I say?—It is her angelic spirit hovering around me, manifesting itself, and speaking to me. I must hear it on my knees."

With these words he knelt down: at this instant three agitated reeds bent over his head, and sounded in his ear the most harmonious notes.

Rozeval still kneeling, melted into tears; it was Urania to whom he was listening—his imagination represented her to him in the midst of a group of angels, who united their divine voices to hers. The wind, which produced the motion and sound of the reeds, also wafted to those banks sweet perfumes from the adjacent fields and surrounding lemon-trees.

Rozeval fancied that he inhaled the balmy air of celestial abodes, which he saw half open, or rather imagined he was transported thither. These moving and religious illusions purified his love of every thing profane, and took from his grief all bitterness and pungency. To him the approach of death had no terror: he was surrounded by the glory and immortality of Urania. The wind now abated; a slight breeze still gently agitated the long leaves of the reeds: he heard only

* These particulars are strictly true. The harmonious effects, as described above, are familiar to all who have resided some time at Rome.

faint and interrupted sounds, resembling sighs, and which were to Rozeval tender adieus.

The day closed, and Rozeval arosé: he perceived a fog, which he took for a light cloud, and his awe equalled his astonishment on discerning through this supposed cloud, an elegant figure, which stretched out her arms, and appeared as she receded to soar towards heaven: a thin white dress displayed all the beauty of her form and all the gracefulness of her movements. "Oh! it is she!" cried Rozeval, "it is she!"—"Yes," replied an harmonious voice; "adieu, Rozeval!" With these words she disappeared. Rozeval, dismayed, remained on the bank. The fog ascended and mingled with the clouds: Rozeval followed it with his eye. It was there that he looked for, and still contemplated Urania. He did not experience that transient intoxication which always leaves restlessness in the recesses of the soul: all his sensations were delicious, because they were pure: he was no longer exiled to earth, he had seen heaven, he had entered into eternity. He will henceforth be among men but as a phantom, a shadow: this apparition, these prodigies had broken all the bonds which attached his soul to this frail and perishable body. He passed two hours in this divine ecstasy, and these were the most delicious moments of his life. During all this time he never ceased to repeat: "She is happy; she is waiting for me; we shall meet again." It was no longer a passion embittered by the most melancholy presentiments, a passion which was destined to be extin-

guished with youth, but a tenderness purified by the grandest ideas that can exalt the imagination: it was the commencement of an immortal felicity. It was at length necessary to return to Rome: the moon, bursting through the clouds, suddenly dispelled the gloom; every thing appeared a prodigy to Rozeval; he viewed this sudden light as supernatural: with eyes raised towards heaven, he contemplated with deep emotions of love and gratitude, that bright orb which seemed to shine only to light him on his way. Having reached his lodging, he passed the greater part of the night in recollecting what he had heard and seen. When sleep overpowered him, he closed his eyes pronouncing the name of Urania; and he again beheld her angelic image and heaven in his dreams.

Whilst his ardent imagination thus sanctified his passion, Rosanna indulged in very different illusions: it was she who, concealed behind the reeds of the Tiber, to listen to the flute of Rozeval, had disappeared from his view; it was she whom he had discerned through the fog when he imagined he saw Urania rise out of the water among the reeds, and ascend towards heaven. Rosanna had several times met Rozeval, who had occasionally cast a vacant look at her: but what woman of twenty, of extraordinary beauty, would imagine a person looked vacantly at her, and especially as she had a passionate desire to please and interest? Rozeval possessed the most expressive eyes; and Rosanna attributing their natural expression to a particular sentiment, flattered herself that she

had produced a strong impression on his heart. When she had left the reeds for the purpose of returning to her carriage, she had through the fog perceived Rozeval at a distance, and had distinctly heard him exclaim, "It is she!" These words were imprinted in her mind; not doubting that they were addressed to her, and thinking that he knew her, she could not forbear answering him. She nevertheless felt no desire to revisit the banks of the Tiber. Rozeval had seen her; the exclamation which escaped him, expressed all that love can desire—agitation and joy: it was therefore for him henceforward to seek her; she accordingly expected him: but it was in vain. Rozeval had looked at her without noticing her: he was ignorant of her name, and even of her existence: he had now but one single recollection, one single idea—that of the celestial harmony of the reeds of the Tiber; he had now but one image in view—that of the apparition of Urania; all that occurred previously to this period of happiness and ecstasy was erased from his memory: he was not even desirous of calling to mind the happy days of his love: this recollection would be too profane for the state of his soul, the exaltation of his thoughts and imagination. He fancied he had loved for the first time on the banks of the Tiber: it was there that he had felt, that he had tasted, all the ravishing charm of the purity of an immortal passion. He regarded all worldly concerns as the most despicable trifles; his only care was, to render himself worthy of rejoining his Urania.

He commonly spent the morning in the admirable church of St. Peter, and the evening on the banks of the Tiber: but the reeds no longer sounded: the heat was intense, not a breeze was stirring, and the weather continued in this state upwards of a fortnight. Rozeval was not astonished that the prodigies which had so deeply affected him were not repeated; nevertheless this harmonious spot was not less dear to him: he there indulged in melancholy recollections and reveries. One evening, quitting the reeds later than usual, he quickened his pace, because he perceived by the gloominess of the night that a storm was approaching. On his return home, being much fatigued, he instantly retired to rest. Awaking in about two hours, he listened—his heart throbbed violently—he heard—he recognised the enchanting sounds of the reeds of the Tiber, but much softer than before; it was not in symphony. Rozeval imagined that there was but one voice, which modulated mysteriously, as if afraid to awake him. Rozeval clasped his hands with transport, the tears poured down his face. "Divine voice," said he, "what wouldst thou with me? Doubtless some good actions which I have failed to perform, or which remain for me to do? Beloved voice! each vibration of which conveys to the recesses of my soul a virtuous sentiment, I will obey thee."

As he spoke these words the music ceased, and Rozeval in vain listened during the remainder of the night, for he heard no more.

On rising, Rozeval recollected

having seen near the Tiber, close to the Villa Borghèse, several ruinous cottages: he resolved to visit them the same day, and to take with him some money for the purpose of charity.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF FALSEHOOD.

CHARLES DARNLEY and EDWARD WILLIAMS had been friends from childhood; they began life at the same time, and with nearly the same prospects; both were possessed of handsome fortunes, but their dispositions were somewhat different: Williams was desirous to enjoy his income in a life of elegant privacy; Darnley, on the contrary, wished to push his fortune at court. He was of an active disposition, had considerable interest in the great world, and soon succeeded in obtaining a post at once honourable and lucrative.

Williams settled in the country. For some time the friends kept up an intercourse by letter, but it ceased by degrees, and many years elapsed without their meeting or even hearing from each other.

One day Darnley was told that a gentleman desired to see him; at first he thought that he beheld a stranger, but, to his no small surprise, he recognised on a second view the features of his old friend; but so altered, so care-worn, that he could scarcely believe it was indeed the healthy and animated companion of his boyish days.

A long intercourse with the world had not deadened the natural warmth of Darnley's heart; he embraced his friend, and inquired, with the utmost cordiality, to what the change in his appearance was owing. He found that through a law-suit, which was at first appa-

rently trivial, the spirits of Williams had been harassed for a series of years, and the loss of it had finally deprived him of all he possessed. Darnley bade his friend take comfort; he offered him a supply of cash, and told him to rely upon his interest and his wish to serve him. Williams declined the money; he professed himself determined not to owe even a temporary pecuniary obligation to any one, but he eagerly caught at the offer which Darnley made to serve him with his interest. In fact, it was to request this that he had visited him: there was a place then vacant, which, if he could obtain it, would secure a competence to him and his family.

"Nothing can be more fortunate," cried Darnley when he heard this: "I have some influence with the minister; I will hasten to exert it, and I think I can venture to say that I am certain of success."

Williams departed in high spirits, and Darnley went immediately to the levee of the premier.

It happened that the minister had something to say to Darnley; he took him into a corner of the room, and conferred with him for some time. A person who hated and envied Darnley, was present; he observed what passed with visible vexation; and Darnley, elated at what he considered as a triumph, totally forgot his promise to Williams.

No sooner had he quitted the minister, than his conscience reproached him with his neglect, and he sat down to repair it by writing to solicit the place for his friend. Just as he began his letter, a person whom he had long wished to attach to the interest of the minister, called upon him; and Darnley, in his eagerness to be of service to his patron, once more forgot the situation of poor Williams.

It was late before this gentleman quitted Darnley, who was just stepping into his carriage to go out to dinner when Williams appeared. Ashamed of his neglect, and yet unwilling to own it, Darnley hastily assured his friend that the business was done; that he might depend upon having the post: and Williams, full of joy and gratitude, hastened back to his lodgings, to write an account of his success to his expecting family.

Though angry with himself for his forgetfulness, Darnley never suspected that any ill consequence would result from it. He had that morning conferred such an important service on the minister, by securing to his party the gentleman of whom we have just spoken, that he felt assured no request of his would at the moment be refused; and he resolved to go early the next morning to communicate the intelligence of his success, and to solicit the vacant post for Williams.

The following morning, while he was dressing for that purpose, Williams rushed in. He had just heard that the place was given away, and that only the very night before. He had thus discovered, that Darnley, in telling him he had asked for

it, asserted a positive falsehood; and in the violence of his rage and disappointment, he used expressions which Darnley imagined his honour obliged him to resent. To be brief, they fought, and Darnley was mortally wounded.

Before they met, Darnley made a hasty will, by which he bequeathed to Williams a considerable part of his property, and exonerated him from all blame in the duel, in which he declared himself the sole aggressor. He lingered nearly two days after he received his wound, and during that time he used every argument which friendship and humanity could devise, to reconcile the unfortunate Williams to himself.

His arguments, however, were vain; the wild transports of grief and remorse to which Williams at first abandoned himself, did in time subside, but his peace of mind was irrevocably gone. He was tried for the murder of Darnley in a duel, but the jury brought him in guilty of manslaughter only. But this acquittal could not silence the voice of conscience, which incessantly reproached him for his crime. His slumbers were haunted by the image of Darnley expiring in his arms, and spending his last breath in assuring him of his forgiveness. This image, so agonizing to his feelings, was never absent from his thoughts; and from that period to the day of his death, he was never seen to smile.

Such were the consequences of a falsehood, uttered without reflection and with no ill intention.—Alas! it is not in this case only, that a slight deviation from truth has been severely punished.

THE STROLLER'S TALE: *SKETCHED FROM NATURE.**(Continued from p. 93.)*

AT length I began, as I thought, to feel myself violently in love with Philippina Gondiberta, whose heart was not steeled against the tender passion. Her mother was a good-natured, indolent soul, who took her snuff and wished to live without trouble, and whose chief ambition was to see her daughters dress as well as those of the exciseman. The whole family exerted themselves greatly for my benefit, at which a play was to be got up in the first style. I had determined to spare no expense which *credit* could procure for the gratification of my vanity. At length the long-expected evening arrived; the manager's wife kindly undertook to receive the money and the tickets at the door, which she did in the dress of the poverty-struck Belvidera; glittering, however, in all the pomp of tarnished fringe and lack-lustre steel buttons. Our theatre was certainly far superior to that at H—, for we had four scenes and a red curtain, with pit and boxes. At length two fiddles played the overture; the cracked muffin-bell rang, and I entered, greeted with unbounded applause from all parts of the house. But not so my father, the aged Priuli; his unfortunate pronunciation from the side of the Liffy raised the risible faculties of my friends; and those once excited, farewell to all attempts at a hearing. We were dismally in want of properties, and our hall of senators was wofully deficient. An old deal table painted red, on which was placed a piece of sail-cloth, com-

posed a sort of desk; behind which was seated a young lady, who, with an old tie-wig, played first senator. There were but three persons on the stage; and when my papa, Priuli, in his Hibernian accent, exclaimed, "Let us *dessolve* the council!" a roar of laughter convulsed the whole house. *First* senator quietly *backed* out; my *Dulcinea* bit her lips in agony; but methought I saw her sister, Laura Matilda, "smile in the tumult, and enjoy the storm." It was in vain to attempt stopping the roar of the gods; and a brother actor, who chose to pronounce my friend's name *Pierrey*, added much to their entertainment. So long as my audience kept in good-humour, we cared not; our feelings were too much blunted to feel hurt at their obstreperous mirth; besides, my compeers had their benefit to get.

The play over, with great pleasure I looked forward to the enactment of my *ballet*. I treated my little Cupids with Spanish liquorice and bull's-eyes, fastened their wings on with my own hands, procured gin and water for the goddesses, and a bottle of rum for Jove and his satellites; nay, I even indulged Apollo with a *pipe*. I had contrived that the powers above should be let down by a blanket, and peep from between clouds of tissue paper. I waited in the greatest agitation till all my deities were seated; they were descending most heavenly, when the villainous beam snapped, and they fell, like the giants of old, to the earth. *Venus* kicked out one

of Juno's teeth, and Mercury got "a pretty decent tumble." Pity me, ye projectors of scenic effect, for this mischance was not all! Jove got too tipsy to stand, and I was obliged to read his song. My Cupids, too, on whom I depended so much, became sulky, and would not dance until they had finished quarrelling about some halfpence thrown from the galleries: they kept the doves and Venus waiting till she swore, though not by Styx, she would wait no longer; our clouds would not ascend, and we dropped the curtain. The farce was hurried over, my songs concluded, and I saw with pleasure a once-full house departing. I joined my friends, lamenting the unhappy descent of the ethereals; but they applauded my ingenuity to the very skies, and declared all would have been excellent if it had not—been *otherwise*. A hot supper was prepared at my return to Mrs. Wireman's. I considered this as a grand epocha in my life—my heart was full. I ventured to salute my dear Philippina before her mother, and demand her permission to become her dutiful son-in-law. Fain would I have wrung from her a cold consent, but she demanded time, though I might still hope for her acquiescence. I left them with rapture, notwithstanding I saw the visible chagrin of Laura Matilda. When I visited them the following morning, I found the rejected Matilda alone; her looks evidently chide me for the preference I had shewn for her sister. I, however, snatched her hand, and throwing myself on one knee, exclaimed,

"What is my guilt that makes me so wish
y^{ou}?"

Have I not languish'd prostrate at thy feet?

Have I not lived whole days upon thy sight?
Have I not seen thee where thou hast not been,
And, mad with the idea, clasp'd the wind,
And doated upon nothing?"

This serio-comic appeal seemed to appease her, and I bent my way to the manager, to reap my garish honour. How, alas! were my hopes sunk when he informed me, that, after paying the expenses of the house, tradespeople, extra Cupids, and peas for a hail-storm, with rosin for lightning, 18s. 9½d. was all I could claim! I rushed to my little milliner in a paroxysm of disappointment. I threw my all into her lap, and striking my forehead, said,

"Yes, all—and then, adieu for ever!

There's ne'er a wretch that lives on common
charity,

But's happier than me: for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never waked but to a joyful morning:
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scaped, yet's wither'd in the
ripening."

My intended mannia coolly pitied my situation: yet I was free; my doors were not "mewed nor damm'd up with merciless creditors," and I had still favour in the eyes of the townspeople. I returned at tea-time, and met my Belvidera solus. I pressed my suit. Philippina expressed a wish to try the stage, and I was blind enough to cherish the propensity.

With such prospects as we had before us, Mrs. Wireman was far from being satisfied: she too late regretted the frivolity of her daughter's education; but her resistance was unavailing, and, as opposition only made her daughter more determined, she left us to our fate. Though matrimony, without consideration, is seldom productive of happiness, the first thing we did

was to enter into the holy state; having done this, I wrote to my father to ask his advice: he informed me that my mother had long been numbered with the dead; that he discarded me for ever, but that my loving brother had sent me a five-pound note, the last remittance I could ever expect; and concluded his epistle by informing me I should die on a dunghill, and desiring never to hear from me more.

Time for a while rolled merrily on, but our bliss was of short duration. My little woman was a bit of a Tartar, and gifted with a tongue which required all my skill to keep in proper subjection. She, moreover, prided herself on possessing a proper spirit—but how proper, hang me if ever I could find out. Our little fortune being exhausted, we found it necessary to hit upon some plan for its renovation; and hearing of a company of players in Netherby, we lost no time in repairing thither.

Having arranged our terms with the manager, my dear Philippina made her *débüt* in that town in the character of Floranthe in *The Mountaineers*, and I played Octavian. Well do I remember with what indignation she refused to act the part unless in trowsers and a long coat, and with what rosy blushes she received the salutes of those who by the drama's laws were allowed to salute her! To do her justice, she was perfect in her part, and I regarded her as some future Siddons or Jordan, born to enlighten the theatrical hemisphere. As we were at no great distance from her mother, she often sent to inquire after our welfare; but my wife, I am sorry to say, became indifferent.

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about a parent, who, however lax she might have been in instilling maxims of religion and virtue, still loved her daughter with much affection. Time, however, has convinced me, that tears may be shed from passion as well as grief, and pity expressed only to cover sinister purposes. I had seen my deary weep bitterly at the death of a favourite bird—what then was my astonishment to behold her bear with indifference the death of the only parent she had left! Miss Laura Matilda, however, soon gave her reason to repent of her inattention; for she sent us a letter, declaring that Mrs. Wireman had left the whole of her stock to her—plate, linen, and effects.

At the usual time I was presented with a son and heir; but so thoroughly was I become disgusted with theatricals, that I treated with sovereign contempt the persuasions of Philippina, who wished to have the child christened Orlando; and flying into the other extreme, I gave him the name of Habbakuk. My wife, however, had the obstinacy—I beg her pardon—the perseverance, to retain her favourite name, while by me he was recognised by that of *Habby*; an abbreviation which I grant is more to be praised for its brevity than its poetical roundness.

We remained with this manager nearly two years, not living, but vegetating on a pound per week. We performed all sorts of parts, and my better half no longer suffered delicacy to interfere with the professional duties; so easily were the bounds of modesty overstepped, and so much had public applause vitiated her morals. This debase-

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ment of her mind for a long time seriously affected me; but distress soon blunted these feelings, and the high spirit I once possessed became degenerate and bent to every circumstance of indignity. In the same night have I played Muley, Lope, Tocho, and Sadi in *The Mountaineers*—left the stage to take money at the door in the playing costume, and then leaped into a saw-pit, which served for an orchestra, to scrape a three-stringed fiddle; besides singing between the acts. All this poverty of stage effect I have enacted with, and that not ten years from 1818, and within two miles of the great metropolis; yes, these deeds has Camden-Town witnessed, and Hampstead youths have given that applause as a mockery of our poverty, which our vanity sometimes scored to our dramatic talent. I should probably have remained till now on this circuit, had I not quarreled with the manager, which I did for his contempt of my abilities; for careless as I had become of my private character with the world, I was tremblingly alive to any slur cast on my public one by any of our *corps dramatique*.

The tragedy of *Macbeth* was to have been acted, of course by particular desire, and the manager as usual was to play the Scot. Extra candles were lighted on the occasion; the fiddler had played all the tunes he could play, till the very fiddle groaned under his exertions; the Miss Wriggles, our patronesses, of the preparatory seminary, were all accommodated as per contract; the baker's wife and the butcher's helpmate were seated—but no *Macbeth*! What was to be

done? All shewed long faces; the lady manageresses grew outrageous, and the little masters screamed from disappointment. The fiddle played a *da capo*, the witches were all ready, and the brazier's apprentice claimed his free admission for watching the iron pot which was to form our cauldron. Seven o'clock came—half-past seven—and no manager! A messenger was despatched to the Barley-Mow, but no Scot was there. At length, “from the sudden illness of the gentleman who was to have played *Macbeth*,” I was called upon to perform the part, which “I undertook at a short notice, throwing myself on the indulgence of an enlightened audience.” The applause for this kindness was thundering, and I became perfectly satisfied with my exertions. The play went on swimmingly; the little masters cried at our witches, and one of the young ladies fainted at our thunder and lightning, for the fellow who held the candle and rosin, suffered the former to emblazon our green curtain. We were generous—the peas were resorted to for a storm, and every body said it was very like a storm. I had already finished one act, and was throwing a cloak over my dress, to sing Billy Taylor, when the manager, whose senses had been previously overcome by too large a portion of nectar, entered the theatre, and was desirous of tearing the laurels from my brow. He was determined, he said, to redeem his character—to “retrieve his life with half the loss of mine:” he had arrayed himself in my striped petticoat, when I snatched up my wife's black bonnet and feathers,

seized my sword, and rushed on the stage at the O. P. side at the precise time that my opponent made his *débüt* and apology at P. S. He then began:

"Is that a dagger which I see before me?" while I, at the other side of the stage, vociferated,

"Is this a dagger which I see before me?"

Neither of us was disposed to yield; the idea of two Macbeths created peals of laughter. He assumed the right of performing as manager, and as the original Scottish king; while I was determined to proceed in that line in which I had commenced with such *éclat*. Thus we continued to the end of the tragedy: he had his partisans, I mine; had a spark of good-nature been left in either of our breasts, all this might have been converted to a joke at the expense of the audience; but the blood of Cawdor's thane was too hot for a composition. At length, on my coming on at the end of the play to sing, which he could not, "Cruel Molly Jenkins," the thunders of applause which I received were so great as to overpower all opposition; and to the no small entertainment of the company and my brother actors behind the scenes, my triumph was completed by my rival treading on the remaining part of our hail-storm, and he fell, by the agency of an old grey pea, prostrate on the floor *à la Coutes*, amidst a roar of laughter. I indulged my victory it is true, but my triumph was of short duration. This tyrant of the stage was inexorable and unforgiving, and as his situation afforded him many opportunities to resent this effort of mine to lessen his consequence and

bring his acting into disrepute, he was determined in the end that I should feel the blow of ridicule recoil upon myself.

Soon after I acted in a tragedy of our own, or an alteration from Massinger, called *The Insatiate Murderer, or the Bloody Banquet*. In this the incensed manager was to be my murderer—a dangerous situation! I had already uttered, "But still I live, and live for Sforza"—I had thrown myself in an attitude to be stabbed, had prepared to die—but no one came to perform the office: I ventured to whisper at the prompter's side, "Come and kill me!" still the blow came not. At length I turned round, and saw him slowly approaching. I regained my attitude—I heard a stifled laugh; I was irritated beyond all bounds, and cried out aloud—"Will nobody come and stab me?" but in vain: the men had all taken their cues from the manager, and I was necessitated to walk off *unkilled*, leaving the stage amidst a roar of laughter. On my entrance into the green or rather black room, I did not fail to reproach Don Garcias with the greatest asperity, and secretly resolved that the shame I had experienced should not go unpunished, should a fit opportunity occur.

His wife, for whose fame he felt the liveliest regard, chose to take an early benefit, to the great detriment of our treasury. She stripped every jacket for mock brilliants, to fit her for a tragedy queen. For this purpose she had borrowed a long piece of gauze for a train, which had once served as Juliet's veil, and latterly for a window-curtain: this she covered with a

profusion of tin-foil, and it was to trail on the ground in all the pomp and pride of Eastern magnificence. The house was filled with her friends, whose *weak minds* she threatened to astonish. All was silent as death when the curtain drew up; she had to enter first. She was gaudy as Dollalolla, and her eyes flashed with all the fire which potent libations could impart; when just as she was entering in all the pomp of regal luxury, my wife, who dearly loved a little mischief, slipped the loop that confined the gaudy appendage to the manageress's body. Such was the excess of her grief, and so much occupied was she in the part she was about to enact, that she missed not the diminution of weight behind her; and she exclaimed, turning short,

"These pompous robes—this gay attire"—when unluckily casting her eyes around to illustrate her apostrophe, she saw with horror the recreant train lying quietly under the side-

box. She roared out, "Confound you all! you have cut off my tail!" retired with precipitation amidst cries of "Bravo! bravo!" resounding from all parts of the house. The consequence of this was, that we, being considered the joint and sole actors of the indignity offered to the reputation of this Statira, received an instant discharge. In adopting this hasty measure, the manager was his own enemy as much as ours, for he had no one to fill our parts in those plays which were most popular in our *circuit*, such as the ranting tragedies of Dryden, Rowe, or Lee. I was moreover, by his own confession, infinitely his superior in all the strut and whisker parts of tragedy, and had greatly the advantage of him in person and in lungs. But the die was cast, and myself and rib, like our first parents on their expulsion from Paradise,

"Had all the world before us, where to choose
Our place of rest, and Providence our guide."

(To be concluded in our next.)

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

If you have any influence with people of fashion, Mr. Adviser, I must beg of you to exert it in behalf of the most delightful physician in the world. Perhaps you will tell me that I do not express myself correctly, and that learned, clever, skilful, or judicious, would be epithets more proper to characterise the qualifications of my physician. He may, for ought I know, deserve them all; but when I tell you that he absolutely charms away sickness by his entertaining conversation, and is so accommodating that he allows his patients to do

just as they please, I am sure you must allow that the epithet *delightful* is not misplaced.

I am just returned from passing a few months in Paris, where this gentleman, Dr. X——, prescribed for me while I was labouring under a cold attended with some degree of fever. During the two first days of my malady, I staid at home: in fact I was not sorry to do so, for I wanted time and quiet to enable me to plan a beautiful dress, in which I intended to appear at *la Marquise Bongout's bal paré*: I therefore submitted with great pa-

tience to slops and confinement. On the third day, however, I had an engagement to a concert, which was to be followed by a ball, and I was terribly afraid I should not be able to go without committing an act of open rebellion against my doctor, whose appearance I waited for with some anxiety.

"Well, madame," cried he, entering my apartment at his usual hour in the morning, "how are we to day?"

"Better. I think, doctor; but of that you must judge," cried I, holding out my arm.

"Hum!—why, yes—I think upon the whole we are mending. You must repeat the draughts, drink plenty of chicken-broth, keep yourself very warm, and above all things avoid exposing yourself to the air!"

"Then you would wish me to stay at home?"

"Oh, unquestionably!"

"But, dear doctor, I have been engaged these three weeks to a concert which is to be to-night; I shall put on a warm dress, wrap myself up in a large cachemire shawl, and with all this precaution, I do not see how I can possibly take cold."

"That is very true, and perhaps a little gentle exercise may be of service. But you must not stay long at the concert."

"It would not, however, be worth my while to go if I did not remain till the concert was over, because you know there is to be a ball."

"Well, you may remain for a short time; provided, however, you do not dance."

"I certainly shall not waltz, but there can be no reason why I should not walk a country dance or two."

"I like that phrase *walk*, because it implies that you will be discreet, and avoid fatiguing yourself. Observe, I prohibit supper."

"But of what importance is it, dear doctor, whether I pick here or there the wing of a chicken?"

"Oh! I did not mean to interdict that: but take care and do not drink any thing inflammatory."

"Only a glass or two of punch; I always find it of service when I have a cold."

"Well, if you have experienced its efficacy, you may take a little. Remember, however, not to stay out late."

My husband, less complaisant than my physician, would have remonstrated, but I silenced him with the permission I had obtained. In short, I went, passed a most delightful evening, danced a great deal, ate my supper with a good appetite, drank some punch, and came home at four o'clock in the morning. I must own that I had an ugly headache and some increase of fever the next day, which frightened me into confessing what had passed to my doctor, who laughed at what he called my frolic; ordered me some cooling draughts and powders; told me not to frighten myself, for he was certain I should be quite recovered in a day or two; and finally acknowledged, before he quitted me, that a little dissipation was sometimes of service in cases of cold, or nervous disorders, to both which, as he observed, I was peculiarly subject.

Now, sir, contrast this obliging behaviour with that of Dr. Diet-drink, who at present attends me for a similar complaint. He swathes me in flannel, to keep off, as he

says, an attack of the rheumatism with which I am threatened, drenches me with barley-water, starves me under pretence that my recovery depends on my living low, and vapours me to death by incessant declarations, that I have made too free with my constitution; and that I must be very careful in future, or else I shall fall a martyr to late hours, crowded rooms, and sudden transitions from heat to cold.

I would not remain a moment in the hands of this croaking raven, if I could prevail on my favourite doctor to visit England; but this he declines doing, unless he could be certain of distinguished patronage. My own connections are not sufficiently extensive to ensure it to him, but if you can serve him, or will point out to me any way of

writing him into fashion, you will, Mr. Adviser, very much oblige your humble servant,

SELINA SELFWILL.

In reply to my correspondent I must observe, that I value the health of my fair countrywomen too highly, to wish to see them in the hands of a physician who allows his patients to risk their lives, because his politeness will not suffer him to contradict them. As to the way of writing people into fashion, I really do not understand it. Besides, my services in that respect would probably be superfluous, since if the doctor resembles the generality of his nation, the art of puffing is one in which he must be a proficient.

S. SAGEPILIZ.

THE AUTHOR'S BUREAU.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

ANXIOUS the other morning to produce something for your Miscellany, I unlocked my bureau, drew out the supporters, turned down the flap, placed a sheet of paper before me, and seized my goose-quill. Having done all this, I wanted nothing but ideas, which I hoped would soon make their spontaneous visit. My lodging, sir, is in the upper room of one of the highest houses in the neighbourhood of Grub-street (consequently *attic* enough); a charming, pleasant room it is I assure you in summer time, though I am bound to say, that the cracks and crannies about the casement admit, at this season, something more than *zephyrs*. On the morning above-mentioned, the sun had risen about

an hour, and was just peeping in upon me, when I began my labours: every thing seemed to conspire in assisting me; the serenity of the sky, the gentleness of the airs that crept in at the cracks hinted at before, and the gentle whistling of a blackbird (which seemed learning tunes for the spring) belonging to a journeyman shoemaker who lodged in a garret opposite, certainly ought to have been sufficient inspirers; but I don't know how it was, but so it was, that I could not get hold of a theme at all suited to my wishes. I scratched my pate in every direction; I leaned first on my right elbow, and then on my left; I looked most ineffably wise; I gazed up at the fleecy clouds of the morning as they slowly sailed along, then looked down upon the

unwashed floor of my room; and all the while kept gnawing the unfortunate goose-quill so unmercifully, that there was scarcely enough left to write with: but it would not do, dulness seemed to be the order of the day, and I was just thinking that I must relinquish my intention, when I gave a most furious look at the contents of my bureau, whose beautiful and dusty confusion might very well defy all description; when it struck me to attempt that very description, for the amusement of your readers, of whom, and of you, I beg pardon for being so stupid as not to be able to send any thing better.

On the front of it, before the drawers and pigeon-holes, lay a variety of articles: a cup half full of ink, which was growing rather mothery; a few old stumps of pens, all of them bearing the marks of my teeth, inflicted when in a literary furor; scattered about lay innumerable papers, many of them scraps of pieces that I had begun, but could not finish in the proper style: among these are, a sermon, an essay on population, a tragedy (that is, the title of it, and the *dramatis personæ*), a comedy, ditto, several sonnets, a plan for a new magazine, the prospectus half written; a satire called *Parnassus and Paternoster-Row*, and many others which are non-descripts, not having even a title. Mingled with them also were two or three old sixteenths of lottery-tickets, blanks of course, or they would not have been there; I keep them to shew that I have put myself in Fortune's way, but that she is a slippery jade, and neglects the sons of genius as much, or more, than the plodding descendants of dulness.

The pigeon-holes are six in number, and their contents are pretty nearly as follows:

No. 1. *Letters*. Amongst these are to be found some original love-letters from a lady with whom I was once deeply enamoured, and who had 5000*l.* to her fortune; but finding I had not as many farthings, she discarded me as a fortune-hunter: some *cutting* correspondence with booksellers; some snarling epistles from reviewers I had remonstrated with; a whole heap of every-day letters, and about two or three from a sincere friend.

No. 2. *Rejected Pieces, &c.* This pigeon-hole is exceedingly full. Some of the larger bundles have been rejected by booksellers, and the smaller parcels by editors of magazines. Among the first are, *The Dry Ocean, or the Sea on Fire*, a romance, in which I really flattered myself I had outshone Mrs. Radcliffe herself; but though it has travelled the whole round of dealers in literature, here it lies as if it had not a meritorious line in it:—*The Soap-Saver, or every Bachelor or his own Laundress*, in which I thought, and do still think, I had invented a substitute for soap; but either the soap-boilers, having got an intimation of my work, had bribed the booksellers, or the booksellers had not judgment enough to see the utility of my invention, for they would not publish it:—a volume of poems in the *Modre-ish* style:—a collection of original jests, which one publisher had the impudence to tell me were older than Joe Miller himself:—*The Lady's Instructor, or how to get good Husbands*: in this work, though the title is excellent, I do not think the end properly attained; for between

ourselves, Mr. Editor, instruction of this sort is not easily given, and sometimes not very easily taken:—several novels, with such titles as *Immolina, or the Self-devoted:—Maids as they might be, or the Lady of the Glen, &c. &c.* As to the pieces rejected by magazine-editors, they are almost innumerable, and before I give you any account of them, I will take occasion to say, that I have often been ready to quarrel with them (nay, to fight, *could I have got at them,*) for their fastidiousness. Why, sir, I will leave you to judge if I have not reason, when I tell you, that in this very pigeon-hole are an immensity of little poems, returned upon my hands only for being in some lines perhaps two or three syllables deficient, or having in others two or three syllables too many: also a number of prose pieces that have been sent back, because truly there were some five or six ungrammatical passages in them; some pieces have been returned because they were too long, others because they were too short. In fact, sir—but I forget, I am addressing an editor, and therefore will make no further comments, but proceed to the next pigeon-hole,

No. 3. containing my present hopes, which consist of a poem in blank verse of about 500,000 lines, called *Westminster*, and which gives a description of the present political orators of that city, and in which all their remarkable speeches on public occasions, for the last seven years, are versified. I have great hopes from this, and intend shortly to put the finishing touch to it, and offer it to some demagogue bookseller. Besides this, I have a farce which I think will take; and

a romance, whose title is to be *The Back Stairs to a Prince's Palace, or a Peep behind the Curtain*, which title cannot fail to sell the work: so that I think my hopes are tolerably good; and indeed they had need be verified, for the pigeon-hole

No. 4. has in it my unpaid bills, amounting to 25*l.* 10*s.* 0*½d.* This is a sad sum for an author like me to owe; therefore I do most fervently hope that the contents of pigeon-hole No. 3. may be the means of liquidating the contents of pigeon-hole No. 4.

No. 5. is my library; but, alas! it consists of only half a dozen volumes of poetry. Once indeed I could boast a better; but I found it necessary to take the major part of them to an uncle of mine in Chiswell-street, who is a man of infinite care, and will allow me to *redeem* them at any time.

No. 6. contains *My own Life and Opinions*—not finished of course. I mean to leave this to posterity, as a posthumous work worthy of their attention; and as my best pains are bestowed upon it, I deem the pigeon-hole No. 6. though least, yet best filled of any of them.

Under the pigeon-holes are several secret drawers, very prettily contrived to deposit valuables in; such as jewellery, bank-notes, notes of hand, &c. &c.; but to me they are as useless as drawers can be, for the only notes I have to put in them are notes of admiration and interrogation, and these will be quite as safe any where else.

Thus, sir, you have, as near as I can give it you, the contents of an author's bureau, who begs leave to subscribe himself your humble servant to command,

JEREMIAH JUMBLE.

FILIAL AFFECTION REWARDED.

"I KNOW not what to do with my unhappy boy," cried Mr. Carlton one day in a sorrowful tone to his friend Villars; "I have tried reproach and persuasion in vain; nothing, I fear, will ever induce him to conquer his natural indolence."

"I protest you put me out of all patience," replied Villars; "reproach and persuasion indeed! A good horsewhipping would be the most effectual remedy, I fancy."

"A horsewhipping!" returned Mr. Carlton indignantly, "do you suppose I could be such a brute?"

"You may call my advice that of a brute if you please, but take my word, the day may come when you will regret that you did not follow it."

"He talks to me who never had a child," thought Carlton; but he contented himself with saying coldly, "Well, Mr. Villars, if such is your opinion, we will not talk any farther on the subject; for if my boy's indolence can be cured by such means only, I must repeat, that I cannot use them."

"Very well, very well," replied the rough old man; "let him grow up then an idle puppy as he promises to do, and think yourself well off if he does not turn out something worse."

He then departed, but his last words left a painful impression on the mind of Carlton, and though he could not resolve to have recourse to coercive measures with his son, he determined to be more severe than ever in his remonstrances.

But remonstrance alone was ineffectual to check the growth of this

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destructive habit, and punishment of any kind Mr. Carlton could not prevail upon himself to use. The consequence was, that Augustus Carlton, though possessed of an excellent capacity, grew up shamefully ignorant for want of application. His heart was good, but his manners were singularly awkward and unprepossessing. In fact, his indolence was so excessive, that he took no pains to acquire either personal or mental accomplishments; and he would, had he been suffered to do so, have passed his whole time in lounging upon a sofa from morning till night.

In this way matters went on till Augustus grew towards maturity. Mr. Carlton was a merchant; he had always intended his son for his own profession, and Augustus was consequently early instructed in the theory of commerce, but, as might be expected from his habits, he knew little of it. He tried, but in vain, to induce his father to dispense with his following a profession; but on this point Mr. Carlton was inexorable. He, however, gave his son the liberty of choosing another if he preferred it. Augustus really loved his father, and as he found that he must absolutely do something, he determined to consult the wishes of Mr. Carlton; and accordingly he signified his intention to become a merchant, and entered his father's counting-house.

When Augustus had nearly attained his eighteenth year, an old friend of his father's, of the name of Oswald, died suddenly, leaving an only daughter totally unprovided for. Mr. Carlton, who was much

attached to this friend, flew to his house the moment he learned that he was no more, and begged so earnestly that Miss Oswald would immediately remove to his house, that she accepted his invitation.

Carlton had taken care to invite a female relation of his own to sanction by her presence Miss Oswald's residence under his roof, and the desolate orphan found in his kindness all the alleviation which her sorrows could admit of.

Fanny Oswald was one year younger than Augustus, and remarkably beautiful. Our hero was struck with her charms, and as her melancholy subsided, her amiable manners completed the impression which they had made. Carlton saw the prepossession of Augustus in favour of the interesting orphan with pleasure, for he hoped that love would stimulate him to conquer his indolence; and he justly regarded the amiable qualities of Fanny, as the best portion which his son could receive with a wife.

The hopes of the worthy Carlton were, however, soon blasted, by the determination of Miss Oswald to gain her subsistence by becoming a governess in a family. After combating this resolution by every other argument he could think of, Mr. Carlton tried what a disclosure of his son's passion would do. Miss Oswald expressed herself highly obliged to Augustus for his favourable opinion, but she peremptorily declined his hand. In fact, between indolence, awkwardness, and timidity, Augustus appeared far from amiable; and Fanny was incapable of forming an union, however advantageous it might be in a worldly point of view, which her heart did

not sanction. Mr. Carlton received her determination with regret rather than surprise; and Augustus, whose feelings were for the first time completely awakened, felt it even more keenly than his father had expected.

Shortly afterwards Miss Oswald quitted the house of Mr. Carlton, having formed an engagement to accompany a family to the Continent. Before her departure, Augustus had evidently exerted himself to conquer his indolence, but it was too deeply rooted to be easily eradicated; and as in losing the hope of obtaining Fanny, he lost the motive which might have stimulated him to continue his exertions, they soon relaxed, and he finally desisted from making them.

Just as he had completed his nineteenth year, one of those sudden reverses to which the commercial world are so peculiarly liable, reduced his father from affluence to poverty. Carlton met this misfortune with firmness, but Augustus seemed to sink under it.

"Do not despond thus, my dear boy," said Carlton, who felt more for his son than he did for himself; "thank God, I have preserved in the wreck of my fortune, what I always considered as my greatest treasure, an unspotted name. My knowledge of business will soon obtain for me a situation which will give us bread. Bear up then, my son, and let us not, by useless repining, add to the severity of the trial which it has pleased Providence to send us."

"My dear father," cried Augustus, "do not think me so selfish as to grieve on my own account. No; Heaven is my witness, that my sorrow at this moment arises from the

consciousness that I have ill repaid your tenderness ! Had I exerted myself as I ought to have done, to conquer the unfortunate defect of my disposition, I should, instead of being helpless and ignorant, be able to assist you in gaining our livelihood. But though I have not profited as I ought by the instructions which I have received, yet I can do something, as yet indeed but little. Believe me, however, my father, that from this moment I will exert myself to be a comfort to you. Never again shall you have reason to complain of my indolence."

"Persevere in these resolutions, my dear Augustus," cried Carlton, "and you will amply compensate to me for the affluence I have lost. With Heaven's assistance, we shall not want independent bread ; and trust me, Augustus, you will soon find the homely meal procured by your industry, more delicious than the luxuries you have hitherto enjoyed."

The friends of Mr. Carlton, who were equally numerous and respectable, offered to establish him again in business. None among them was more pressing in offers of service to him than Mr. Villars, the rough old man who had prescribed a horsewhip as a cure for the indolence of Augustus in his boyish days. Carlton, who knew the goodness of Villars's heart, accepted the situation of his head clerk in preference to entering again into business, for he feared to tempt Fortune a second time ; and Augustus also entered the counting-house of Villars in an inferior situation.

Augustus had little knowledge of business, but he made up by appli-

cation and industry for what he wanted in experience ; and as he was naturally clever and intelligent, he soon became perfectly competent to the duties of his situation. It is true, that at first it caused him the greatest pain to conquer his listless habits, so far as to attend closely to his employment, but his love for his father was a powerful stimulant to exertion ; and the delight which he saw this conduct afforded Mr. Carlton, enabled him to persevere in the course he had begun.

Carlton, happier than he had been in his days of affluence, had now in his son a companion and a friend. He saw with delight, that those hours which his son did not give to business he devoted to literature, and to the study of those accomplishments, the rudiments of which he retained, although his indolence had prevented his proceeding farther in acquiring a knowledge of them.

Augustus soon succeeded in conquering his indolence, and for some time he continued to enjoy the happiness which can only be attained by those who understand the art of properly regulating their time, and enjoying, without abusing, this best gift of Heaven. His felicity, however, received at the end of a short period a severe check, by a misfortune which happened to his father, who lost, through a cut in the hand, the use of his right arm ; and this misfortune was the more severe, because the grief of Mr. Carlton, at finding himself incapacitated from doing any thing, sensibly affected both his health and spirits.

It was now that the filial piety of Augustus displayed itself in its full

force. Villars would gladly have continued the salary of Mr. Carlton, but Augustus knew that his father's independent spirit would be deeply wounded at thus becoming an object of charity even to his most intimate friend. He, therefore, proposed to his father to reject the bounty of the worthy merchant, as he felt certain that he had profited so much by the pains he had taken to acquire a knowledge of business, that he was capable of filling a higher situation than the one he then held. In this respect he was right. Villars gave him a better place, and was perfectly satisfied with the manner in which he discharged the duties of it; but as even then his income was insufficient to procure his father those indulgences which his state of health rendered necessary, this affectionate son devoted the whole of his leisure hours to drawing, an art in which he had made considerable proficiency.

As Augustus sold his drawings to the shops, the sum which he procured for them was small, but it made a sufficient addition to his salary to enable him to provide every comfort that his father's state of health rendered necessary.

One day, when Augustus went as usual to the shop where he disposed of his drawings, the master of it told him that he had, he believed, got him a good job. "Lady Bloomfield," said he, "a rich widow, who is as generous as a princess, wants a landscape copied, but she would not give it without first seeing the person who will undertake to copy it: so I recommended you. Here is her card; I believe that at this hour you will be sure to find her at

home, and I would advise you to go to her ladyship directly."

Poor Augustus felt at that moment the bitterest sting which poverty can inflict, a deep sense of wounded pride, but the recollection of his father's situation enabled him to suppress it; and thanking the shopkeeper, who knew him only as an artist, he hastened to Lady Bloomfield's magnificent mansion in Grosvenor-square.

Her ladyship was at home, and on saying that he was the person recommended by Mr. S—— to copy a landscape, he was immediately admitted.

Her ladyship, who was writing when he entered, desired him, without taking her eyes off her desk, to be seated, and she would attend to him in a moment; but instead of obeying, his first impulse was to run out of the room, for to his inexpressible amazement, he recognised in her ladyship his old flame Fanny Oswald.

Before he could collect himself sufficiently to try to escape, she had finished the note she was writing, and the moment she turned round to Augustus she recollected him. Her ladyship's sensations at this meeting were very different from those of poor Augustus: she had recently returned to England, and was all anxiety to discover the residence of Mr. Carlton, of whose former kindness to her she retained the most grateful sense. She was, therefore, rejoiced to see Augustus, and inquired with the kindest interest after his father.

A few moments sufficed to enable our hero to regain his self-possession. Lady Bloomfield saw with astonishment the change which a

short time had produced in his person and manners. "Good Heaven!" thought she, as she listened to and looked at him, "can this graceful, elegant young man, who speaks with so much good sense and propriety, be the awkward, listless, inanimate Augustus? With what feeling and tenderness does he speak of his father! How unjust was I when I believed him incapable of any ardent sentiment!"

Let us now account for the change in Miss Oswald's situation. We have said that she accompanied a family to the Continent: during her stay with them she was seen and admired by Lord Bloomfield, who, after a short acquaintance, offered her his hand, which she accepted; and from his many virtues, had he been spared to her, their union would most probably have been a happy one, but he scarcely survived his marriage three months. Lady Bloomfield paid to his memory the tribute of a year spent in retirement, and then returned to England.

Lady Bloomfield lost not a moment in visiting the worthy Carlton, whom she would instantly have rendered independent, but he steadily declined her bounty. She learned with astonishment, that he owed not merely the necessities but the comforts of life to his son, whose filial affection he painted in so touching a manner as to draw tears from the eyes of the sensitive Fanny. "Well," said she after a pause, "if you will not suffer me even to discharge the debt of gratitude which I owe you, surely you will not, cannot refuse me the pleasure of becoming my guest. I ask you only for a short time, and I promise you, that I will not con-

strain you when you wish to leave me."

Good manners forbade Mr. Carlton to refuse this request, and in a few days he removed to Lady Bloomfield's house. She treated him with the attention of a daughter, and he had his own apartments, where he received the visits of his son and his friends.

It happened that Lady Bloomfield was frequently present when Augustus paid his daily visits to his father; and in a little time her ladyship discovered, that the hours she passed with Mr. Carlton and his son were much more pleasantly spent than any other part of the day. At first she talked to Augustus from curiosity, and a wish to discover how far he possessed talent; but she soon began to take pleasure in his society, nor did she seek to repress her rising partiality for him. She was a stranger to ambition or avarice; the property she possessed through the generosity of her deceased husband, was more than sufficient for her moderate desires; could she then do better than share it with a man who had given such proofs of the goodness of his heart? "But, perhaps," thought she, "the affection which he once professed for me exists no longer; it is now more than three years since he solicited my hand, and time may have caused a change in his sentiments." She raised her eyes to the superb mirror opposite to which she was standing at that moment, and the lovely image it reflected reassured her.

Let not my fair readers accuse Lady Bloomfield of vanity. She was beautiful, and she had been too often told so to be unconscious of

her charms. It may perhaps be said of beauty as it has been of noble birth, that it is an advantage which no one ever despised who possessed it. Though our lovely widow set no undue value on this accidental advantage, truth obliges us to confess that she knew its worth.

As Mr. Carlton had not fixed a time for the termination of his visit, Lady Bloomfield was hurt to find, that at the end of three months he talked of concluding it. "Indeed, my dear sir," said she, when he announced his intention, "I hoped that you would consider me as having an hereditary claim to your friendship; and I confess I am sorry to find you treat me as a mere stranger, of whom you are soon tired."

"You must not so entirely misconceive my motives," replied Mr. Carlton; "believe me, that my present intention springs in a great measure from my regard for you. You know, my dear child, you are still very young, and where I am my son will of course be a frequent visitor. I need not observe to you, that the world will talk; and that in its estimation Augustus Carlton, the son of a broken merchant, is not a proper visitor for the widow of Lord Bloomfield."

"Tell me frankly, is this your only reason?"

"Why then, frankly, no. Augustus, I am convinced, is neither vain nor presumptuous enough to cherish a hope which in his situation would be madness; but I fear that, in spite of reason, his former passion may return if he continues to be indulged with your society."

The most brilliant crimson suffused the cheek of Lady Bloom-

field, as she repeated in a tone of doubt, "May return!"

"Well," said Mr. Carlton, "I see you have found us out; it is, therefore, of no use to dissemble. I believe, then, that it has returned, and that the only way to check it, and restore my son to peace, is to remove him from the chance of seeing you."

For some moments Lady Bloomfield remained silent; at last she rose, and approaching Mr. Carlton with a timid air, "When I was poor and destitute," said she, "Augustus thought me worthy of his love; if I then refused him, it was because I saw him under the influence of a habit which veiled all those amiable qualities he really possesses. He has conquered that habit, and by conquering it, removed the only objection I ever had to becoming his."

The happy father almost doubted his senses, yet he had magnanimity enough to represent to Lady Bloomfield the inequality of the union which she wished to form. Her ladyship, like a true woman, saw no inequality which love could not smooth; and, in truth, if hearts only were to be taken into the account, she was right in declaring, that Augustus was a match for any woman, how exalted soever her rank.

We shall not attempt to paint the feelings of Augustus when he learned the happiness which awaited him. Suffice it to say, that his conduct as a husband was not less exemplary than it had been as a son, and that he enjoyed during many happy years the pleasure of constituting the felicity of a woman whom he adored, of smoothing the downhill of age to a parent whom he

loved and revered, and of cheering the hearts of his indigent fellow-creatures, by dispensing among them a considerable portion of that

wealth, of which his own moderate and chastened desires led him to make a frugal use.

ADVANTAGES OF R. ACKERMANN'S PATENT MOVEABLE AXLE FOR CARRIAGES.

THIS most useful and ingenious invention, applicable to all four-wheeled carriages, possesses advantages so numerous and important, that it cannot fail, in a short time, to be considered indispensably necessary to four-wheeled carriages of every kind. The following are its principal features:

1. A carriage with the MOVEABLE AXLE will turn in a very limited space, where it would be impossible for the same carriage with the *stiff* axle to effect that movement.
2. The MOVEABLE AXLE permits a carriage to be built from 15 to 18 inches shorter than on the old principle, and will of course greatly diminish the draught.
3. The MOVEABLE AXLE affords complete security against upsetting, as must be evident on inspection. It is, in like manner, a safeguard against accidents in turning, as the wheels never change their position, but only their direction: whereas the stiff axle, on the contrary, augments the danger at that moment. It is a notorious fact, that more carriages are upset in making short turns, than in any other way.
4. With the PATENT MOVEABLE AXLE the fore-wheels can be made much higher, while the body may be hung lower; a circumstance not admissible with a stiff axle, unless the carriage be

made of uncommon length, and of course much heavier than usual. A high fore-wheel, moreover, adds much to the beauty of a carriage, while it also greatly reduces the draught, and surmounts with much greater facility any obstructions that happen to lie in the way, or that present themselves in bad roads.

5. This axle is by no means so liable to break as the stiff one: its greatest strength is brought behind the nave of the wheel, the place where the common axle frequently breaks; and owing to its being *moveable*, it gives way to any obstruction that is encountered by the wheel, which the stiff one does not.
6. The breaking of the perch-bolt, a very serious consideration, to which four-wheeled carriages are continually exposed, and which but too often happens, especially to travelling-carriages in bad roads, or in going up and down hill, is rendered next to impossible by the MOVEABLE AXLE. With this invention the upper and lower carriage constitute but one and not two distinct parts, as in the old construction with the stiff axle, and very little stress rests on the perch-bolt.
7. A common carriage on the old principle requires about *twenty* pieces of timber, and of course iron plates and screws in propor-

tion; while a carriage with the PATENT MOVEABLE AXLE requires but *six*, including the pole. This gives the carriage an uncommonly airy appearance, and reduces the rattling noise in moving.

8. The airy and light appearance, the beauty of good lines combined with solidity, have always been, with the gentleman of taste and the coachmaker of ingenuity, the principal object in the

building of carriages. All these qualities are here combined in one simple but most valuable invention, producing at once safety, ease, and elegance.

Mr. G. DODD of 43, Crawford-street; Mr. BIRCH, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; Mr. MABERLEY of Welbeck-street; Mr. WINDUS, 71, Bishopsgate-street, and other coachmakers, are now building carriages on the principle of ACKERMANN'S Patent.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

WE always record with pleasure the progress of those institutions which are calculated to promote the fine arts of our country, and place in a proper view the taste and talents of our artists. Among these perhaps that which is entitled to the first consideration is the BRITISH INSTITUTION, at least it is that which affords the greatest facility for the sale of pictures; exclusive of the value attaching to it from the school of study it presents to the student, and the prizes with which it marks his proficiency, and buoys up and encourages his early exertions. There is something also in the circumstance of its being solely conducted by men of rank and fashion: this has a direct tendency to place the art where it ought to be placed—under the protection of that class in society which is most likely to give it efficient patronage.

The Exhibition just opened at the Institution is perhaps the best which the public has seen from living artists at the British Gallery. It contains works from the following members and associates of the Royal Academy: Sir W. Beechey,

Howard, Wilkie, Ph. Reinagle, W. and R. Westall, Arnald, Collins, Jackson, Ward, Bigg, Shee, and Cooper; besides several from other artists of considerable merit. There are in all *two hundred and ninety-nine* pictures, and *eleven* works in the sculptural department.

We shall proceed to notice the most striking works in the Gallery; of course bespeaking the considerate indulgence of those artists whose pictures we have no opportunity of describing. Our limits necessarily compel us to a selection, and we must forego the gratification we should feel in paying a suitable tribute to *every* artist whose work is entitled to patronage and attention.

The Angel Uriel.—Wm. Alston.

The glorious vision—

The gorgeous form that now upon his throne
Of rocky amber, like some mountain peak
Dark 'gainst a lunar sky, before me rose
In giant majesty! The same it was
That once, entranced, th' immortal Milton

saw—

Th' archangel Uriel.

Visit to the Sun: a Vision.

From a long poetical passage, of which this is a sufficient extract to

elucidate both the merit of the poet and the subject of the artist, this picture is taken. Some of our public prints have been unsparing in their praise of its merits; and though we disallow their authority to influence our more deliberate and unbiassed judgment, yet in this instance we are not unwilling to go along with them, as they have candidly confessed the picture had its faults in the detail, in the want of solidity of the figure, in a little discordance in the lights and shadows, and some imperfection in the drawing of one of the limbs. We cordially agree in the general praise that has been given, for the artist's boldness of conception, and strong and vigorous outline: it is undoubtedly an effort in the highest department of art, and one which has been encouraged as it deserved. We like to see these efforts made, as in this case, where the pretensions of the artist justified the attempt; but we must discourage them, unless in very able hands, and more particularly when there seems a tendency to encourage them to the exclusion of minute elegancies. The progress to the grand style is of slow and progressive growth: it expanded itself in Michael Angelo not until after long and patient study; and Raffaele had formed more than one style of painting before he attained that excellence in the propriety, beauty, and majesty of his characters, that correctness of drawing and purity of taste, for which he has been so justly celebrated. Mr. Alston's picture is, we repeat, a bold and in many parts a successful attempt at an elevated style of art, to which some of our rising

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artists are very properly applying their energies.

Jerusalem at the Time of the Crucifixion. St. Matthew xiv. 51. 52.—
T. C. Hosland.

This is also an effort at what may be called the sublime in painting, and as perfection in this most difficult branch must be the highest aim of genius, so we must of course look for a display of every thing that is grand in the nature and execution of the subject. Perhaps in the whole range of art there is no subject more calculated to inspire the strongest feelings of emotion and awe, than that on which the artist has worked: this very circumstance has imposed insurmountable difficulties upon him, for he has to embody for the eye of the spectator an event, of which his mind has already formed the most sublime and reverential description. The composition of this picture is certainly grand; the landscape is bold and well chosen; it has a stillness suited to the awful occasion, and the character of the architectural parts is antique and solemn. The artist in this part of the picture appears to have studied Claude, and profited by that delightful painter, much of whose pure and tasteful style we see in the arrangement of the scenery, in the bridges, the rippling of the mountain-streams, the spray-like silvery colouring of the water, and many other delicate touches which we discover in it. But the principal part of the picture is the background: there we have a distant but distinct view of the Crucifixion; the particular spot is illuminated by a supernatural light, which, by the solemn splendour it sheds,

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gives a fine and imposing contrast to the "darkness all over the land," which we learn in holy writ accompanied the awful event from "the sixth unto the ninth hour." The pale light which glimmers on the edge of the opposite high ground, is extremely characteristic and beautiful. The artist has judiciously managed to cover his picture with a cloudy and dense atmosphere, such as we know accompanies an awful physical convulsion: it here suits the historic description: "And behold the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent." This is the best picture we have seen by this artist.

Apotheosis.—H. Howard, R. A.

"Flere et meminisse relictum est."

This picture simply described as an *Apotheosis* carries with it in the open, dignified, and expressive countenance of the principal figure, the explanatory personification of her whose beatification it depicts: it is an *Apotheosis* of our late beloved and lamented Princess CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

Her late Royal Highness is represented clasping a new-born infant in her arms, ascending, guided by an angel, into ethereal regions, where other angels anxiously await her in gladness and joy. Beneath her is a weeping figure emblematic of Britannia; at whose feet lies another (we believe) of Hope, from whose hand an anchor has fallen, and who vainly grasps a wreath destined to deck the brow of the object of her expectancy. A kneeling mourner personifies the surviving illustrious sufferer; and beneath him lies the anchor.

the unconnected and naked appearance of which is alike emblematic of the stay and hope that have been just torn from him and the country. The general grouping in this picture is arranged in an easy and agreeable manner, and the dark shadows of the lower, or, if we may use the expression, terrestrial figures, present a strong relief to the shroud-like and pale transparent drapery of the principal figure, the lines of which are flowing and harmonious, and lift it with a buoyancy finely suited to the new state and being into which the angelic expression of the figure denotes it to have passed. It is pleasing to see painting and poetry, the sister arts, uniting to commemorate the anguish of our national grief, and the bitterness of our disappointment.

The sculptural department of the Institution looks naked without the model of some work destined to express the public feelings on this melancholy occasion. We should have thought that if the subject did not itself suggest the idea to our artists, the intended Cenotaph would. We are convinced that if the attempt had been creditably made, the directors of the Institution would have repaid the pains of the artist.

The Evening Star.—Sir W. Beechey, R. A.

Star of descending night! fair is thy light in the west! The waves come with joy around thee, and bathe thy lovely hair.—OSSIAN.

This is a beautiful delineation of the planet Venus when she bears the name of *Hesperus* or *Vesper*, the evening star, at the setting of the sun. The figure is represented with all that lightness, beauty, and

grace, which we see combined in some of Canova's best finished poetical statues, but with a clearness, a bright and pearly transparency, which the sculptor's material does not admit of. The Cupid ushering in the planet is conceived in true poetic taste.

Meg Merrilies.—By the same.

This is too smooth a looking gipsy, too much like those summer sun-burnt marauders that skirmish in well-fed numbers about the metropolis, venturing little farther than Hornsey Wood, or Hampstead Heath, or Dulwich Common, and never aspiring to any thing more daring than the kidnapping of a stray child. The *Meg Merrilies* of the Scottish tale was quite a different personage: she was daring, enterprising, and vindictive, with her meaner qualities, and calculated to maintain a stern ascendancy over her followers and associates by more than ordinary art. As the workings and external expression of a strongly marked countenance must have furnished no small part of the means by which this influence and controul were obtained, we expected to see them depicted by the artist; instead of which, we see a plain and smooth visage, strongly marked in the outline to be sure, and coloured as brown as any gipsy could wish, but totally destitute of that visibly expressive character which the author furnished to the artist in colours so strikingly popular.

A Scene on the Boulevards, Paris.—

W. Collins, A. R. A.

We select this picture from those of the same artist in this Exhibition, not because we think it the best, for the others are in the line

of pleasing landscape-painting, in which he is so justly praised; but because it is a most attractive novelty, full of genuine character in the subject, and with much to commend in the execution. The name explains the subject: it is a representation of familiar French character, as it is seen in one of the greatest thoroughfares of the Parisian capital. There is as much truth and humour in it as illustrative of the gambols of our continental neighbours, as we see of common character among ourselves in Hogarth's lively pieces: it is fair broad humour, well described and diversified, but not put in caricature. The colouring, like the subject, is lively and sparkling, and the picture will be an acquisition to any cabinet.

The Pool of Bethesda.—J. Ward, R. A.

This subject represents the descent of the angel into the pool to trouble the waters, as described in the 5th chapter of John, and give them their healing qualities. The principal beauty of this picture is in some exquisite touches of colouring, as brilliant as some perhaps of Titian's, or any of the old masters; but the figure of the angel is uninviting. Whatever defects this picture (which is out of the artist's usual, and we take leave to say better, track) may have, they are greatly redeemed by his other works in the Exhibition, which are full of his characteristic truth and vigour.

Bathsheba.—*Love-making, from the Song of Duncan Gray.*—D. Wilkie, R. A.

This inimitable artist has shewn much of his peculiar talent in the

two pictures we have just named. They are, however, by no means equal to the more studied works we have seen from him, and may be considered as the mere every-day pictures of his fancy. In the *Bathsheba* there is both grace and fine drawing, with some exquisite touches of colouring. In the *Love-making* there is a great deal of that species of character in which this artist pre-eminently excels. It is taken from a humorous song by Burns, descriptive of a lover's visit to a fair-one, whose affections are not a little engrossed by an honest rustic who is seen significantly peeping through the corner of the window, while the obtruded lover is biting his lips in the room at observing the indifference of the lady at the presents he has brought her, and which appear to excite the prudential cupidity of her parents. The feelings of the several parties are finely portrayed, and the colouring is extremely appropriate and beautiful.

One of the Fathers expounding the Sacred Books.—M. A. Shee, R. A.

This is a finely expressive portrait, and as rich in colouring as it is true in expression.

An Indian Army in the Pass of the Ghauts, Deccan, East Indies.—

W. Westall, A. R. A.

If an excellent and picturesque representation of Eastern scenery can recommend a subject, this has certainly that recommendation: the colouring is strong and vivid, and the scenery extremely interesting.

The Vestry.—W. Ingalton.

The peculiar merit in this picture is the striking and appropriate diffusion of character it presents. The story of the poor applicants

for parochial relief, and the manner in which it is received, is well told; the expression in some of the figures is hardly inferior to that in Wilkie's *Distraint for Rent*. As a work of art, however, it is faulty: the perspective in the back-ground is bad; and the picture, as well as the one near it by the same artist, *Preparing for the Fair*, has a raw and chalky surface, which is unpleasant.

Fruit and Flowers.—J. Barney, jun.

A sweet and pleasing little picture, full of truly natural and beautiful colouring.

Scene on the River Wye, Moonlight.

—G. Arnald, A. R. A.

This is an interesting moonlight scene; the reflection in the water is very well executed.

The Bard.—J. Martin.

We have already noticed this pleasing work at the Royal Academy, and wish it, as well as the *Joshua*, by the same artist, had been sold there. Praise is alone an empty tribute to the talents of a young artist. To purchase his pictures, is to patronise him; and we know no artist more deserving of public encouragement than the one before us.

Scotch Country Fair.—A. Carse.

This is a most humorous representation of the pastime of our Northern neighbours: it, however, wants a little of that variety which Teniers would have given such a subject.

The Woman of Samaria.—L. Cope.

There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water; Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink. ST. JOHN iv.

The colouring of this picture is good, and it has a suitable display of character. The authoritative

dignity of the Saviour is well portrayed, and the attention and astonishment of the woman at hearing her prophetic history, are strikingly marked: the figure appeared to us, however, rather awkwardly long and stiff.

Euphrosyne. Bacchanalians.—
Wm. Etty.

These pictures are remarkable for a very good attempt at what Mr. Fuseli would not inaptly term, a *Titianesque* tone of colouring: the fleshy carnations of the *Euphrosyne* are very good; the same observation applies to the *Bacchanalians*, but the markings of outline in the latter are too indistinct.

The Infant Moses.—John Jackson,
R. A.

There is a fine breadth of light and colour in this picture; the fleshy softness of the infant is extremely beautiful, so is the colouring of the bulrushes, though strictly speaking, it is perhaps too bright; for we know, according to the 2d chapter of *Exodus*, that the flags in which "the goodly child" was laid, "were daubed with slime and pitch." If beauty can atone for the want of strict truth, there is enough of it in the colouring of this picture to please the most fastidious fancy.

An Afternoon Nap.—F. P. Stephanoff.

This picture, in the style of the artist, is full of bright and vivid colouring; it has at the same time a little light pleasing character in some of the figures, which is sufficiently entertaining.

The Young Mourner.—C. R. Leslie,

A little picture full of tender and interesting expression.

Battle Sketch—Mambrino's Helmet; from Don Quixote.—Ab. Cooper,
A. R. A.

These are the principal of several excellent works by this artist in the Exhibition. The *Battle Sketch* is one of the most vigorous descriptions of such an event that we ever saw; the drawing is free and bold, but still in pure anatomical correctness. The genuine humour of the original is preserved in the pictorial representation of the chivalrous knight's attack on the poor barber's bason. The fury of the attack, the consternation of the victim, the wretched leanness of poor Rosinante, and the philosophy of Sancho, embody and present an irresistible specimen of the *vis comica*. In describing the character of the story, Hogarth could not have been more successful.

Study of a Dog.—A. Landseer.

This is a most spirited sketch of a trifling subject: it is boldly touched, and very well drawn.

Milking.—John Burnett.

A good clear landscape, very pleasingly coloured, the cattle well drawn, and the whole subject handled with skill and taste.

View at Harrow Weald, Middlesex.

—Miss H. Gouldsmith.

This lady has several pleasing sketches in this Exhibition. Her style of landscape-painting has nothing in it of commonplace; it is always a simple but tastefully selected copy from nature.

Penning the Flock.—J. Stark.

This is a very pleasing sunny landscape, from a young artist of great industry and merit: the stillness and weariness of the scene, and mellowness of the colouring, remind us of some of De Lou-

therbourg's landscapes; the drawing, particularly of the sheep, is better than in some of Mr. Starke's former pictures.

Morning.—J. J. Chalon.

A very pleasing and well-finished picture.

View of Knight, a remarkable Mountain of Merionethshire.—C. V. Fielding.

The landscapes of this artist, like the style of Othello, are full

—————"Of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads
touch heav'n."

He is, therefore, quite at home among the dreary rocks of Merionethshire; and if he had but Salvatore Rosa and a genuine Welch harper for companions, then the group would be complete, and the inspiration at its height. The artist gives his scenery as he finds it, and the lovers of true unsophisticated nature, without the incubance of cultivation or modern improvements, will find enough to warm their imagination in these landscapes.

Cottage-Girl.—W. Ross.

An interesting subject, well coloured and tastefully executed.

A Landscape, with a Sibyl's Temple; Composition.—J. Glover.

This artist is not deficient in taste, but there is a uniformity, a monotony in his style that palls upon us. In the picture before us, he has chiefly composed from the beautiful Claude of either Mr. Hart Davis, or Lord Egremont, in the former Exhibition at the Institution. There is a good deal of very agreeable finishing in this picture, but certainly not much variety.

Mrs. Ansley, Miss Willis, Mr.

Bone, Mr. Brockedon, and several others, have many very pleasing pictures in the Exhibition, to which we regret our limits will only allow us to refer, as shewing considerable proficiency.

SCULPTURE.

We have already stated that the Exhibition contains ten sculptural models: three *Judgments of Paris*, a *Satan*, a *Patroclus*, an *Israel*, a *Comus*, a *Proserpine*, a *Theseus*, and a *Menelaus*. There is certainly not a little of poetry in these subjects, though they are without much variety. A beautiful and spirited group by the late much-lamented Mr. Theed, has been added to the collection since its opening. Of these (with the exception of Mr. Theed's), the *Judgment of Paris* by Mr. James Heffernan (not Hefferman, as it is usually misspelt in the Royal Academy Catalogue) is decidedly the best; it tells the story with more simplicity, more poetry, and in the details more of chaste anatomical finish, than any of the others, though the latter particularly. Mr. Brockedon's are executed with a good deal of taste. The *Theseus* by Mr. Hinchleff, and the *Menelaus* by Mr. Denman, are very spirited productions.

These models are in general badly placed; they are thrust into a corner. It is no defence to say that this is the usual place, for if it were bad in the first instance, perseverance in the error cannot be urged against the evil. These small works should be elevated to be properly seen; a platform, suitably raised in the centre of the room, and so constructed as not to interfere with the view of the pictures, which

could easily be done, would be the proper plan.

It is but justice to the members and patrons of the British Institution to mention, that at no former period within the same space of time

have so many pictures been sold, and chiefly the productions of young artists; among whom, in addition, several prizes have been distributed by the directors.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXVII.

I AM applied to in so many ways, according to the various wants of my correspondents, that I should really be qualified by universal attainments in art and science, were I enabled to advise and instruct them. Women have been eminent in poetry, painting, and music; females have also distinguished themselves as fine writers; but since the time that witchcraft has been laid aside, I do not know that the science of astrology has been cultivated by the more tender sex. Nevertheless, I have been several times applied to, from an opinion of my acquaintance with the stars, for information relative to future events; and on an apparent reliance that I had a foreknowledge, which would enable me to instruct others to acquire good and to guard against evil; nay, I have had money offered to bribe me into a fit of supernatural communication. However, as I have never been able to tell my own fortunes, I shall not pretend to tell those of others. But this is not all.

I have sometimes also been consulted as a physician, at least as a medical professor. I have no less than three letters applying for receipts to cure corns; and no longer ago than last Monday, I had a most parental epistle from the tenderest

of all mothers, who, after a long display of her anxious cares and foreboding fears, requests me to have the goodness, as she perceives from my writings that I am endued with superior benevolence, to inform her of the best mode of curing chilblains, with which she says her dear chubby-faced cherry-cheeked little children are at present afflicted.

These applications are rather flattering, because they suppose me to possess a certain degree of useful skill, and the ready kindness to impart it for the benefit of others. But this is not the opinion of every body, as a person who signs himself Harry Resolute, considering me as possessed of more medical knowledge than Lady Bountiful in the play, and that I can not only cure a sprain or a wound, but that I know all the secret effects of both, desires me to inform him on what part of the hand a good smart cut will produce a *locked jaw*; and I defy all my readers, if they were to employ the whole intervening time, which is no less than a month, between the publication of this and the next number of the *Repository*, to form a right conjecture of this worthy gentleman's motive for favouring me with such a curious inquiry. It is as follows:

"I have," he says, "a clever managing kind of a wife, and, though I say it, rather pretty in her person; but then she has a tongue that never lies still for a moment, from the time she rises in the morning till the night summons her to take her rest, and give it to all the other members of the family. Now I am told, that a certain cut in a certain part will produce what is called a locked jaw, which never fails to bring about a total disuse of the tongue. This I wish to have explained, because, if that is the case, the particular trouble of mine to which I have alluded is not without a remedy. Mrs. Resolute, you must know, is a very rigid economist, and I have found it a most difficult task since I have been married to her, to prevent her from degrading herself, as I think it so in a person of her station, by cutting the bread and butter for tea in the afternoon, as she suspects that servants are generally very wasteful and extravagant in the latter article; and if a good slash in her hand from a sharp knife would produce the desired effect, I shall let her take to cutting the bread and butter, and who knows but a fortunate slip of the blade may make her quiet and myself comfortable the rest of her life."

I beg leave in reply to say, that if Mr. Resolute can possibly be serious in his request, he is a fool; and if he thinks it a good joke to attempt to impose upon and laugh at me, I have a different word to apply to his character, which it does not become me to name.

I have another application, which, whatever may be the reality of the former, is made, I believe, from se-

rious and very vexatious experience. The writer represents himself as having been married about three years to a very charming and accomplished woman, but who, having been unfortunately brought up in the midst of tonish and fashionable society (for so, and properly enough, he has expressed himself), is afflicted with the mania of being always in the height, even to the minutest circumstance, of what is the prevailing fashion of the day. He explains a variety of instances, which are perfectly ridiculous and idly extravagant; and I shall beg leave, for that will be sufficient, to describe one of them.

My correspondent represents himself as possessed of a large fortune, and endued with a generous nature as well as an indulgent disposition; but he cannot persuade himself that the happiness of reasonable beings is to be found during the winter in fashionable parties, expensive entertainments, balls, concerts, &c. and the looking to card-racks and porters' books as the guides of life; as well as in thinking, that the fine summer months are no where to be enjoyed but in domestic transfers to public places under their different denominations and characters. This gentleman states, that his country mansion is rather of a superior class, with park and woods and gardens, and all the accompaniments that give consequence to its possessor: but madam insists that it is a scene of dulness and stupidity, where she sees and is seen by no one; and, therefore, instead of spending the fine season of the year among his tenants, and benefiting them by his residence, on his estate, his whole family is

carried to some watering-place at a great distance from their home, where twice the expense is incurred, and not a tythe of the real comforts possessed which can be commanded on the spot, that is thus deserted from idle notions of fashion, and, which is the consequence of them, the habits of dissipation. I think it will be better to give the concluding part of his letter, which is too long and circumstantial to insert the whole of it, in his own language.

“ I suffered things to go on in this way till my wife became a mother, as I was strongly possessed with the opinion, that the new ties and tender feelings attached to that character, would turn her from the pleasurable pursuits of the *ton* to that home which was the natural scene of them, and where alone the delights attendant upon maternal duty could be enjoyed. But my disappointment was complete, and distressing beyond what I can describe: for she regretted her confinement, as it debarred her from her parties and her pleasures; the children are resigned to nurses; and it was rather as a compliance with my whims, when the nursery was allowed to accompany her for upwards of two months last summer to Brighton, at the distance of a hundred and twenty miles from the family seat. I now determined, however, to put an end to this delusion; and on my assuring her that I resolved to make a change in my domestic arrangements, she fell into fits, accused me of a wish to put an end to her life, sent instantly for a physician, who, I suppose, was prevailed upon to tell me, that,

from the delicacy of her constitution, it might be attended with serious consequences if I continued to oppose her wishes. I regard her with the utmost tenderness, but as I know that her constitution has borne late hours, and indeed all the hurries of dissipation, without being impaired, and as it has never been injured by being continually abroad, I have no great alarm at the effects of staying at home. I am, therefore, fully determined that my fortune shall not be diminished, nor my domestic peace be disturbed by the racketing or riot of fashionable life; and I shall, in spite of her fits and faintings, which are ready upon every the least opposition to her will, carry my plan into execution. Now, madam, as you appear to have an enlarged experience, and, I doubt not, a scientific knowledge of your own sex, you are probably able, and will, I doubt not, be ready to give me your opinion as to the best and least painful mode of convincing the lady in question, that real happiness is not to be found in the rout and riot of what is called high life; and that a wife and a mother has duties to perform, and pleasures to enjoy, to which dissipation is a professed enemy, and is only preparing for her a miserable old age, and the painful reflections on her early folly.”

I shall reply to this gentleman by relating a story, which I recollect to have heard, and from whence he may derive some instruction for his present situation, and be relieved, if he has resolution to follow a good example, from his prevailing perplexity.

And mistress of herself, though china fall.

POPE.

A fine, high-spirited young lady of the *ton* was married to a gentleman of ancient family and large fortune in one of the northern counties. He, however, had the kindest heart in the world, and all that submissive disposition which generally accompanies such a character. He had, therefore, no authority over his wife; for she did not fail to apply the weakness of his temper to answer her own purposes. He, nevertheless, who was not without a decent portion of understanding, would sometimes, though very rarely, and in a quiet way, oppose her requisitions. But she, who was always determined to gain her point, and being of opinion that wrangling was beneath a gentlewoman, resolved upon an expedient which would not wound decorum, by falling into fits whenever she received a contradiction. The worthy man, who feared nothing so much as these hysterics, gratified her in every thing, whatever it might be, to prevent the return of these alarming attacks. A fit, however, of a more serious nature happened to make free with him, from which he never recovered; and the lady for some time acted the no very difficult part of a disconsolate widow.

At length this unassociated kind of life became disagreeable, and she chose a very sensible, accomplished gentleman for her second husband, with a firm resolution to govern him by those arts which she employed to acquire an authority over the first. But he was acquainted with her disposition; and, without deviating from all proper ten-

derness, determined to shew that he would be the master on the very first occasion that offered. It soon happened, that in talking about china, of which she was particularly fond, he ridiculed the folly of purchasing decorations that were of so brittle a nature, treated it as an idle extravagance, and finally declared, that no such expensive crockery should be permitted to enter his house. The lady immediately fainted, when he started up, as if in a state of extreme alarm, and vociferated most loudly for help. The servants arrived; all the necessary remedies were applied, as he took care, in a most uncomfortable abundance; at length she was placed on the sofa; and as she appeared to be recovering, he pressed his cheek to hers, and took that opportunity of whispering in her ear, "My dearest love, all these vagaries will answer no good purpose whatever; all that is in the power of my fortune you may command, but I beg and beseech you to lay aside these foolish artifices. You may be assured, that I shall never, like your former husband, be the dupe of these pretty passions. Take the advice of one who sincerely loves you, and would make every reasonable sacrifice for your happiness, but then it must be the happiness of a reasonable woman." These hints rather increased her agitations for the moment; but a little reflection, and his kind attentions, not only altered her conduct, but brought her to think so contemptibly of it, that among her intimate friends she will sometimes allude to her folly; and it was from her own lips that I heard the story which I have related.

I must beg of Lætitia to consider, that there is nothing so easy as to ask a question, but that it is not always the case with giving answers. Of her interrogatories, some are unintelligible, and the rest are so simple, that she will excuse me

from replying to them. - I will venture to say, that the very first person she meets after she has read this paper, whether man, woman, or child, will be able to give a satisfactory answer to them.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Musica Flebile, a tre Voci, per l'immatura infaustissima Morte di Sua Altezza Reale LA PRINCIPESSA CARLOTTA AUGUSTA di Galles Saxe-Cobourg, &c. composta da G. Liverati, Autore dell' Opera favorita dei "SELVAGGI," e già Compositore del così detto King's Theatre. Pr. 2s. 6d.

To such of our readers as are in the habit of frequenting the King's Theatre, the name of Mr. Liverati cannot be a stranger. They surely will recollect his serious opera *I Selvaggi*, brought out two years ago. It is one of the very few operas, composed here since the time of Winter, that received the decided approbation of the public, and was honoured with many repetitions. The music struck us forcibly as being of a superior order; and we have not forgotten the impression excited by the finale to the first act, and, among other pieces, by a charming quartetto, *Oh sacro vincolo*. We, therefore, perceive with regret, that this gentleman has quitted his station as composer to our Italian Opera; where, if encouraged as his talents deserved it, he would, in our opinion, have produced works on the birth of which on British soil we might pride ourselves. In support of this opinion we need only add,

that at Vienna, the seat of musical taste, several of Mr. Liverati's operas, such as *David*, *La prova dell' Opera*, &c. met with very distinguished success. We cannot, and ought not, to have Mozart for ever; novelty is an essential requisite in dramatic representations; and while other capitals produce new musical dramas every season, is the King's Theatre to be fed second-hand, as was the case last season?

To turn, however, to the composition before us, we shall briefly state, that the subject of its Italian text is the premature death of our beloved Princess Charlotte. Her memory has not been honoured by the British Muse alone; Germans and Italians have vied in offering a tribute of affection on her tomb. Among these, Mr. Liverati's effusion claims a high rank. It is a glee for three voices, in the style of a cantata, consisting of several movements of varied character. The first, in E b, which serves as introduction, is awfully impressive, and is followed by a continuation of the same subject, of a somewhat more determined character in the outset; but towards the conclusion (from the words *la delizia, le speme*, &c.) the melody assumes a cast of tenderness and sweetness extremely affecting, and eminently suited

to the text. In the third movement, an allegretto in B b, the question, "Shall we then see this fierce destroyer," (death,) 'vaunt his dire blow?' and its sequel, are again treated with becoming energy; and some clever imitations between the bass and upper parts sustain this effect of decisive expression. After this movement, the author resumes the andante of the second strain; on which, however, he now engrafts one or two very good new ideas, such as at *si fia sempre dell' Anglica gente*, &c.

In this elegiac composition, Mr. L. has judiciously abstained from any display of bold or strikingly scientific harmonic combinations: these would have been misplaced on such an occasion. His labour ingratiate itself by correctness of judgment, propriety of expression, and by an impressive classic style; all which merits go hand in hand to produce a well-organized *tout-ensemble*.

Select Airs from the celebrated Opera

IL DON GIOVANNI, composed by MOZART; arranged for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, by J. F. Burrowes. Books I. II. III. Pr. 8s. each.

As the works of Mozart, and especially this opera of his, have at last become the universal theme of admiration in this country, it may not be superfluous to recall the attention of our readers to an ample original biographical memoir of this astonishing musical genius, inserted in the eleventh volume (First Series) of the *Repository of Arts*. They will find there some anecdotes relating to *Il Don Giovanni*, and a few critical remarks on its music, which at the present time may perhaps excite additional interest.

Il Don Giovanni, although not the most perfect of Mozart's musical dramas, is his greatest work; it seems more than any other with the emanations of almost superhuman harmonic powers. Of the gay, the sorrowful, the comic, the grave, the tender, the terrible, this opera presents equally perfect models; it breathes the accents of sensual as well as platonic love; while, on the other hand, it soars beyond mortal existence, and speaks the sepulchral moans of phantoms.

The excellent manner in which this opera was performed at the King's Theatre last season, forms an epoch in our musical history, and has rendered the whole opera an universal favourite. Various editions of the music are already before the public, but as all these require the vocal assistance of not only one but several persons, the idea of Mr. Burrowes to confine its execution to a piano-forte, accompanied by a flute, appears to us judicious, and likely to meet with the approbation of a numerous class of amateurs. His aim seems to have been to select every air of course, and, moreover, every movement, the cantabile style or regularity of which could recommend its production in a detached form. Hence several such pieces have grown out of the finales; others have been given with curtailments, and some have undergone transposition to an easier key. The flute generally, and at times but alternately, assumes the melody; and in the absence of that instrument, the part is so arranged that it may be played by a third hand on the piano-forte. This is certainly convenient; but in some instances the height of the melody thus occasioned, operates

in some degree a diminution of effect.

All this required, as may be supposed, not only much assiduous application, but the exercise of equal judgment and taste; and we are happy to add, our inspection of the work enables us to say, the task has been very ably accomplished. The essence of the harmony has been preserved without imposing deterring difficulties on the piano-forte, and less still on the flute. The number of pieces is eight in each book; the great favourites are fairly dispersed over the three; and the typographical execution does credit to Messrs. Goulding and Co. the publishers.

Celebrated Irish Melody, arranged as a Rondo, with an Introduction, composed for the Piano-Forte by F. Ries. Op. 67. No. II. Pr. 3s.

After a short introduction, in which we observe some original ideas, among which the concluding bar is not the least neat, the Irish melody "The young May morn" is propounded in its simple form first, and then a series of digressions and recurrences to the subject are entered upon, which not only bear a decided stamp of originality, but are highly attractive in point of melody. The change of tempo occasionally resorted to, adds considerably to the interest. In this respect we remark the pleasing cantabile portion in the larghetto, *p. 4*, and the original deduction from the subject at *poco più andante, p. 5*. The subject itself, *p. 5*, is well brought in; the neat lines 1 and 2, *p. 6*, claim particular attention, so does the imitation of the theme in minor key in the same page; and the conclusion

of the whole appears to us striking and effective.

Les Suirantes, No. II. Sonate pour le Forte-Piano, composée, et dédiée à Milady Caroline Murray, par J. B. Cramer. Op. 58. Pr. 4s.

The first of this set of sonatas appeared some time ago, and was noticed in a former critique of ours in terms of high commendation; but the sonata before us, in our opinion, is still superior to its predecessor. It is impossible to imagine ideas more exquisitely treated. All breathes harmony in its most elegant and pure form. The movements are three in number, an allegro in B b, a largo in F, and a rondo in B b. We have now before us a good page of notes, the substance of which was intended for this article, but we really despair of doing any thing like justice to the numerous excellencies we should have to describe; and our room, besides, would fall very short of the space which the most concise analysis would require. All is excellent; and even in cases where the thoughts are not original (and some there are which may be readily traced to Mozart), the garb in which they are dressed, and the manner in which they are introduced, make them appear with fresh interest as integral portions of the whole.

Select Melodies, with Variations for the Flute, composed by C. Nicholson and J. F. Burrows. No. IV. Pr. 3s.

An air by Mr. King, "Sigh not for love," forms here the theme of four variations, which claim our approbation fully as much as we have testified in respect to the former numbers of this work. In the sub-

ject, however, we perceive a succession of harmony not quite to our taste; we allude to bars 9, 10, 11, p. 1. The progression is hard, at best, in that bare form which commences every bar with a fifth. This harshness is a good deal avoided in the variations. On the latter we have already given our favourable opinion generally; we shall merely add, therefore, that No. 2. distinguishes itself by a graceful fluency of style; No. 3. presents a fine flute solo; and No. 4. is rendered interesting by the character of polacca into which the theme has been thrown. A few very elegant concluding bars in the piano-forte part of vars. 2. and 3. also demand our special notice.

"Softly opes the Eye of Day," a Serenade adapted to Dalayrac's admired Air of "Le point du jour," written, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Foote, by Wm. Ball, Esq. Pr. 1s. 6d.

To this sweet air of the graceful Dalayrac, a very elegant English text has been devised, which unites itself admirably with the chaste and simple melody. The whole has our decided approbation.

A Sonata for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Violino, composed by T. B. Everett. Pr. 4s.

In this sonata we perceive a few ultra-harmonic combinations, arising from a desire to produce originality; but the composition presents such numerous proofs of good taste and superior science, that we cannot but testify our hearty approbation of Mr. E.'s labour. In the allegro we observe a good subject (the whole of which, however, is not new to us), a fine cantabile dolce passage, some creditable al-

ternations, and, in general, a good style of treatment. The passages which connect the end of the first, as well as of the second strain, to the beginning of the latter, look profound, but are not to our liking. The key is B b; but the second strain begins in the very distant and extraneous key of B b minor. A bridge of connection, therefore, between these extremes was to be built by flats and double flats, and, withal, by an enharmonic leap from C b to B b. The road, after all, is not a smooth one. The adagio in E b deserves high commendation; its theme is of the chastest sweetness, and the violin affords valuable aid in its progress. We also notice with approbation the interesting portion in E b minor: the last bar but one, however, before the entrance of the six flats, appears objectionable, including the violin; and the path by which we get from the minor to the major, is again of very artificial construction. The last movement, a minetto "in the German style," does honour to Mr. E.'s talents. It presents a fund of science: fugued passages, good counterpoints in abundance, tempi d'imbroglia, imitations, &c.; in short, all that is clever in harmony. The whole is excellent, and shews that the school from which the piece professes to be an imitation, has been studied with judgment and great advantage.

Le Tournesol, a favourite Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, in which is introduced an admired Irish Melody, composed, and, by permission, respectfully inscribed to Miss Sarah Birkett, by J. Monro. Op. 8. Pr. 2s.

Four movements: the first is an

introduction in C minor, a little solemn rather, but altogether in good style. The succeeding allegro, in two strains, has a pleasing subject, is conducted with regularity, quite sonata-like, and presents proper development of ideas: the second strain, setting out in G minor and merging into B♭, and other harmonic ramifications, equally demands our approbation. The Irish melody is pretty, tastefully embellished, and well harmonized. The last movement is called the Isleworth Walz: the theme is more agreeable than original; the third strain, with the unisonos in the minor key, although not new, comes in with good effect. We further observe a pleasing part in D major, and, further on, the subject thrown into G minor, and afterwards into B♭: the conclusion also is quite appropriate.

The whole of this divertimento bespeaks good taste and correct harmonic conception; it is eminently suited for practice, as it combines attractive melody and sound harmony with attention to executive convenience.

"*Le Retour des Vendangeurs*," *Introduzione and Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Llewellyn*, by J. Harvey, jun. Pr. 3s.

This publication has caused us some surprise: we do not know Mr. H. and if we can trust our memory, this is the first of his compositions that has met our eye. Hence, we will own it, our expectations were slender; but "taste and judge" ought to be the watch-word of the critic: we tasted, and our satisfaction increased at every step. If Mr. H. has the major portion of life

before him (and from his *Introduzione* we are inclined to think he has), we predict decided future eminence, so he keeps in the road which his good taste has pointed out to him. The *Introduzione* is a clever and interesting movement; almost too clever: the signature is D minor, but the transitions to all sorts of keys are too numerous and incessant; we have, as we go on, F major, C major, B major, E minor, C♯ major, F minor, D major, &c. and, lastly, a neat strain of some extent in A major, which ends the introduction. In all this no mean degree of skill is displayed, but such frequent changes are destructive of unity in design. We have done with objections! The rondo demands unalloyed applause: the theme is very graceful, the passages (p. 4) neat, the dolce (p. 5) chastely conceived, and the rest of that page written in a superior style of workmanship. The *minore* (p. 7) contains some highly select ideas; the modulations at the end of that page and the beginning of the next are extremely well conducted, and the rest of the last-mentioned page, as well as the ninth, quite masterly. The conclusion also gave us much pleasure.

Once more we must declare our high satisfaction with this specimen of Mr. H.'s Muse. His style is classic; his talents are evidently of a superior order.

"*Le Garçon Volage*," a favourite Quadrille, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, and most respectfully dedicated to Miss Charlotte Cotterell, by James Denman. Pr. 2s.

Excepting one or two instances of awkward harmony (such as at the

beginning of the third line, p. 1), we must do Mr. D. the credit to declare, that he has exercised considerable ingenuity, and occasionally also some harmonic skill, in converting this duple into a very entertaining rondo. We here and there observe some very neat transitions, and the passages which connect the strains are cleverly devised. The second page is well managed, the minore (p. 4) respectable, and the portion in B b particularly neat. The various changes of key throughout are properly introduced, and contribute to throw variety into the whole.

"*Adieu, good Night,*" a favourite Ballad, sung by Mr. Duruset of the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, written by G. E. Giffard; composed by Louis Jansen. Pr. 1s. 6d.

"*Adieu, good night,*" ingratiates itself by a pleasing melody of tender expression, by a regular and symmetrical arrangement of the

ideas, and by a satisfactory and effective harmony. It is a good song. *Les Sauts, six Duettinos for two Performers on one Piano-Forte, respectfully inscribed to his Pupils Misses A. M. and T. Brickenden,* by Jos. Coggins. Pr. 3s.

Two movements of Haydn, one of Handel, one of Gluck, one of Nicolai, and one of Dr. Arne, are here cast into six short duets, of the utmost facility as to execution at the outset, and progressively a little more difficult, yet none beyond the reach of very moderate proficiency. The harmony is simple, but satisfactory. We, therefore, wish to recommend Mr. Coggins's labour to the attention of young practitioners and to their instructors, as lessons eminently calculated for the earlier stages of tuition. The two airs of Arne and Handel are a little out of date; but no matter, there is the more variety of style to set before the beginner.

FINE ARTS.

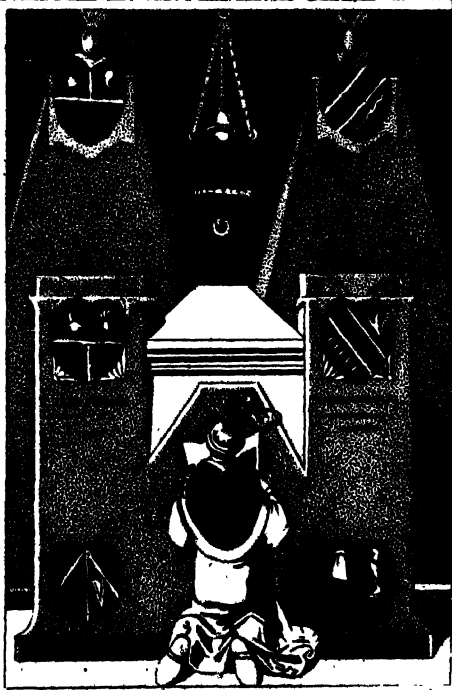
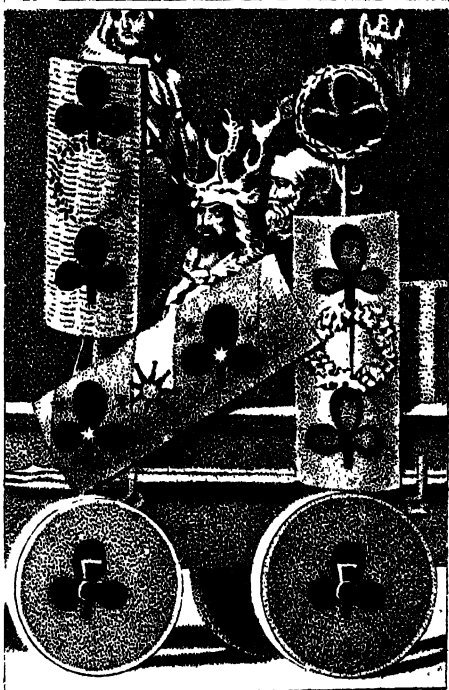
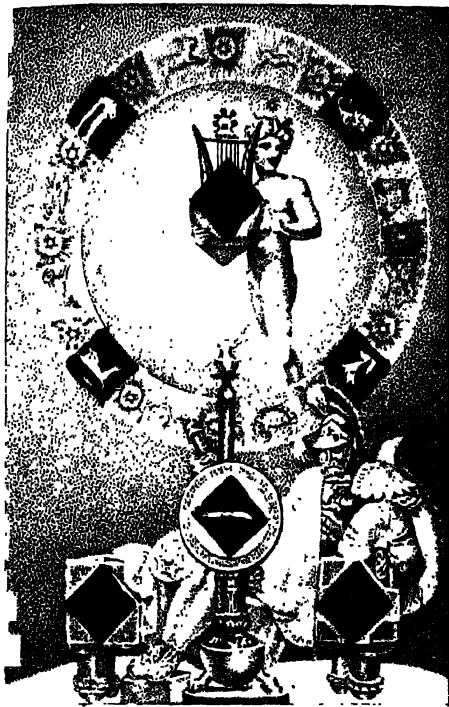
PICTORIAL CARDS.

PLATE 15.—FOUR PLAYING-CARDS.

THE annexed series of these tasteful and interesting compositions will be found to rival, if not to surpass, the elegance of those which have already been presented to our readers. The formal arrangements of the original cards are well concealed by the present designs, and are artfully combined, or separated, so as to make their usual figures properly decorative to the several subjects.

THE EIGHT OF DIAMONDS is the dream or vision of a Greek warrior,

In complete armour and wrapped in his mantle, he reposes on a couch, fully prepared for the battle that awaits the morning; and his sword and shield are suspended to the candelabrum supporting the watch-lamp. His genius, whether good or evil, and which is the aerial figure of the vision, seems to be touching the lyre in a cadence pleasing to the recumbent hero. The principal light emanates from the lyre, indicating war and bloodshed, and is reflected on the zodi-



PICTORIAL CARDS.

acal belt that surrounds the figure, in the signs of Aquarius, Taurus, Leo, and Scorpio, importing the periods of the year in which his dangers and labours will transpire. The diamond is also made to decorate the shield, and to form compartments in the frame-work of the couch.

The THREE OF SPADES is a composition from the story of the *Fracas*, and is illustrated in its continuation: the drawing, and light and shadow, are highly creditable to the artist, who has judiciously concealed the lamp by a screen formed of the spade; and other spade-like forms compose a classic ornament to the bed, and a border to the lady's dress.

The NINE OF CLUBS is combined in a group of Hibernian warriors, proceeding to battle in the ancient war-car of their country: the figure of the club is ingeniously made to represent the axle, pin, and nave of the wheels; it is also used to decorate their massive shields, and to form the standard of the party. The varied positions of the shields have a picturesque effect, and curiously lessen the formality of the card itself.

The EIGHT OF HEARTS is altogether sepulchral, and represents the tombs of some of those departed knights of romance who flourished in the ancient days of chivalry. A knight of later times, probably in those of Alphonso, of Sancho, or of Dionysius, who succeeded the Suevi, the Visigoths, and Moors, is clothed in his mantle, and paying the accustomed homage of midnight watching and prayer; the least hurtful perhaps of the constituted duties of a faithful and true knight.

Fol. V. No. XXVII.

BEATRICE, OR THE FRACAS.

(Continued from p. 112.)

STUNNED by the force with which he met the elbow of the holy father, and the blow his head received on the rough and pointed stones of the causeway, the linguist lay senseless on the ground for some time; but when, by an assiduous rubbing of his temples, assisted by the copious sprinklings of the falling shower, returning signs of life appeared, the good man led, or rather dragged, him along to the house of a neighbouring chirurgeon, into whose hands he committed him, with injunctions of ample assistance and proper remedies; and he related the particulars of the accident, so far at least as he himself knew them. The stupid insensibility in which he remained when his friend departed, was succeeded by a sort of delirium, the symptoms of which appeared the more alarming, as the inexplicable guttural of the linguist was reassumed, and with considerable violence. Restraint and repeated bleedings were instantly resorted to, and the worthy teacher and translator was presently in the situation of a frantic maniac.

Every one knows that the eve of St. Benedict often falls at the commencement of Easter; and so it happened at this time, and immediately preceded it, the solemn duties of which engaged the reverend father for several days, and concluding the accident he had witnessed was but of a trifling nature, it no longer engaged his attention: so that the doctor, who judged, by the dress of his patient, that he was not unworthy the full exercise of his talent, continued

B 2

to bleed, blister, scarify; and position, until, in the language of the mystery, he had suffered an universal and extreme prostration of bodily energy, and had really become a fit subject for medical skill, applied in the way of tonics and nutritious diet.

The works of destruction are rapid and obvious, but those of restitution are slow and scarcely perceptible, at least it was so with the strength and health of the poor linguist; for the surgeon availing himself of the incoherent language of the first hour, and affecting to believe all the declarations, remonstrances, and assurances of the sufferer, to be merely the offspring of a disordered mind, contrived to administer with diligence the whole extensive catalogue of his remedies, each article of which he accompanied with a pious address and some mysterious signs, which he maintained were necessary to its perfect operation. In this manner a fortnight had passed away, and the injudicious vauntings of Le Pallet had established a report that the linguist was murdered, and by his hands; for the servant had faithfully communicated the account received from Teresa, and towards which the musician had volunteered his advice. This turned out to be rather an unfortunate piece of generalship; for it being proved that the absentee was last in his and the ladies' company, and that the musician was not at his own home during that night, an unusual circumstance, a suspicion fell upon them all as being accomplices in the murder: they were therefore apprehended and confined apart; the house was ransacked, and the

floors and pavements broken up in search of their supposed victim.

Beatrice was inconsolable at this turn of affairs; her little property was seized, her reputation injured, and her life in danger. Her situation was otherwise less painful than might have been expected, rendered so by the friendly offices of the keeper of the prison, one of whose private apartments was allotted to her in the domestic portion of the edifice; for he had known her father, who, at the latter period of his life, had indeed spent some weeks in his establishment, and had been generous (perhaps upon compulsion) for many little indulgences; and as Beatrice was also liberal, she shared in some attentions, and suffered little restraint within the confines of her own room: both then might well be granted to a female so unprotected and in such circumstances.

The gaoler had a son, who, from other motives, was no less considerate of the lady's comfort; in fact, he had formed some resolutions tending that way, when twelve months before she had visited her father, Mons. Selstoff, in the same prison. The clock had now struck twelve, and Beatrice was about to retire for the night, after long meditation and reflections on the loss of her stew-pans and chafing dishes, when a gentle tap at the door, repeated thrice, each time more gently than the other, somewhat alarmed her; presently a key entered the lock from the outside, and the door was opened by the youthful candidate for her favours: he was an assistant of the town notary, and a clever lad in his calling. The poor youth's heart beat vio-

lently as he explained the nature of his visit—his love, her danger, and his determination to aid her escape, provided she would consent to become his wife, should future events prove favourable to his wishes. Escape and concealment were all that could be done at present; he had obtained the keys, and could return them, so that her escape might appear to be owing to a negligence of the gaoler himself. Beatrice, whose eager eye never was withdrawn from the door, hastily consented to his prayer, and on his knees he rapturously acknowledged his satisfaction.—Having adjusted her dress, he cautiously led her through the house to the buttery and little postern, used only by the servants of the family; and at this spot it is said the youth first ventured to claim that testimony of gratitude or affection which authors never report with confidence as having transpired, because perhaps the parties never reveal it.

The fugitive was now at liberty, but the rapid succession of ideas had not permitted a due consideration of the spot she should adopt for her refuge, and she instinctively made her way towards the house of her late residence and misfortunes. It was closed, the door fast padlocked on the outside, and seals were affixed to the shutters of the lower windows: in fact, it had upon it the sign and seal of the law; and by the faint gleam of the moon, it looked as awful as would the record of her condemnation, or the imperial warrant for execution. Beatrice inwardly shuddered at the sight, and passing onward, doubtful of an asylum being afforded to her, she saw a light in the attic window of the dwelling belonging to a distant relation, and she knocked involuntarily at the door: it was the very house of the surgeon in which the poor linguist was still enduring the retrograde discipline of the healing art.

(To be continued.)

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 16.—BRIDAL DRESS.

A LOW dress, composed of British net, and worn over a white satin slip: the dress is cut low and square round the bust; the bosom and back are ornamented with white satin points interspersed with pearl; the shoulder-strap is finished with chenille. The waist is very short, the dress tight to the shape, and the back of a moderate breadth. Sleeve *à la Française*, made very short and full, and ornamented with ten or

twelve narrow stripes of white satin placed bias round the arm. The skirt is finished at the bottom by a large rouleau of white satin, which is surmounted by four satin pipings, disposed in waves and interspersed with white roses. The front of the dress is so formed as to have the appearance of a drapery; it is ornamented with pipings, which terminate in a large bunch of white roses: the effect of this trimming is novel and elegant. The

hair is dressed high behind, and surmounted by a diadem of white roses; a band of pearl is placed across the forehead. The front hair is disposed in ringlets, which fall thickly over the temples so as to leave only a little of the forehead visible. Necklace, bracelets, armlets, and ear-rings, pearl. White leather gloves, and white spotted silk slippers.

PLATE 17.—WALKING DRESS.

A fawn-coloured poplin gown made half-high: the back is plain, and the front wraps a little to the left side; the body is trimmed with two rows of white satin ribbon painted in natural flowers. Plain long sleeve, finished at the wrist to correspond. The bottom of the skirt is very tastefully trimmed with painted ribbon interspersed with bows. Head-dress a small gipsy hat composed of cork, cut in the same manner as willow-shavings, ornamented with a bunch of cork flowers coloured to resemble nature, and a full plume of fawn-coloured feathers. A small round cap is worn under this hat; it has a full quilling of net round the face. We must observe, that the hat is not lined, but has a row of painted ribbon put round the inside of the brim, which resembles at a distance a wreath of flowers. Fawn-coloured kid slippers and gloves, and a rich silk shawl, complete this dress.

We are indebted to the invention and taste of Miss Macdonald of 50, South Molton-street, for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Pelisses are most generally adopted in the promenade costume, but

they afford us little room for observation. For plain walking dress they are now generally composed of cloth or velvet, and trimmed with fur. The most fashionable have a very broad trimming all round the pelisse; the collar, pelerine, and cuffs also correspond. *Ponceau*, mulberry, dark green, and deep blue are favourite colours for these pelisses. Ermine, sable, and squirrel's skin are the furs most in request. The muff always corresponds with the trimming of the pelisse. We have not for many seasons seen muffs so generally adopted: they are worn of a moderate size.

Walking dresses are also in considerable estimation: they are composed of poplin, levantine, and fine Merino or Russian hair cloth.—When they are composed of cloth, they are generally finished round the bottom of the skirt with a trimming which is an intermixture of velvet and satin, and are worn with a velvet spencer: the colour of the trimming and the spencer always corresponds with that of the dress; but being of course much more vivid, it has a very pretty effect. We consider these dresses as very gentlemanly, and peculiarly appropriate to the walking costume.

The materials for walking bonnets do not differ greatly from those of last month. Beaver is still in estimation; velvet is also generally worn, but it is now frequently mixed with satin. Leghorn is in very great favour: we have seen several bonnets composed of it of a singular and unbecoming shape; the crown is of a moderate height, but the brim, which is square, is enormously large, and comes very



close over the face. The trimming of these bonnets is novel and pretty; it is a *chevaux de frise* of ribbon of two or three different colours: this trimming is very full, but not broad, and has at a distance the appearance of wreaths of flowers; it goes round the edge of the brim, and also round the top and bottom of the crown.

Velvet and levantine pelisses are much worn in carriage dress, as are also high round dresses composed of plain and fancy poplins, and white Merino cloth. Pelisses are generally trimmed with swansdown; but we have seen some trimmed with a rich silk fringe, with a broad pointed heading, the points composed of chenille and little tufts of floss silk. Pelisses trimmed with this fringe, have generally a collar and cuffs of satin or fancy velvet, but the latter is most fashionable.

Cork hats form a favourite head-dress for the close carriage; and velvet and satin bonnets, the brims of which are elegantly finished with an embroidery in straw, are also in much request. The most novel head-dress that we have seen, is a white velvet bonnet, the crown of which is made like a caul of a cap: it is high, and has a band of green satin placed across in the middle; the front is small and square: it is lined with white satin, and finished round the edge by an embroidery of oak-leaves in green chenille, and a row of narrow blond lace set on plain. A very full plume of green and white feathers placed to one side, and green satin strings, finish this bonnet, which is one of the most tasteful and becoming head-dresses that we have seen for some time,

Merino cloth and striped tabinets are very much in favour for morning dresses. We have observed nothing actually novel either in the form or trimming of morning dresses, satin and ribbon being the only materials in request. Cork-screw rolls of ribbon interspersed with bows, are much worn, and have a pretty effect; but they cannot be considered as a new fashion, since, if we recollect right, they were described in our French fashions as being worn in Paris some months back.

Plain and fancy poplins and striped sarsnets are most in favour for dinner dress; low dresses are upon the whole most prevalent, and long sleeves are universally worn. No alteration has taken place in the bodies of dresses since last month; the trimmings also which we described in our last number, are still in the highest estimation. We have noticed, however, two new trimmings: the one is painted ribbon or velvet, which, as our readers will perceive by our print, has a very tasteful effect: the other is an embroidery of floss silk, which is about half a quarter in breadth, and has the appearance of feathers; there are generally three together, and they are placed at distances of three or four inches asunder. The effect of this trimming is very whimsical, but by no means inelegant.

British net, white satin, and gauze are all in estimation in evening dress. Gauze is extremely fashionable: we have seen some flowered in the loom round the bottom of the skirt in a large running pattern; they are worn with coloured satin bodies, which are made

very low, and are cut round the bust and at the bottom of the waist in small scollops; a very fine narrow lace is set on plain round these scollops. The sleeve, which is very short and full, is surmounted by a half-sleeve composed of three large satin scollops, which are also finished with narrow lace. We have some reason to believe that trains are likely to be revived; a *marchande des modes* of considerable eminence at the west end of the town, has lately received several orders for train dresses.

Caps have been creeping into favour during the last month, and seem likely to be again as much worn as ever. In half dress, the *cornette* or mob shape is not, however, very fashionable, the most tonish being round: they are composed of British net, the cauls are rather high, and they are trimmed

either with narrow lace or a quilting of net round the face, and ornamented with ribbon only in undress; they are also generally tied with narrow ribbon under the chin. Those worn in half dress are a mixture of net and satin; the caul is usually lower; they are not tied under the chin, and instead of ribbon, they are profusely ornamented with flowers. Never indeed have we perceived flowers so generally adopted in full and half dress as at present; feathers are partially worn, so also are pearl and diamond ornaments in the hair; but flowers form the most general ornament of caps, *toques*, and turbans. They are also worn to adorn the hair in diadems, bouquets, and half-wreaths.

Fashionable colours for the month are, green, fawn-colour, scarlet, deep blue, and pearl colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Feb. 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

SINCE I wrote last, promenade dress has experienced a considerable alteration. Pelisses are still, however, fashionable, but many of our *élégantes* are seen in spencers: these are composed either of velvet or levantine; their form has nothing novel, and they are trimmed always with Brandenburgs either of steel or silk.

The coldness of the weather has occasioned our fashionables to resume an article of dress which has been very little worn in the earlier part of the winter; I mean the witzchoura. The form of this expensive cloak continues the same

as last winter; but the large fur pelierine which used to ornament it is discarded, and a high standing collar composed of fur is substituted in its place. Witzchouras are worn occasionally over spencers or pelisses, but they are more generally adopted with gowns of tartan silk, or fine Merino cloth: these gowns are made in a very plain style; the body is tight to the shape, and cut very low round the bust. The sleeve is long, and in general plain. The skirt is finished round the bottom by a broad rouleau of satin; this is surmounted by two or three bands of either satin or velvet. The bust and the bottoms of the sleeves are ornamented either with satin bands

or narrow rouleaus. I must not forget to observe to you, that a new and very beautiful stuff, which is an imitation of velvet, and is called *velours simulé*, is much in fashion for spencers, witzchouras, and court manteaus.

The materials in request for hats are velvet, white satin, and *tulle*. The two latter are in universal request for dress hats. Large bonnets are still worn; but I have recently seen two small hats of a very becoming shape, which I will endeavour to describe to you.

The first is composed of velvet; it is always worn with a *cornette* of *tulle*, no part of which is seen but the border, as the brim of the *chapeau* is shaped exactly like the headpiece of the *cornette*, and, like it, ties under the chin: it has no trimming round the brim, but is turned up in a soft full roll. The crown is oval, higher in front than behind; the top of it is formed of full velvet; a very full band of satin goes across the crown, and a plume of ostrich or Marabout feathers is placed to the left side.

The other is a small velvet hat, which has some resemblance to a *toque*; it is of an oval shape; the brim is turned up on one side. The crown is composed of a piece of plain velvet, but the middle part of it is ornamented with satin dispersed in folds; a brilliant steel loop is placed in the centre of these folds across the crown of the hat, and a very long plume of ostrich feathers put close to the loop finishes it.

Both these hats are of a becoming shape, but particularly the round one: it is, however, calculated only for a carriage or dress promenade hat, but the other is elegantly ap-

propriate to walking costume; it is tasteful, but at the same time simple and neat.

When I wrote to you last, small round caps were all the rage, now *cornettes* are in universal estimation; they are composed of *tulle*, velvet, satin, and worked muslin: the two first materials are, however, considered most fashionable. Instead of having, as formerly, a headpiece made with ears, the headpiece now consists of a plain band, one side of which is considerably longer than the other; this is brought under the chin and fastened at the right ear; it is ornamented with a broad lace border, and a narrower lace of a corresponding pattern is set on full round the ears and next to the caul, which consists of an oval piece, and resembles very much the caul of a night cap. These *cornettes* are ornamented with half-garlands of flowers, or sometimes with low plumes of down feathers. Velvet flowers, which have been so long in request, are now entirely exploded; and Marabout plumes, which, when I wrote last, were but partially worn, are in higher estimation than ever.

Plaid silk has superseded levantine in dinner dress. *Percale* still continues fashionable, so are plain saris of light colours; but Merino cloth is entirely exploded.

Dinner gowns continue to be made low, and in general with long sleeves. Embroidery is no longer considered fashionable for the trimming of dinner dresses; instead of it, our *élégantes* wear two or three rows of striped or spotted ribbon, put on in waves. This kind of trimming is generally terminated

by a puckering of satin at the bottom of the skirt. Dresses are again gored, and made of a moderate fullness, but it is thrown in general too much behind.

Percale dresses continue to be trimmed as described in my last, and the *fichu* worn with them generally corresponds with the trimming of the dress; that is to say, the collar is formed of two rolls of clear muslin or *tulle*: at the bottom of these rolls is a narrow frill plaited very small; another frill is placed between the two, and a similar frill goes round the *fichu*.

In full dress, *tulle* over white satin is still very fashionable; but gauze and crape are also in high estimation. Figured gauze is in greater request than plain. I saw last night a very beautiful dress composed of it, which I will try to give you an idea of.

The body is composed of white satin, and cut low on the shoulders and behind, but of a delicate height in front, so as to shade the bosom; it fastened in front, wrapped a little to one side, and was ornamented with the lightest and prettiest narrow white silk trimming I have ever seen. Three scarlet silk buttons are placed on the shoulder, and a band composed of floss scarlet silk, of a light and elegant pattern, goes round the waist. The body, instead of *tabs*, is finished by a short jacket, full behind but plain all round. The sleeve, which is short and full, is finished at the bottom by a band to correspond with the waist, and surmounted by a half-sleeve composed of three falls of *tulle*, each fall considerably deeper than the other, and each finished by a row of silk trimming to correspond with

the bust. These falls are very full, and stand out a good deal from the under-sleeve. The bottom of the skirt is ornamented with five or six flounces of *tulle*, disposed in large plaits; each of these flounces has a heading, a row of the scarlet silk trimming I have already described. The bottom of the skirt is also ornamented with a row of it, put close to the hem. The effect of this dress is uncommonly elegant; it is a great favourite in ball as well as full dress: for the latter, however, *canezous*, so the bodices are called that I described in my last, are in still greater favour. The newest trimming for ball dresses consists of narrow plaid velvet ribbon; from four to nine rows of this ribbon are used to decorate the skirts of ball robes.

The Mary Queen of Scots cap has been revived by some *élégantes* in full dress; it is composed of *tulle* or blond, and ornamented always with flowers: it is, however, only partially adopted.

The hair is dressed higher than when I wrote last; it is still divided into bands and platted: these bands, instead of being brought to one side, form a full tuft at the back of the head. Garlands of flowers are still in favour in full dress, but they are now placed very far back upon the head, and a pearl or coral bandeau generally ornaments the forehead. Coral ornaments are also in great favour for the hair; they are likewise placed far back upon the head.

Togues, turbans, and dress hats are in general estimation in full dress with matronly ladies; but flowers or coral ornaments form always the head-dress of youthful

belies. Fashionable colours are, scarlet, pale pink, and blue; but white is higher in estimation than any other colour.

Farewell, deaf Sophia! Believe me ever your affectionate
EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. W. PHILLIPS will shortly publish the third edition of his little work, entitled *Outlines of Mineralogy and Geology*, with some additions. From this edition, however, will be excluded the few pages annexed to the last, as an Outline of the Geology of England and Wales; which, together with the map accompanying it, will shortly be published separately, but with large additions, under the title of A Selection of Facts from the best Authorities, arranged so as to form an Outline of the Geology of England and Wales, with a map and sections of the strata, designed for the use of the student.

The author of *Melancholy Hours* has in the press a poem entitled *Astarte*, which will appear in the course of a few weeks.

Mr. J. H. Brohier has in the press, *The English and French and French and English Cambist*, or *Tables of Exchange*, from one farthing to a million pounds sterling, and from one denier to a million livres.

A New Picture of Rome, or an interesting *Itinerary*, containing a general description of the monuments, and most distinguished works in painting, sculpture, and architecture, both ancient and modern, of that celebrated city and its environs, by Marien Vase, is in the press. It will be embellished with numerous views of public buildings, and a large plan of Rome.

Vol. IV. No. XXVII.

J. W. Lake, Esq. is preparing for the press a volume of poetry.

Mr. Curtis, whose improvements in the treatment of diseases of the ear have lately occupied so much attention, has now in the press his *Introductory Lecture* to his Course on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Diseases of that Organ, as delivered at the Royal Dispensary.

Speedily will be published, to be continued monthly till completed, the first number of an *Ecclesiastical Biography*; containing the lives of Jesus and the Apostles, and of the most celebrated fathers, martyrs, founders of sects, missionaries, and theological writers; arranged chronologically, to form a connected History of the Christian Church.

Mr. Prince Hoare is preparing a *Life* of the late illustrious patriot and philanthropist, Granville Sharpe, a man whose deeds deserve to be recorded as examples to good men of all ages and countries.

Mr. Robert Bloomfield is engaged on a descriptive poem of the splendid mansion, and that enchanting spot, Southill, near Bedford, the seat of the late Mr. Whitbread.

A collection of the *Poems* of Arthur Brooke, Esq. of Canterbury, is in the press.

In March will appear, a volume entitled *Epistolary Curiosities*, or unpublished Letters from Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, Prince

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Rupert, General Lord Astley, General Fairfax, John Selden, Oliver Cromwell, General Monk, Sir Richard Sutton, &c. edited by Rebecca Warner, of Beech Cottage, Bath.

Early in March will appear, in 8vo. the first volume of a complete translation of *Ovid's Epistles*, by Edward D. Baynes, Esq. A faithful version of these elegant and impassioned epistles has long been a desideratum in the literary world.

In the course of this month will be published, a poem, entitled *Har-*

vest; to which will be added, a few other poetical pieces, by Charlotte Caroline Richardson.

Mr. Minasi, whose portrait of the Duke of Wellington printed upon silks in colours, by a method of which he is the inventor, obtained some time since the warmest approbation of artists and connoisseurs, is preparing, in the same superb manner, a highly chaste and appropriate allegorical design commemorative of the lamented Princess Charlotte.

Poetry.

EXTRACT

From Lines suggested by the Death of the Princess CHARLOTTE.

By THOMAS GENT, Author of "A Monody on SHERIDAN," &c.

THEN, wherefore, Albion! terror-struck,
subdued,

Sit'st thou, thy state foregone, thy banner
furl'd?

What dire infliction shakes that fortitude,

Which propt the falling fortunes of the
world?—

Hush! hark! portentous, like a withering
spell

From lips unblest—strange sounds mine
ear appal;

Now the dread omens more distinctly
swell—

That thrilling shriek from Claremont's
royal hall,

The death-note peal'd from yon terrific
bell,

The deepening gale with lamentation
swol'n—

These, Albion! these too eloquently tell,

That from her radiant sphere thy
brightest star has fall'n!

And art thou gone—grac'd vision of an
hour!

Daughter of monarchs! gem of Eng-
land's crown!

Thou loveliest lily! fair imperial flower!
In beauty's vernal bloom to dust gone
down—

Gone when, dispers'd each inauspicious
cloud,

In blissful sunshine 'gan thy hopes to
glow;

From pain's fierce grasp no refuge but
the shroud,

Condemn'd a mother's pangs, but not
her joys to know?

Lost excellence! what harp shall hymn
thy worth,

Nor wrong the theme? Conspicuously
in thee,

Beyond the blind pre-eminence of birth,
Shone Nature in her own regality!

Coerc'd, thy spirit smil'd, sedate in pride,
Fix'd as the pine while circling storms
contend;

But, when in life's serenest duties tried,
How sweetly did its gentle essence
blend,

All-beauteous in the wife, the daughter,
and the friend!

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THE SECOND SERIES.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

Mr. Carey's Remarks—The White Lace Gown—and Hamet, an Eastern Tale, in our next.

We have been again under the necessity of deferring a variety of poetical contributions, and also the Selections intended for insertion in our last Number.

We should have been happy to gratify C. C. could we have done so without danger of involving ourselves in a very unpleasant discussion.

Harriet will find an answer to her question in any reputable System of Botany.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.



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PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE 19.—THE WATERFALL OF PISSEVACHE.

PERSUING the road through the Valais, between St. Maurice and Martigny, the traveller is suddenly stopped by the magnificent waterfall of Pissevache. It is formed by the torrent of La Salenche, which falls upwards of 700 feet; but its last perpendicular fall, that is here represented, is not more than 250 or 300 feet. Its abundant and foaming waters roll impetuously over enormous masses of black rocks; they are received in a spacious circular basin, whence they precipitate themselves to the road, after working several mills. A small bridge thrown across the torrent, and some cabins covered with blocks of granite, heighten the picturesque effect of this grand picture. The cascade separates in its fall in an infinite number of small portions, which burst and evaporate in fine coloured spray. The rays of the sun, at its rising, tinge it with a thousand hues, and paint in it a thousand rainbows.

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This waterfall does not exhibit the same smooth and undulating sheet as several other fine cascades of Switzerland, such as the Staubbach: it is an impetuous torrent, the waters of which, broken by the craggy points of the rocks, exhibit to the view nothing but agitation and confusion. But how could the pencil express the varying and rapid effects of these tumultuous falls! How could the painter's colours render with truth that incessant and diversified motion, always majestic but always inconstant, of which imagination alone can retrace the complete impression, because it combines with it the noise and agitation inseparable from such a sight!

The little mount, formed of matters carried down by the river, is accessible on two sides, and the cascade may be viewed very near. The drawing was taken from a hillock, where the travellers are assembled. The road to Martigny

D D

winds along in the back of the picture; it is terminated by the mountains which bound the Valais on the south; the top of the glacier which

rises above them is that of Mont Combin, on the ridge of which is the celebrated *Hospice* of the Great St. Bernard.

MISCELLANIES.

PL. 20.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER XVIII.

From my Prison, in the night between the 7th and 8th of Jan.

A PRISONER!—what an odious word! From my youth it has always sounded horribly in my ears, and you cannot conceive how disagreeably the idea of it has always affected my nerves. I never pass a gaol but the thought of chains pierces through marrow and bone; nor could I ever find in my heart to shut up even the most ordinary bird in a cage, for the loss of liberty must certainly be equally distressing to all, whether the feathers belong to a humming-bird or a hedge-sparrow. So habitual is this feeling, that were it even to interrupt me in the most profound contemplation of the glory of God, I could not help opening the door for my dog or my cat the moment that either of them should scratch to be let out.

Thanks be to Providence, I was never before in such a situation as at present: you may easily imagine, Edward, how severely I must feel it. From the little that I have gone through to-day, I can conjecture what would become of me if it were to last as many years as it has done hours. All the good qualities of soul and body would be paralysed. In a prison, were I to have friends about me, I should learn to

hate them; nay, I verily believe, that were the three Graces themselves confined with me, I should be like the captive elephant, and that there would be no danger of posterity to arraign my continence.

It is to me incomprehensible how there can exist persons, who, in spite of this natural feeling, can fritter away their time in feasting, hunting, and public diversions, knowing, as they do, that meanwhile their rigour or their arrogance detains creatures organized like themselves in chains and fetters. Woe to the sovereign who can commit this power, which nothing but a higher duty than pity can justify, to rash, imbecile, or wicked hands—who does not loosely hold the bridle which he imposes upon liberty—who, instead of erecting palaces, which his successors will suffer to decay, does not rather exercise his fondness for building in the improvement of the prisons, in enlarging their court-yards, in planting them with trees and flowers—and who presumes to exclude even the worst of criminals from the blessings of the sun, though ordained by the Supreme Judge to shine alike upon the good and the evil, upon the just and the unjust!

But what shall I say of you, who have refined upon the art of tor-

menting your fellow-creatures to such a degree, as not only to imprison their bodies, but also their souls—who cut off from them all food for their minds—who deny the use of books, pen, and ink—and allow the wretched no other recreation than the painful contemplation of their misery?

The compensation which my writing-table now affords me for the loss of the hours that I have been obliged to throw away, teaches me how painful it must be to have the current of our thoughts confined within ourselves, and to be prevented from pouring it into the heart of a fellow-creature. How highly, dearest Edward, though far from thee, do I now prize thy presence! and what a jewel is my pen all at once become to me!

But to return, after this long *tirade*, to the history of this eventful day. When I was compelled by the serious aspect of affairs to tear myself from you, and had laid aside my journal, I seated myself in my arm-chair, to consider what was to be done. Friends are naturally the first thing for which every person more or less oppressed looks round; but unluckily I found this prospect much more circumscribed here than in any other place in the world. You know how small is the circle of my acquaintance in this place. Besides my two accusers, it includes only three other creatures—call them men if you please—each of whom seems to me more unfit than the other for any kind of enterprise. On the wretched dolt in purple, to whom I was recommended by the uncle of the marquise, no rational person could surely place any reliance. A fellow whose head

is wholly occupied with the three wonderful stones of Sancta Clara de Montefalcone, would infallibly spoil any business which required a single grain of common sense. For the bookseller, who is equally absorbed by something or other—Heaven knows what—in Clara the second, which, though it may not lie so deep as those demonstrations of the Trinity, yet concentrates all the rays of his mind as into one focus—could he be induced to interfere in the concerns of another, they must certainly be of such a nature as to be capable of affording him more pleasing intelligence on the subject over which his imagination broods, than I am able to do. And as for Laura's keeper, he is as fixed as a statue. Where legs are necessary—and they certainly are for soliciting—he is of no use; and in such an affair as this, it is not to be expected that my judges will take the trouble to go to him. Nevertheless, as we can derive from our friends such benefit only as they are capable of affording, the head of the converted Jew seemed to me to deserve, even without legs, the preference to the two others. Conversant as he is with Petrarch, he will but smile at my weakness with Clara; and the harmony to which the poet has accustomed his ear, will render it impossible for him to find an episcopal jest in the cries of a wretch upon the scaffold. Besides, has he not in his daily and hourly intercourse with strangers had abundant opportunities of becoming acquainted with the good side of a heretic? and then who could calculate more accurately than he the benefits of toleration? —Without farther consideration,

therefore, I sat down to my writing-table, informed the honest fellow of my extraordinary confinement, cloaked the occasion of it as well as I could, and to convince him the more fully of my innocence, I inclosed the last Dutch ducat that I possessed.

When my despatch was ready, I went to the window, and waited for the return of Bastian, that I might send him off with it. I soon perceived him running across the street. But you should have seen how he stood before the house, how he listened after every knock at the door, and how wild he looked when he discovered that he was cut off from his master! I called to him, and absolutely frightened him by the plaintive tone with which, in my distress, I pronounced his name. How he looked up! His sister's eyes could not have expressed greater astonishment, had I, on that critical evening, actually cheated the poor girl out of the little domestic remedy which she brought me, though without any sign of the cross, yet certainly more innocently than the vaunted Claret. It was the second time since new-year's day that I had been reminded of the good Margot, and you cannot believe, Edward, how pleasing was the recollection; so much so, that it almost made me forget her brother and his mission. It seemed as if he himself was afraid to disturb me in my delicious reverie. He opened his lips once or twice, before he could find in his heart to communicate the news which he had brought from the post-office; namely, that the legate had forbidden my being furnished with horses, the devil knew for

what reason. His doleful voice, and his hasty looks first at me and then at the knocker, shewed but too plainly how closely that prohibition was connected in his mind with the locked-up house; and his intelligence had such an effect upon me, as to bring me quickly back from Margot's bosom to my far less agreeable situation, and I delayed no longer to drop my letter. Bastian caught it very adroitly in his hat; and it was not till then that I perceived the impropriety of opening a communication through a window. The few words which we had exchanged had already assembled a number of inquisitive persons round the house; one imparted his conjectures to the other, and they put together before my face a story, which I should have been glad to hear, and which will probably furnish a topic of conversation to the whole town. Some patriots even thought themselves authorised to detain my messenger, and to demand his despatches. But here it was clearly evinced how excellent a passport is a good name; for no sooner had they read the address to the keeper of Laura's grave, than they took off their hats, and suffered the letter to proceed to its destination, smiling as though they fancied they could guess what it contained.

Scarcely had I closed the only aperture that was accessible to me, and returned to my arm-chair, when I perceived but too plainly by the cravings of my stomach that my dinner hour was past. French politeness, said I to myself, will surely not let you famish before you are condemned. Even in thick-blooded Germany, Justice, which every



where acts consistently, despatches none to the other world without giving him a hearty parting meal. The culprit's head is not struck off till the *migraine* has left it, and the sick robber is not strangled till he is cured of his quinsy.

These thoughts, suggested by hunger, were interrupted by a circumstance which gave them a different, but in no respect better, direction. My female neighbours, and Bastian too, returned. The doors were opened, and my dinner brought in. If this produced a change in my situation, it was, nevertheless, accompanied with circumstances with which I would willingly have dispensed. The aunt and niece brought with them a reinforcement which I did not like. The old woman was conducted by a sallow *procureur*, and what vexed me most, Clara tripped across the street arm in arm with the dean. When my door was opened, the dishes were brought in, not by Bastian, whom I so anxiously expected, but by two papal soldiers—and fellows more shabby and emaciated could not have been selected to make me fully sensible of my present impotence. These squalid attendants took away all my appetite. Whoever has seen Prussian troops would have some difficulty to suppress his laughter at the sight of these ecclesiastical soldiers: but this risible inclination in me was completely suppressed by the anger I felt at being so wretchedly guarded. The two famished fellows seemed to like their office still less than I did. They retired slowly and gravely to the door, and there planted themselves one on each side of it. Their looks, which

were meanwhile as invariably fixed upon the dishes as if they had never before seen a boiled fowl, would have convinced any historian that they had not served under a Henry the Fourth. I could not have played these poor wretches a more scurvy trick than to have consumed the smoking viands at my ease before their eyes. But, setting aside the physical causes that forbade this, I should have been prevented by a certain delicacy of feeling which always accompanies me to table, and which is desirous of banishing from its vicinity every sight of misery, every idea of oppression. The most impure juices must, as I thought, course through my veins, if I could satiate myself in the presence of one doomed to famish without sharing my morsel with him.

I, therefore, gave up my dinner to these beggars, with whom, when I duly considered the matter, nothing but my folly in the adjoining room brought me acquainted, and I was only sorry that my generosity cost me so little, for, the gratitude expressed in their lack-lustre eyes would have amply compensated for the utmost denial of my palate.—“Go, my good fellows,” said I, interrupting their thanks, “carry these things into the ante-room, and much good may they do you! When you send my servant to me he shall fetch you a couple of bottles of wine, and please yourselves whether you drink to the pope’s health or mine.”

There can scarcely be a more speedy method of effecting a counter-revolution than that which I thus employed. My guards were so completely won by my conde-

scension and kindness, that it would have cost me but a word to direct the weapons provided to secure me against my persecutors, and to make prisoners of the *procureur*, the old woman, her niece, and the dean. But as I must have stormed the post before I could procure horses, and have treated the city and suburbs, too, before I could overthrow the authority of a man, who, by virtue of the office of the keys, has so long governed them; I gave up the idea, and was satisfied for the present with the advantage which I had already gained, inasmuch as the garrison of my ante-room now suffered my Bastian to pass freely and unmolested, without caring about our private conversation.

"Suppress your curiosity just now," said I as he entered, with looks of astonishment, "and first satisfy mine. Tell me as briefly as you can, how my friend the sexton received my message."—"Ah!" replied Bastian, "I hope you will be able to make something more out of the good man's palaver than I can. What your letter was about, I don't know, but in the answer, at least the verbal one which he gave me, there is not a single atom of sober sense."—"That's the way with all oracles," rejoined I; "the inquirer must first put sense into them. But let us hear!"—"When he had stowed away the ducat inclosed in your letter," resumed Bastian, "and read it deliberately through, he shook his head at some passages, spoke through his nose, and repeated his nonsense several times that I might not forget it:—'Make my salutations to your master. Tell him not to fret or wonder

that he should be a loser at Avignon in a quarrel with two saints.' If the renowned Concordia has, perhaps from well-intended motives, prevented him from entering the domain of the harmonious Cecilia, it is to be hoped that she will elsewhere compensate him tenfold for her seeming cruelty. Let him but quickly remove the difficulties—I assure you, sir, this is word for word what he said—'which this *elsewhere* occasions. The means are in his own power. Let him but recollect the ingenious ideas by which he rendered his conversation so agreeable to me.'"—"Surely," cried I, interrupting my ambassador, "the fellow must be mad, or making game of me!"—"Likely enough!" replied Bastian.—"But proceed."—"Farther, tell your master," resumed Bastian, imitating to the life the sexton's harsh nasal twang, "'he has only to rub his eyes, and look across the street, when the dwarf, who alone can recall the burned from their ashes, will appear to him.'"—Here I lost all patience, and springing from my chair, "What the devil," I exclaimed, "am I to make out of this gallimaufry? But so it is when a fool thinks to imitate a great poet. Because his Petrarch will for ever and ever remain unintelligible to him, the dolt imagines, I suppose, that Laura's spirit would take it amiss if the keeper of her grave were to express himself more clearly. Go back to him instantly, and tell him to seek a different butt for his humour, as I will another master for the ducat, which I desire him to return—But stop a moment." I walked angrily to the window, and had not long gazed with vacant

looks at the street, when I encountered an object which at one glance solved the intricate enigma. It was no other than the dwarfish figure of my friend Fez, leaning against his shop, and staring me plump in the face.--"Right!" cried I, "my good Fez, it is nobody but you that can deliver me from my captivity. You are the dwarf to whom the oracle directs me. Make haste, Bastian; reach me those backs of books one after the other, from the heap that lies by the grate. I'll soon make a list of their deceitful titles—One to seventeen! There they are! Now, Bastian, take this paper to our neighbour the bookseller, and let him put down the prices at which he will engage to furnish these rare works." The other half of the riddle was resolved with equal facility; and I discovered, without much seeking, that the good ideas which had so pleased my indulgent friend, the wit so highly relished in all countries and applicable to all processes, consisted in—a full purse. I took out mine, and surveyed it with pleasure; and as it is decreed that I am to pay for all my follies, I determined to do it with the best grace and like a person of consequence.

My good-humour returned during these reflections in the same ratio as my hunger, which had become extremely keen, when Bastian returned and handed to me the statement of the exorbitant charge of M. Fez. I threw it carelessly on the table. "Make haste, Bastian," cried I, "let me have something good for dinner, and bring me a bottle of Sillery, that I may forget I am still at Avignon."

How much vexation might we

spare ourselves, if we had only learned to avoid the dark aspect of those adverse events which befall us in our passage through life, and to seek the cheerful side alone which every human occurrence presents, if we but knew how to turn it properly! A violent and painful death itself may excite a smile, in the certainty that the tyrant by whom it is inflicted, has not the power to extend it beyond a short span of time. I would undertake to endure it with magnanimity, and with derision of the impotence of my enemy, as we are told is the practice of the captive savages; and cheer myself up with the idea, that my immortal spirit will in the everlasting hereafter laugh as heartily at the demolition of its prison-house, as we now jest at the most vehement pain of a quarter of a second. I cannot possibly suppose that I shall then feel the least inclination to call to account the fools who here tugged at my frail tenement, or to wish them so much as an ague for their punishment. Let them fare as God pleases. Revenge is to me so disagreeable a sentiment, that I am soon weary of it, and should not even wish to give my adversaries the advantage of strengthening their malice against me by the excitement of this repulsive feeling.

This noble idea accompanied me to table, and attended me till I rose from dinner, when it was superseded by one of a different kind. "What a pleasant evening," sighed I, "should I now enjoy if I were in Berlin! I should fetch my Edward to go to the play, or to some other rational amusement. Who shall play for me here? How

am I to amuse myself, how to promote digestion, with a full stomach, in the space of twenty square yards?"—My previous philosophical speculations would doubtless have been delivered to the winds, had they not been somewhat held together by the hopes that I placed in the efficacy of my well-filled purse. I cautiously opened the door, saw my guards comfortably seated at their table, and beckoned to Bastian.—“Seek to obtain admittance into the next room,” said I to him, “and submit to the persons assembled there the following proposals: Tell them in the first place, that I am heartily sorry for the circumstance which has occasioned my arrest, but that I am willing to make amends for it in every way—don’t forget this expression, for it is of consequence. Then deliver to the dean the list of the burned books. Tell him that I will pay for them at the prices affixed, and also add something for the damaged volumes. Give the *procureur* to understand, that I will cheerfully make him compensation for his time. Beg pardon most humbly in my name of the old aunt, for my precipitate conduct towards her—and assure the pious Clara, that for the offence which I have given her, I intend to found a donation of two tapers to the altar of St. Cecilia, and leave her to fix their size and weight:—that I am ready to fulfil these terms this very evening; and, on the other hand, expect that the assembly will not oppose any farther obstacle to my departure early to-morrow morning, or even this very night.”—A profuse offer—don’t you think so, Edward?—I was aware

that it was when I made it; but by my troth, I felt too that I could submit to still greater sacrifices to extricate myself from a scrape that I considered the most silly in which an honest man was ever involved. I will try, thought I, to make up for this uncalculated expense by economy in some other particular, and let Bastian go, without being able to prevail upon myself to retract one single *son*. You will see that I lost nothing by my liberality.

After a good quarter of an hour, Bastian planted himself before my arm-chair, in which I was by this time nodding. He hemmed, and I awoke. “Well,” said I, “are the horses put to already?”—“Not yet,” replied the poor fellow, and the tears started into his eyes.—“What is the matter, Bastian?” cried I hastily.—“Ah sir!” said he, “the assembly has rejected your proposals.”—“Rejected, say you?” rejoined I, looking angrily at him. “Let’s hear then!”—“You will see, sir,” resumed Bastian, “that I have done every thing in the world that was possible to be done in such an intricate affair; but we have to deal with hearts of stone. I knocked—the aunt, who opened the door, turned as red as a turkey-cock the moment she saw me. I made a most profound obeisance to them all, and first addressed myself to the dean, who was sitting, opposite to a large looking-glass, upon a sofa covered with light yellow satin, with—if I am not mistaken—lilac stripes and white fringe——” —“Oh!” cried I interrupting him, “spare this description—I know already where it stands, and how it looks.”—“I then proceeded to the *procureur*, from him to the aunt,

ended with Clara, and waited for my message. And what do you think it was? Be not too much alarmed, my dear master, but it is my duty to pour you out clear wine."—"Only do it quickly," said I laughing, "otherwise your friends without will leave none for you."—This hint had the desired effect. "The dean," continued my prolix ambassador in a much more compressed style, "first spoke with so much dignity, that I could not help trembling. 'Is it possible,' said he, 'that a man guilty of such crimes as your master, can presume to insult justice with such paltry offers? and that you, my friend, who have been born and bred in the pure faith, should not be afraid to be the bearer of such proposals? Is not your master's property, however great it may be, become confiscated, by the atrocious deed which he has committed, to the exchequer of his holiness? and shall his judges condescend to treat with him on the subject of his punishment? He has not only repaid the hospitality of our country with the blackest ingratitude, not only sacrilegiously destroyed the treasures of the pious institution which afforded him protection, but has perfidiously annihilated the instruments with which our godly predecessors furnished this house for the propagation of religion and virtue.'—'He has conducted himself more abominably than Herostatus,' cried the *procureur*, assuming a very learned look, 'for he only burned the temple of the idol Diana; whereas this man, leagued with Satan, has laid the edifice of our holy faith in ashes.'—'He has insulted me and God,' screamed old

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Bertilia.—'He has sneered at all the saints,' responded Clara.—'Such abominations,' resumed her neighbour the dean, 'are not to be expiated with gold and silver.'—'I should like to see him burning,' cried the hag.—'And I should not shed a tear for him,' said the niece.—'To-morrow,' thundered the *procureur*, 'your unworthy master shall learn with whom he has to do. The act of accusation will soon be ready, and he will have some difficulty to answer it.'—'And now retire, my friend,' said the dean, with so stern a look as I never wish to see again:—'tell your master—for so he still is—what you have seen and heard. To-morrow will teach him another lesson!'—"And what will it teach me," cried I, with mingled indignation and contempt, "that I do not know to-day?—that this tribunal is composed of the basest hypocrites, more reprobate than even those whom I sacrificed to Rousseau. I defy them. Am I not a subject of Frederic the Great and the Wise? Though at this distance, his name will protect me. And as for you, my good Bastian, be under no concern about me. Go, drink your wine, and let the poor soldiers want for nothing. You have ordered supper for them, I hope. Enjoy yourselves during my captivity. I shall require nothing more of you to-day, except a candle when it grows dark."

Between ourselves, Edward, I must acknowledge that my feelings belied the heroism which I feigned towards my dejected Bastian. The name of my sovereign, whatever weight it may have elsewhere, will make as little impression on this crew as upon the natives of Terra

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del Fuego. If you fall into the hands of savages, they will roast you, even though you were a chamberlain to his Prussian majesty, or a knight of the Black Eagle. It is only among civilized and enlight-

ened nations that such considerations have any effect; and there indeed they have screened many greater criminals than I am from inquiry.

THE REEDS OF THE TIBER.

By Madame DE GENLIS.

(Concluded from p. 145.)

ROZEVAL kept a journal, in which he every morning wrote down his thoughts, his meditations, and an account of the supposed prodigies of which he fancied himself the object. He went into his study as usual as soon as he was dressed. In this study there was a window with a large balcony, in which was placed an immense box full of flowers, which occupied its whole extent. Rozeval opened the window, and was petrified with astonishment on seeing among the flowers in the box three stately reeds, which, through the motion of the window, that had just been opened, resounded melodiously. These reeds were above eight feet high; they were harmonious. Rozeval could not help recognising the reeds of the Tiber, transported thither by a divine hand—and this was the heavenly music which he had heard during the night. He felt no doubt respecting this new prodigy; nevertheless he questioned his servant, who protested, with an air of the most perfect candour, that the preceding evening, during his absence, he had not for a moment quitted the house, and that nobody had approached his apartment. Rozeval had before no doubt on the subject, and who could tell the impression which the mere

sight of the reeds of the Tiber must produce on him? His sentiments and his actions were alike unknown; his life was but a series of miracles, and he imagined that they were thus multiplied only for the purpose of informing him, that his exile would soon be at an end, and that he would soon rejoin the angel who called him in so many ways.

The reader will easily guess, that his servant deceived him, and that, bribed by Rosanna, he had been instrumental in placing the reeds in the midst of the box of flowers. In the afternoon of the same day, Rozeval went out with the intention of visiting the cottages situated not far from the reeds of the Tiber. He there found great distress; he relieved their inmates, and left all the consolations which pity can add to beneficence. On quitting them, he strolled in his reverie to the gardens of the Villa Borghèse, which he did not recollect: a slight shower suddenly came on; all that were in the gardens hastened away, and Rozeval was left entirely alone. He walked at random, and approached a magnificent cascade, when, seized with inexpressible agitation, he suddenly stopped. What he heard had nothing vague about it—it was not the aerial

sounds produced by the reeds of the Tiber; but real music; it was the beautiful sonata of Corelli, executed in symphony!—It was still light. Rozeval looked around on all sides; as far as his eye could reach, he could see neither orchestra nor musician; he was alone!—Trembling, confounded, he advanced towards the cascade: the music became louder the nearer he approached: it was there, it was in the falls and brilliant sheets of this silvery water that the enchantment resided. Rozeval discovered to a certainty that it was the noise of the cascade itself which produced the execution of the sonata of Corelli, so enchanting to him*. “Oh!” cried Rozeval, “this affecting music, which during our happy days on earth so often served as the interpreter of our innocent passion, thou hast then placed in heaven! Thy soul was so pure that thou hast carried with thee into eternity all the sentiments which animated it in this mortal state! Ye sounds, which are become divine, since ye are repeated by the angels, and are mingled in the praises of the Almighty, with what holy enthusiasm ought I to listen to you!—What ear is worthy to hear you? Far from me be all the worldly recollections which you might awaken! Complete the purification of my soul!” With these words he dropped on one knee, remained silent, and so violent was his emotion that it exhausted his strength; his head sunk

* By means of an ingenious mechanism, this cascade of the Villa Borghèse in reality executes the sonata of Corelli. At Naples there is a musical cascade of the same kind.

on his breast; and he fell upon the grass and fainted away. He remained senseless nearly an hour, and no one came to assist him: but fortunately the rain having ceased, several persons returned to the gardens; among them happened to be Lorenzi, who approaching the cascade, recognised Rozeval, flew to his assistance, took him in his arms, and carried him from the cascade into a pavilion, where he laid him, still insensible, upon a couch. Rozeval at length recovering the use of his faculties, and no longer hearing the music, exclaimed, “What! have I fallen from heaven to earth?” But casting his eyes on Lorenzi, he recollected that he lived in the same house with him, and that he had several times met him. Lorenzi, who had come in a carriage, proposed to take him home with him; and Rozeval being unable to support himself, was obliged to accept his offer. Lorenzi gave him his arm with an air of interest and sensibility, which appeared to affect him. Being both seated in the carriage, Rozeval kindly thanked Lorenzi, then maintained a profound silence; and Lorenzi durst neither interrogate nor speak to him. Having arrived at their house in Rome, they alighted from the carriage: Rozeval would have gone up stairs, but was too weak; Lorenzi therefore carried him into his chamber, and sent for a physician, who found him in a violent fever. Lorenzi passed the whole night by his bed-side. Rozeval, sensible of the attentions bestowed on him, testified his gratitude for them, adding, that all the assistance of art would be useless to him. “My

end approaches," said he, "and let not your compassionate soul pity me! I am not only tranquil but even happy."—"What?" replied Lorenzi, "can one so young be so far weaned from life?"—"Religion alone," replied Rozeval, "has often accomplished what a legitimate and pure passion has produced in me: I have been led to despise life by miraculous ways. Question me no further. Were I to relate to you all that has occurred since my arrival at Rome, you would not believe me, and you would regard me only as a maniac: but I shall prove to you my gratitude by the only mark of confidence it is in my power to bestow. I have written my history; I shall give you this manuscript, with permission to read it after my death."—"You will not die," interrupted Lorenzi; "you are by no means in a dangerous state." Rozeval replied only by a melancholy smile. The next moment a monk, for whom he had sent, entered the apartment, and thus ended the conversation. Lorenzi withdrew to his chamber, and did not return for four or five hours.

The following day the physician found Rozeval much better, and assured him of a speedy recovery. "If you are not mistaken," said Rozeval, "I possess fortitude, and shall know how to resign myself to life." These words, dictated by profound melancholy, inspired Lorenzi with the tenderest compassion; he could not, without heart-felt grief, behold this interesting young man thus droop and languish in silence, without seeking a single consolation, and even rejecting them all.

Nevertheless Rozeval was not unhappy: in the certainty and expectation of supreme happiness, his spotless and ardent soul found delicious repose in eternity, and so far from experiencing a single moment of vacuity or listlessness, it was but too much engaged. Giving way to every flight of his imagination, always agitated, always affected, the illusions in which he indulged with so much delight, produced the most fatal effects on his nerves and constitution. Compelled by gratitude to admit Lorenzi, he shortened his visits through his obstinate silence. Lorenzi often entered his chamber, but never remained there long. Rozeval had still a slight fever, and was besides extremely weak: it was no longer possible for him to muse on the banks of the Tiber; he contented himself by spending the evening in his study, which, since the reeds had been transplanted into the box of flowers, he allowed no person to enter. There, seated opposite to his window, he would contemplate these miraculous reeds: his imagination gradually warmed; he fancied he heard and expected to see an apparition; the least noise made him start, and he left this enchanted spot with an increase of fever. Sometimes he in vain attempted to play the sonata of Corelli; his fingers trembled, his respiration ceased, and the sounds of the flute, badly articulated, expired on his burning lips. He imagined that he was profaning divine music admitted in heaven, and which he was destined to hear no more, but at the feet of the Almighty.

This perpetual agitation so far

exhausted his strength, that he was no longer able to bear such violent emotion, and he fancied his dissolution approaching. He had harboured this idea ever since his walk in the gardens of the Villa Borghèse, but it was no longer a vague presentiment; he regarded it as a certainty.

Rosanna being informed of Rozeval's situation, made fruitless attempts to see him: she could not comprehend the motives of his conduct—she felt alarmed for his life; uneasiness impaired her health, and a violent fever confined her to her bed for four or five days. Meanwhile Rozeval did not recover; on the contrary, he visibly grew weaker: his disorder had an extraordinary character: in proportion as his body wasted away, his mind and imagination seemed to possess redoubled energy and vigour; he approached the term of his hopes and of all his wishes.

One evening, Rozeval, previous to shutting himself up in his study as usual, sent for Lorenzi; who came immediately, although he was just going out. Rozeval delivered to him a large packet sealed, saying, "Here is the manuscript I promised you; it contains my whole history: do not read it until I am dead, you may then make what use you please of it—perhaps it is proper that the people of the present day should know it—receive it as a testimony of my gratitude!" With these words, Lorenzi, who was much affected, received the packet. "I shall be only a faithful depository," said he, "and shall return you this manuscript when your health is re-established. Important business obliges me to go out just now; but

I shall return before you retire to rest. I hope you will permit me to see you again to-night for a moment." So saying, he embraced Rozeval and hastily departed. Rozeval entered his study, lighted the alabaster lamp suspended from the ceiling, opened his window, took his seat opposite to the box of flowers, and fell into his accustomed reverie: the weather was serene, and the light of the moon threw a mild radiance around. Rozeval, with his eyes fixed upon the reeds, perceived that they had changed colour since the morning—they had turned completely yellow. He put forth his hand and plucked a withered leaf, which crumbled to pieces as he touched it. "The Almighty Power," said he, "which placed these reeds here, has done so only for the purpose of apprising me of my destiny. They have lost the cheerful colour of spring, I have lost that of youth! I am bowed down and withered like them—we are undoubtedly destined to perish together—and that hour is at hand." At these words, a secret instinct which attaches us to life, caused him to heave a deep sigh; the tears flowed gently down his cheeks: but these emotions of nature, foreign and even contrary to all his thoughts, were as vague and confused as transient. Rozeval raised his eyes towards the heavens, and never did their tranquil and majestic beauty produce so deep an impression on him. With his arms folded across his breast, he remained some minutes plunged in the most delightful ecstasy. This contemplation diffused in his soul a delicious and melancholy calm. "Oh! true refuge of hope!" cried

he, "I am then about to enjoy the blessings which thou hast promised! Soon, freed from the fetters of life, I shall find myself at the foot of the Eternal Throne, between Urania and my father! Oh! how radiant must be those celestial abodes to which that sparkling vault, studded with stars, serves as a footstool! Mansion of everlasting peace and of immortal love, where I shall enjoy the happiness to love without obstruction, and to admire without measure, the sublime and supreme Perfection!" As he uttered these words a breeze suddenly rose, which caused two of the reeds to move and sigh; they broke as they struck together, and fell at the feet of Rozeval. He shuddered. At the same instant he heard a noise behind him, and turning round, the door opened—he raised a piercing shriek. What object met his view?—It was Urania, dressed in white and more beautiful than ever, who darted towards him: it was no illusion; it was she herself, but Rozeval took her for a spirit, an angel come to receive his soul for the purpose of conducting it to heaven. "Thou art come to fetch me," said he in a faltering voice; "I am ready to accompany thee." With these words, falling on his knees, and thinking to be reunited to her by that death which was about to separate him from her, he breathed his last sigh, with the religious and impassioned transport of sublime and pure joy. Urania, confounded, imagined he was only in a swoon, and could not account for his surprise and astonishment: for she had despatched two messengers to apprise him of her coming; but neither had arrived. She call-

ed for help; his valet came, and, with the assistance of the trembling Urania, carried Rozeval to his chamber and placed him on the bed. Lorenzi had not yet returned. The servants of the house came up; and a physician was sent for, but he positively declared that Rozeval was no more. At this dreadful intelligence, Urania lost the use of her senses. At this instant Lorenzi entered, and was informed of the melancholy event. He removed Urania from this fatal apartment, gave up his own to her, and procured women to attend her, for she had with her but an old man-servant, with whom she had escaped from France.

Lorenzi informed Rosanna of this catastrophe, but with as much precaution as possible, for she was scarcely convalescent, and he was besides acquainted with her sentiments in regard to Rozeval: he divided his attention between her and the unfortunate Urania. He perused with Rosanna the manuscript of Rozeval, but durst not communicate its contents to Urania. Thus Rosanna learned that she had never been beloved, and that her sentiments and proceedings had only served to strengthen the illusions of Rozeval and his fidelity to a shadow: she wept abundantly, but an amiable and tender friend at length succeeded in consoling her. Urania did not repine; she asked no questions, neither did she answer any; she only declared that she wished to go into a convent. Rosanna manifested for her the deepest and tenderest interest, and offered her an asylum. She refused it, and earnestly entreated her to procure her one in a monastery. Rozeval's

papers were at length put into her possession, and at the same time the supposed prodigies of the reeds of the Tiber and the cascade of the Villa Borghèse were explained to her.

The next day Urania went abroad for the first time, accompanied only by her old domestic. It was known that she had visited the gardens of the Villa Borghèse and the reeds of the Tiber: on her return, she took with her a reed, from which she never afterwards parted, and which she carried to her tomb, for she re-

quested that it might be placed in her coffin.

She recommended her old attendant to Lorenzi, who took him into his service, in which he still remains. At length the inconsolable Urania, equally interesting for her beauty, her youth, her silent melancholy, and her constant grief, entered a convent, assumed the veil, took the vows at the end of the year, and died some months afterwards with all the tranquillity of innocence and pious resignation.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

ADVENTURES OF AN OLD MAID.

MR. ADVISER,

I APPLY to you not for advice but assistance, which your avowed philanthropy induces me to hope you will not refuse to grant me. I am, you must know, sir, one of the sisterhood of old maids, a circumstance which my friends are kind enough to impute entirely to my own fault; and I am in consequence held up by my two married sisters to their daughters, as a person whom they must sedulously refrain from imitating, if they would avoid unhappiness and the imputation of romantic singularity.

It is only a few days since I have been aware of the light in which I am represented to my nieces. I happened accidentally to enter an apartment next to one in which my eldest sister and her daughter, who are now upon a visit to me, were. I heard the former say in reply to some speech of her daughter's, "I protest, child, this visit to your aunt Prue has done you a great deal of harm. I shall certainly take you

away as speedily as I can, for if you stay much longer with your aunt, you will become as prudish, romantic, and ridiculous as herself."

I had prudence enough not to betray at the moment that I was an auditor of this *sisterly* speech; but I took the first opportunity to ask Mrs. H. privately, how she could have the cruelty to make it. She replied, without being in the least disconcerted, "Why, my dear Prue, you know after all 'tis no more than the truth: had you been a reasonable woman, you would long ago have been well married, since you must own that you have rejected five unexceptionable offers. However I may be attached to you, I should be truly sorry to see your conduct in that respect taken as a model by my girls; and as I believe Anna has some idea of copying it, for she thinks you all perfection, it was natural for me to speak as I did."

As my sister was fully aware what sort of offers those unexception-

able ones were that I had refused, I did not think it would be of the least use to debate the matter farther with her; but I believe, Mr. Adviser, when I have told you what sort of beings my rejected swains were, neither you, nor the rational part of your readers, will wonder that I should have preferred the despised appellation of old maid, to the honourable title of wife, since I could only have obtained the latter at the high price of surrendering my liberty to a man with whom I could have had no rational prospect of happiness.

I was the youngest of three sisters; our family was respectable, and we each possessed a moderate fortune. I was quite a child when my two elder sisters were married, and as I was generally esteemed handsome, my parents, particularly my mother, entertained sanguine hopes of my marrying, in a worldly sense, very well. This opinion was confirmed by my making, when I was scarcely sixteen, a conquest of Mr. Gathergold, one of the richest men in our neighbourhood.

My admirer was upwards of fifty; his person was just not ugly, and his manners were barely passable. I had been brought up by my parents in habits of strict obedience to their will; and you must, I think, sir, allow that I gave proof of being free from romance, when I consented, at their desire, to admit the addresses of Mr. Gathergold, whose character was a very fair one.

My mother had taken the greatest pains, both by precept and example, to render my sisters and myself charitable, as far as our means would permit us to be so. I had from my infancy a small al-

lowance of pocket-money, which was increased as I grew up: a part of this I always devoted to charitable purposes, and I frequently expended it in the purchase of linen, and other things, which I made for my pensioners myself.

One day, just as I was going into a cottage, to which I was taking some childbed linen, I met Mr. Gathergold. I was alone, and he inquired with some surprise to what accident it was owing that he saw me with a parcel, and without any attendants. Situated as we were, I did not consider it right to have any reserves; I therefore frankly told him my errand. To my great surprise, his countenance changed: he replied, with a constrained air, there was already an ample provision made for the poor, and he must say that the insolence and ingratitude of the lower classes would soon render the task of serving them an irksome one to a delicate mind.

I shall not repeat to you, Mr. Adviser, the contemptible sophistry by which he attempted to prove, that humanity to the distressed was a folly, not a virtue; suffice it to say, I saw clearly, that if I became his wife, I must resign all hope of being allowed to devote either money or time to charitable purposes. This discovery converted the indifference I felt for him into disgust; nor did my parents, when I apprized them of his real disposition, refuse me their permission to dismiss him.

My next lover, Sir Papillon Prettytaste, was not as rich as Mr. Gathergold, but he was young, agreeable, and apparently very good-humoured. My mother in-

deed observed, that he seemed to have no decided character, but as he declared himself very fond of reading, and generally spent the greatest part of his morning in his library, which he had taken care to furnish with the best authors, she hoped that a few years would render him a steady and estimable member of society. I hoped so too, till I discovered that the hours which the baronet spent in his library, were not devoted, as his friends supposed, to the perusal of good authors, but employed in devising new fashions, or altering old ones. Never did the votary of learning bestow more time and pains to acquire the most abstruse sciences, than Sir Papillon Prettytaste did to invent new shapes for cuffs and collars. This darling pursuit engrossed his every thought, and you cannot wonder that, when I discovered it, I thought myself bound in honour and conscience to give a decided negative to his addresses, since to vow love, honour, and obedience to such a being, would in my opinion have been downright perjury.

I remained some time without another proposal. In this interval my father died, and I removed with my mother to London. When I had just entered my twenty-second year, I attracted the notice of Mr. Bellair, a young gentleman whose merit and amiable qualities made a serious impression on my heart. I became acquainted with him through an intimate friend, whom I shall call Amelia, and the praises which she bestowed upon him fostered my growing attachment. I saw, however, with some surprise, that although he appeared pre-

possessed in my favour, he did not declare his passion; and I fancied that when in the presence of Amelia, his manners were visibly constrained, and his behaviour more cold and distant than it was at other times.

The doubts of his intentions which these observations raised in my mind, were, however, soon dispelled. He made proposals to my mother, who referred him immediately to myself. Attached as I was to him, and unexceptionable as he appeared in all respects, I readily accepted them, and I looked forward to our marriage as to an event that would secure me a large portion of happiness.

Amelia was at that time out of town, but I immediately wrote to her an account of my intended change of condition. I received no answer to my letter. A few days before my marriage was to take place, Amelia came to town, and no sooner did I hear of her arrival than I hastened to visit her. I was, however, refused admittance; she was ill, and could not see any person.

This intelligence gave me real uneasiness; I persevered in my inquiries, though she never would suffer me to make them in person. During some days I received always the same intelligence, that she was too ill to admit visitors. At last, two days before that on which my nuptials were to take place, I was informed that a cousin of Amelia's desired to see me. I eagerly inquired after the health of my friend. "Alas!" cried she bursting into tears, "I fear it is forever destroyed, and you, though unintentionally, are the cause."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed I, struck with horror and astonishment, "how is that possible?"

Alas! she soon made me but too well understand that she was right. Before Bellair had seen me, he paid Amelia the tenderest attention; he never indeed directly proposed for her, but he gave her every reason to believe that he was attached to her.

As a proof of this, her cousin presented me with a letter which Amelia had received from him at the time he offered me his hand. In this letter he reproached himself for what he termed his involuntary inconstancy, declared that he should always entertain for her the tenderest esteem, and threw himself upon her mercy, to conceal from me that a softer sentiment than friendship had ever subsisted between them.

"I shall not attempt to paint what I suffered on perusing this proof, that he whom my fond partiality had decked with every virtue was in truth a villain. "Do not suppose," cried my informer, "that I shew you this at the desire of the injured Amelia; no, though it has been a death-blow to her repose, she would have complied with the request of its barbarous writer, and have concealed from you the perfidy which has destroyed her happiness. But seeing as I do, that her life is absolutely endangered by the effect which his behaviour has produced upon her health, I thought it but right to acquaint you with the real character of this specious deceiver, who may perhaps ere long be as unjust to you as he has been to my cousin."

"Would to Heaven!" cried I, "that I had known it sooner! But

fear not that I shall even now hesitate to do justice to Amelia. Leave me this letter; I will soon return it: but do not reveal what has passed between us to your cousin till you hear from me."

The moment she departed I flew to my mother, who coincided with me in opinion, that Bellair should be immediately interrogated respecting his conduct to Amelia. This task my dear parent took upon herself. The result was, that Bellair acknowledged the justice of the charge brought against him, and my mother signified to him, at my desire, my fixed resolution to see him no more.

In spite of the perfidy of Bellair, his image was too deeply impressed upon my heart to be easily obliterated. My unfortunate attachment to him affected my health, and produced also a partial change in my temper and disposition, which had the effect of keeping the men at a distance. My natural animation and good-humour gave place to gloom and reserve. Time, however, wore this away; I recovered health and cheerfulness, but not before the glowing tints of youth began to subside. I was nearly twenty-seven, and was beginning to hear from my married acquaintance, that it was really a shame I should be suffered to continue so long single. I must look sharp, or I should get upon the old maids' list; that it was astonishing so pretty a girl as I *had been* was not teased into matrimony by some one or other. These and similar other *kind* speeches had occasionally reached my ears before another opportunity of changing my state occurred.

At last, when I was just beginning to think myself fated to a life of single blessedness, I became acquainted with Mr. Tempest, a gentleman of considerable fortune, who very soon paid me such assiduous attention, that every body declared it would be my own fault if it was not a match.

As I had begun to experience some of the mortifications attendant upon a single state, I was not displeased with my conquest; especially as Mr. Tempest, though a remarkably plain man, was very agreeable in his manners, and, as far as I could learn, of an irreproachable character. I had no doubt of his humanity, for he subscribed largely to every public charity, and he had not a trait of the fop in his composition: thus I was not afraid of the foibles which had broken off my two first engagements, and my lover was too plain to render it likely that another Amelia would start up to assert a prior claim to him.

One thing, however, I disliked; that was, apparent impatience of contradiction. It led me to make strict inquiries respecting his temper, and I heard it was naturally hasty and rather violent. As, however, I was not foolish enough to expect to find in a husband, "a faultless monster which the world ne'er saw," I comforted myself with the reflection, that prudence and mildness on my part would effectually prevent any unpleasant consequences from these failings. How far this supposition of mine would have been likely to prove just, the following incident will enable you, Mr. Adviser, to judge

He had sat to an eminent artist for a miniature-picture, which he intended to present to me. For some reason, to which I am a stranger, he did not examine the portrait when finished, but gave directions to the painter to send it to a jeweller, to whom he had given orders to set it in the most superb manner, and to send it to me as soon as it was finished.

Unfortunately Mr. Tempest happened to be with me when I received it, and as I really thought it a good likeness, I said so the moment I cast my eyes upon it.

"Do you really see a resemblance?" demanded Mr. Tempest in a tone of doubt.

"Oh! a striking one," replied I.

"But is not there some fault, something which, upon an attentive view of it, displeases you in the picture?" said he earnestly.

I looked at it again more narrowly, but in truth I could perceive nothing amiss, and I frankly said so.

"I suppose, madam," cried he in a tone of smothered fury, "your eyes are dazzled by the splendour of the setting, and you are too much taken up with it to observe whether the miniature is or is not a faithful likeness; but I am certain it would not escape the eye of a woman who really loved me, that the rascally painter has bestowed upon me a crooked nose."

Though I was more than half affronted at the rudeness of this speech, yet I must own I was tempted to laugh at the vanity which had spied a defect where none really existed. Though Mr. Tempest was ugly, his nose was straight, and his features were most

faithfully copied in the miniature, which seemed more like him the longer I looked at it."

"But," continued he, gazing at it with evidently increasing anger, "not satisfied with having made my nose crooked, the fellow has contracted the forehead, and given a cast of ill-humour to the mouth, so that the face has altogether a most disagreeable expression; and is, besides, that of a man at least ten years older than myself."

Not knowing what to answer to this curious speech, I made no reply.

"I should not," continued he, "think so much of the blunder which the stupid dog has made about my age; I could even forgive him for spoiling my features; but to bestow upon the countenance such an expression of gloom and ill-humour, when nothing can be farther from my disposition than those qualities——"

At that moment he unfortunately caught my eye, which expressed, I am afraid, too plainly my dissent from his opinion; for snatching the miniature, which I still held, from my hand, he dashed it in a transport of rage on the marble hearth; and then crushing with his foot the beautiful pearls with which it was surrounded, he turned to me, exclaiming with an aspect of the most malignant rage, "No, madam, you shall never gratify your vanity at my expense, by wearing a portrait which you can value only for the gems with which my foolish fondness caused it to be surrounded;" and as he finished this *polite* speech, to my inexpressible relief, he darted out of the room.

With returning reason came, 'I

suppose, a consciousness of the ridiculous figure he had made, for in the evening I received a penitential letter, in which he attributed all that had passed to the violence of his love for me. You will readily believe, Mr. Adviser, that this shallow artifice availed him nothing. He had thrown aside the mask, and I rejoiced that he had done so while I yet possessed the power to free myself from a tie which his temper would have rendered worse than Egyptian bondage.

About a year after my rejection of Mr. Tempest, Sir Harry Hair-trigger, a gentleman of Irish extraction, honoured me with his addresses; but though he appeared in all respects a man likely to render me happy, I had been too often deceived to be very ready to give credit to appearances. I therefore desired time to study his disposition, and as during some months nothing occurred that could raise even in the most cautious mind a doubt of his worth, I was beginning to congratulate myself on the prospect of being at length happily settled, when a circumstance took place which convinced me that my hopes were illusive. This was a duel between the baronet and a gentleman who had trod upon his toe without begging his pardon. Fortunately both parties escaped death, but my lover was wounded, and his antagonist lamed for life.

Though I could not be said to be in love with Sir Harry, yet his many good qualities, and perhaps more than all the rest, his cheerful and amiable temper, made me desirous that our union should take place; but I could only agree to bestow my hand upon him, on con-

dition that he would pledge his honour to avoid in future all occasions of quarrel, and that nothing short of the severest provocation would induce him again to engage in a duel.

He told me frankly, that he should live in misery under these restrictions; that a bit of fighting now and then was actually necessary to give a fillip to his spirits. As to the morality of the thing, he would not pretend to defend it in that point of view, but with good management these affairs seldom ended fatally. He had been out six times, and never taken his adversary's life. One had been lamed to be sure, another blinded, and a third lost his arm; but after all, it was not his fault if gentlemen did not behave properly, and he would never submit to receive an affront, whether it was given intentionally or unintentionally, as long as he was able to draw his sword or fire a pistol.

You would hardly suppose from this speech, Mr. Adviser, that the baronet was really a humane and tender-hearted man, yet such was actually the case. Enslaved, however, as he was by false ideas of honour, my days would have been miserable, from the fear that in some frivolous quarrel he would either lose his own life, or take that of a fellow-creature. I therefore declined his hand, and from that time to the present, I have remained contented with a state of single blessedness.

Now, Mr. Adviser, the favour I have to ask of you is, to take up my cause against those illiberal censurers, who consider my rejection of my various suitors as the height of folly and romance. I

would ask any sensible woman, no matter of what age, whether I could rationally have hoped for happiness with any one of my five lovers. Mr. Gathergold's sordid disposition must have inspired disgust in the bosom of any woman possessed of common humanity; Sir Papillon Prettytaste could not fail to be regarded with contempt by any mind less frivolous than his own; by marrying Bellair, who, I must observe to you, has returned to his first love, and is now the husband of my friend Amelia, I should have incurred the perpetual reproaches of my own conscience; and by bestowing my hand on Mr. Tempest, after the specimen which he had given me of his temper, I should, I think, have deserved the misery which I am certain that temper must have inflicted upon his wife.

It may perhaps be said, that I have shewn myself too fastidious in rejecting Sir Harry Hairtrigger, since had I married a soldier I must have run as great a risk, or even a greater one, of losing him. This is true, but the widow of a soldier has the consolation of reflecting, that her husband fell gloriously fighting for his country; while the grief of her who loses her husband in a duel, must be aggravated a thousand-fold by the bitter thought, that he died in the commission of the most flagrant offence against his Maker.

And now, Mr. Adviser, I have said what I could to clear myself from the charges of prudery and romance; and if in your opinion I have succeeded, I am certain that your testimony will go a great way in my favour, for I know that my sisters entertain the highest defer-

ence for your sentiments. In the hope that those sentiments will be favourable to my cause, I remain, sir, your very humble servant,

PRUDENTIA PLAINSENSE.

I consider the statement of my fair correspondent's case as so perfect a justification of her conduct, that I do not think it necessary to add even a remark to those she herself makes on the various causes which she assigns for the dismissal she has given to her respective ad-

mirers. I shall, therefore, only observe to her married sisters, that by holding her up to the ridicule of their daughters, they reflect no honour on their own hearts or understandings : for where celibacy proceeds, as it has done in her case, from the dictates of virtue and good sense, an old maid is entitled not merely to respect but veneration.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

THE STROLLER'S TALE: SKETCHED FROM NATURE.

(Concluded from p 152.)

Too true indeed it is, that experience must be bought. Ah! how often did I disregard advice which I conceived was prompted only by envy at my supposed success, or proceeded from narrowness of ideas! I was now to realize all these suggestions; but if my story cause one vagrant to return to his parents' roof, I shall then have the happiness of knowing that my errors have warned and saved a fellow-creature from misery. May others become more satisfied with their lot, and rest content in that situation they were intended to fill! Let not the unbounded applause which they see lavished on some few lucky professors of the buskin deceive them! Dearly do we pay by our privations for these moments of unreal sunshine; and should any deluded female lean towards theatrical pursuits, ah! let her not rest until she abjures a profession so dangerous to her peace!

At this period I could safely say, "Man delights not me, nor woman neither." At home I was an entire stranger to domestic enjoyment,

and had to endure the trumpet-tongued reproaches of my wife—reproaches which I in some measure deserved, but not from her whom I still loved. My child became linked with blackguards; I was deep in debt, and without the possibility of paying my creditors, became "steeped in poverty even to the very lips." At length one night, after having in my theatrical character given away thousands, we decamped penniless without beat of drum. We wandered over fields and commons, for my wife had borrowed something from the theatrical wardrobe, fearful of our pursuers, while I reproached her with the guilt of robbing those who could as ill afford to lose as ourselves. We subsisted on blackberries, sloes, and chance benevolences. Our son Orlando, *alias* Habbakuk, was an excellent mendicant; he could slip out one shoulder, strain his leg, and turn up the white of his eye equal to Grimaldi himself. At one time we were ruined by a fire, at another by a flood; a murrain destroyed our sheep, and

not unfrequently were we foreigners, who only wanted a trifle to carry us back to our native country.

At last we gained courage to enter a village, where we joined some wretched itinerant players, without a sixpence among them, for theirs was a *sharing* company. One evening, an evening I well remember, for none of us had tasted aught since breakfast, we had halted at the only alehouse that would receive our company. We were huddled round the door, making wry faces to a few countrymen, on whom we purposed to levy contributions; a few wretched bills had been distributed, but a conventicle robbed us that night of our congregation; the few that were attentive observers of us *gratis* could not be prevailed upon to walk up, although we were "just going to begin." Not a soul entered the room to cheer us, till at length a recruiting sergeant passing with a few followers, we begged for their patronage, which they granted. How could they do otherwise, when we offered to play them any tragedy, comedy, or farce they chose to fix on at a moment's notice? Two young ladies had promised to come, unknown to their parents, if we could get a house to play to. These were sent for, and *The Recruiting Officer*, by desire of the marine sergeant, was enacted. I leave my readers to guess how the drama was played; but how shall I describe our joy on finding we had netted each the enormous sum of seven-pence three farthings, while myself and wife gained a good supper from the wary sergeant, with an invitation to join his corps, that wanted a few spirited young men, whose hearts

beat high at the sound of a drum! My heart did not beat high at any such sound, and yet I debated what could be done after the morrow, and paused for honour's truckle-bed ere I resolved.

In the next morning's stroll I met with some gentlemen idlers of small fortune, many of whom are to be seen in market-towns waiting for a mail-coach or a squabble to divert their *ennui*, lounging round coffee-house doors, but fearful to venture in; the novelty of my conversation caused them to wish to be better acquainted with me. I then informed them I belonged to a dramatic corps, and with the greatest delight gained from them a *bespeak* for the following night. How I bowed to the ground for this condescension! I ran to overjoy my comrades by this windfall of good luck; and while they set about arranging for *The Mourning Bride*, *by particular desire*, I went to inform my wife, and to gladden her heart with these unlooked-for tidings; but she was absent. "Always out of the way," I exclaimed pettishly, "when you are wanted!" I sat down, played with my fingers and thumbs, stirred the fire twenty times; enraged at her not arriving, I tore a bill to atoms, gnawed a benefit ticket into *bits*, when my landlady put into my hand a note to the following effect:—"Mrs. Sydney's compliments to Mr. Sydney, and tells him, that when I chose to degrade myself by marrying you, I was a green girl lost to every thing of my own good, but I have now, thanks be praised, made use of my reason. Sergeant Rifle hath promised to protect me: it is no use for you to pretend to find us out,

for we are off to America. Give my love to Orlando, and tell him to "be a good boy and take care of himself," as the song says. Your once loving partner in the buckskin,

"*Philippina Gondiberta Rifle,*
"late Sydney."

A man may reconcile himself quickly to the loss of his wife, that is, if he cares nothing about her; but all of us possess some share of pride, and a man does not like the world to know that he is despised by his helpmate, though he may return the compliment in private. My world was but a small sphere: however, I made the best of it. I knew it was to no purpose to seek her. I attended to *The Mourning Bride*, which I expected would reward me more substantially than grieving for the loss of my wife. As for poor Orlando, he borrowed some of his papa's philosophy, and was not long inconsolable: but what was to be done after the enormous profits of this bespeak were spent? there was the rub. It is true I had but two to maintain, but our salaries had decreased in more than an equal ratio. I was resolved to try my fortune in another sphere, and, unregretted by any of my brethren, set off to the next town, with only myself to maintain, for Habby Orlando Sydney had gained an engagement at an increased salary to drive away crows from an adjoining barley-piece.

After an absence of some years, I found myself near London: at Croydon I gained a situation at ten shillings per week for making myself useful. I played any part they gave me, and whether I gained applause or hisses, to me was of lit-

tle consequence. My money was paid me at the end of the week, and by volunteering as prompter, some increase of the *sine qua non* came to my share. There I saw heroes strut and fret their hour on the stage, without being surprised at their want of capacity, or without envying the plaudits they received. I knew that, like myself, they would be puffed up with the applause they did not deserve, and in a little time, like myself, "be heard no more."

The younger of my companions took me for a misanthrope, and imagined that I envied them the pleasure they received from encouragement. Ah! they knew me not, or they would have seen in me a friend whenever I repressed their hopes, or conjured them to return to their families.

It was at this place I met with an old friend, a candidate for private theatrical fame. Be not surprised when I tell you, this would-be Kemble had an impediment of speech, and yet aspired to the first parts in tragedy. Flattered by foolish friends, he lavished large sums in *getting up* his plays: he dressed himself in the most costly style, had his cards engraved, and provided music, machinery, decorations, and *properties* equal to any royal theatre. But how chop-fallen was he now!—the ridicule of the companies he played in, and the scorn of those he knew played better. What was become of his laughing, flattering friends? They were all gone; they were buzzing round another butterfly fool of prosperity, whom they would in turn also desert. "How I ought to have thanked you," said he to me one day, "instead of resenting the mortal

stab you gave to my vanity after my first appearance! Had I considered it in a proper point of view, what misery should I not have escaped!" I recollected the circumstance alluded to, it was as follows: One evening as I was lounging at a theatrical library in the purlieus of Drury, "my custom always in an afternoon," a well-dressed man, whom I knew not, came in. We heroes of the sock soon discover one another. "Did you," said he carelessly, "see the Hamlet last night at Berwick-street?"—"Yes," said I.—"Well, and what did you think of it?"—"Think! why it was execrable."—"But you liked the same person's Crack in the after-piece?"—"Worse and worse!" I exclaimed; "the fellow who attempts to play with no more head-piece than the hero of last night, without a single requisite, ought to be kicked off any stage.—Did you mind, sir," said I, not attending to my hearer's impediments of speech, "how the fellow clipped the *esses*?" At this moment some one trod on my toe; I highly resented this, and proceeded more violently.—"Why, sir, the wretch must be either a fool or a madman, and I should, if I were his relation, feel myself authorized to lock him up." He wished me a good night, and retired, as I thought, rather precipitately.—"Good heavens, sir," exclaimed the master of the shop, "you are the madman, I think! Why, I'll be bound you have affronted one of my best customers. Why, the man you have been giving your opinion so freely to, is the identical Hamlet, and the very Crack you so blindly criticised: you should recollect, sir, he is a gentleman of

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good property; why, he lays out with me a matter of a hundred a year for plays and the like o' that." I, however, was quite easy with regard to this fellow's feelings; I knew I could not much injure them: his vanity was ready for a salvo, and he would attribute my criticism to envy or want of knowledge; and I was right. "Ah!" said he now, "had I taken your hints, I should have kept that fortune I have run through, and long ere this relinquished these 'trap-pings of my folly.'"

I was discharged from Croydon theatre for inebriety: glad to drown the cares of the past, the present, and the future, I accepted of drink from any one who would offer it. It answered the landlord's purpose to allow me the run of the house, for I amused his company: "Villarious company brought me to this." I could relate a number of anecdotes, and the song of "The Cat and the Tailor" never failed to gain me grog for the evening; but the next day, unhinged, nervous, and bloated, my memory failed me, and I got so frequently hissed, that the manager would bear it no longer, and I left him, exclaiming,

—"Tell me why, good Heaven,
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,
Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,
That fill the happiest man? Ah! rather, why
Didst thou not form me sordid as my fate,
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens?
Why have I sense to know the curse that's on
me?
Is this just dealing, Nature?"

I forgot while I was thus elegantly apostrophising, that I was exactly formed for that which I had been accusing fate of having denied me. I was strong enough to carry bur-

dens, and had all the elegant desires of a cobbler's son; but I spoke in poetry, in which metaphor is allowed full latitude.

When things arrive at the worst, it is said they will mend; yet a man will not think this fit encouragement to hope, while he is apparently consigned to endless despair. I was one afternoon musing on my fate, with my eyes sometimes bent on the fire of the public-house parlour, at other times poring over a newspaper, and turning in my mind if a halter or a razor would best suit my purpose, when I thought I recognised my own name in an advertisement. This appeared to me so like what I had frequently read in novels or romances, that I regarded it as the "mere coinage of the brain," which certainly was not now in the most lucid state. I took the paper to the light, and read as follows: "If James Waxford, who was apprentice to his father the late Crispin Waxford, shoemaker, of St. Martin's-lane, Charing-Cross, deceased, who some time ago, as it is supposed, joined a company of players, will apply to Messrs. Alibi and Capias, he will hear of something to his advantage."—"Why, that's me!" I exclaimed; and I exclaimed so loud and so often, that the landlord, fearing for my wits, or that I had once more got drunk upon credit, entered the room. I immediately informed him that Sydney was only my travelling name: he doubted me to be the person till he could doubt no longer; he was at length convinced, and shaking me by the hand, declared "he always thought there was a something about me vastly superior to a waggoner."

This was no time to indulge in grief for the loss of a parent. It is true, I loved my father, but I loved myself too; he was dead—could it be helped? and his death saved my life. I felt myself a new man. Before this, exertion was useless; I had nothing to exert myself for. The man who flounders in a quagmire only gets deeper into the mud. This idea kept me quiet; but now I felt, if ever again I should be the favourite of Fortune, I would not abuse it. Boniface gave me the means, and behold me at Clifford's Inn on the following morning. Before this accident, I had adopted, with many other worldly prejudices, a detestation of lawyers, which probably arose from being often threatened with their interference; now I really thought them very tolerable kind of gentlemen. We are all of us children of circumstance, and I hope I may be allowed, with others, to recant my errors. Messrs. Alibi and Capias delivered into my hands, in due form, the sum of 549*l.*; while my father's house, which was his own, became also mine by right of inheritance. It was well stocked with boots and shoes; it is true, it had been shut up some little time, but I mean to leave no stone unturned to bring *our* leather into notice. I set about my work of reformation with avidity: I had repainted in large letters, "The original shop from over the way;" I regained my father's customers, who all thought me dead, and sent for my son: he was at an age when the heart has little choice; some wholesome corrections dissipated his vagrant ideas. I related to him at a proper age the errors and the misery his father had endured, and he

was wise enough to become a corderwainer and head *clicker* in my warehouse.

My tale will be concluded in a few words. I now learned what true comfort was: in my little back parlour, surrounded by neatness and economy, I often related my tale. My wife, who had turned rope-dancer at Bartholomew Fair, broke her neck in the middle of her exertions: her paramour also met his death by a rope, but it was at the expense of government. To the memory of the former I shed a tear, for my conscience would whisper I had brought her to this end. I have now taken another helpmate; we

have been married six months; it is yet too early to judge if happiness is to continue, but at present all promises fair. When I travel; if there be any theatrical exhibitions, I always frequent them, and do all in my power to contribute to the necessities of the performers. But when I hear of any one taking to the profession, I conjure them rather to become chimney-sweepers, scavengers, slaves of any sort; or at least, before they adopt the disgraceful pursuit of an itinerant performer, to read *The Stroller's Tale*.

O. P. & P. S.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXVIII.

The proper study of mankind is man.—POPE.

WHEN a due consideration is given to the nature, character, and peculiar duties of women; when we reflect on the influence they necessarily possess in civilized society, and the charm they give to life, the importance of their peculiar functions, and the capacity they so frequently display, when circumstances call them to exertions of activity and energy, it will not be considered as an overweening partiality to my own sex, when I call such of them whose situation in life, and its consequent education, give them the opportunity to pursue the inquiry, to inform their minds with the knowledge of those principles by which a just sense of the higher duties of life is to be attained, and their practice to be actually formed and clearly understood: so that they may not be accused of doing right, as it were, by rote, but from an acquaintance with the code of moral science, which will give them insight into those operations of the mind, whereon the various actions of life depend, as they are indeed the springs of them. To give distinct ideas, therefore, of these operations, where they are not known with sufficient accuracy and preparatory reflection, will be, I trust, considered as a useful office; and I shall endeavour to perform it, by giving such definitions of the faculties of the head and heart, as may form a just, intelligible, and practical analysis of moral duty.

The sensible powers, or those by which we receive any sensations or impressions, independently of the will, are denominated the *senses*. Those by which we receive impressions from external objects are called the *five external senses*, of hearing,

seeing, touching, smelling, and tasting. Those by which we receive such impressions from internal objects, independently of the will, are considered as *internal senses*—the public sense, the moral sense, and the sense of honour.

The power of connecting or associating ideas, and forming images or pictures of their objects in this united view, so as to represent or bring them nearer to the mind, is denominated *imagination*; and the mind's persuasion of the reality of their union or connection is called *opinion*.

The joint exercise of the understanding and imagination, exploring the region of possibilities, and collecting materials for accomplishing or facilitating some end, otherwise unattainable, is called *invention*; and the prosecution of such discoveries, *improvement*.

A quick, ready, and animated perception rather of the fanciful than real relations of objects, with such an assemblage and representation of them as will best communicate the perception or impression we have to others, is characterised as *wit*.

A superior capacity and disposition of the same kind, arising from nature rather than culture, and peculiarly adapted to some particular objects or studies, is denominated *genius*.

A nice and quick perception of the qualities that constitute any particular species of beauty or propriety in objects, and a consequent relish for them, receives the name of *taste*; but a too frequent change of this feeling, or of its objects, especially when fanciful and not real, is considered as *whim* or *caprice*.

The power of recording, retaining, and recollecting past perceptions and impressions, is *memory*; which, when joined with the understanding in assembling and surveying internal objects or ideas, becomes *reflection*.

The mental faculties in general, by which man is distinguished from inferior animals, and fitted to discover, relish, and pursue a higher good, form what is understood by *reason*; which, as it particularly respects the power of discovering truth and distinguishing it from error, is *understanding*.

The exercise of the understanding in determining the qualities of different actions or objects, when it has compared and distinguished them according to their discovered nature and tendency, is denominated *judgment*; and judgment, when applied to our own actions and dispositions, by deciding upon them as right or wrong, the objects of approbation or disapprobation, is what is generally understood by the internal warning power of the mind called *conscience*.

In discerning the propriety of actions and characters, distinguishing and preferring them accordingly, consists *prudence*; and the combined exercise or co-operation of all our faculties, in pursuing the best ends by the best means, constitutes true *wisdom*.

This, when applied to the common affairs of life, and supposing only an ordinary share of intellect, aided by experience rather than by particular culture or refinement, may be termed *sagacity* or *common sense*.

A proper regard to conscience in our intercourse with others, ac-

cording to their various relations, and the laws and duties arising from thence, constitutes the cardinal virtue of *justice*, in all its different forms; and a regard to character rather than conscience or law, is termed *honour*.

The power of choosing or refusing, according to the discovered nature and tendency of objects, is called the *will*. The various modifications of the will in pursuing good and avoiding evil are, when calm and sedate, denominated *affections*, and when accompanied by emotion or perturbations, *passions*, which, by repeated acts or long indulgence, grow into *habits*, whose prevalence or combinations form particular *tempers* and *dispositions*, by which *conduct* is regulated; and the general tenor of a man's temper and conduct fixes his *character*.

Of all the modifications of the will, the most universal and inseparable from the soul, and that from which the rest, however various or numerous, take their origin, is the principle of *self-preservation*, which is natural to all living, but more especially to all rational creatures: in the former it is governed only by *instinct*, or a natural incitement destitute of reflection; in the latter, likewise by *reason*. The ministers, or rather auxiliaries, of reason are the *affections* and *passions*, the force of which is increased as the propensities of instinct co-operate in pursuing good and avoiding evil.

When, in an object of our perception, we find any congruity to our ideas of excellence, natural or moral, so as to communicate pleasure, it is reckoned good, and produces *approbation*.

When regard is had partly to the

excellence, but more to the uncommon character of an object, *admiration* succeeds; and when regard is had merely to the uncommon character or singularity of the object, and no other quality, it is beheld with *wonder*.

An inclination to be more fully acquainted with the object we perceive or admire, is termed *curiosity*; if it appears suddenly or unexpectedly, it raises *surprise*, which, when increased to a certain height, becomes *amazement* or *astonishment*.

When consideration is employed on the value or excellency of the object we approve, either intellectual or moral, yet without any inclination or propensity towards it, it creates *esteem*, which is either of *ourselves* or *others*.

When the object produces an idea of superior greatness and dignity, it commands *awe* and *reverence*; when it partakes of a sublime, a solemn, or a sacred character, it excites *veneration*, which, when the Deity is the object, becomes *worship* or *adoration*.

A proper degree of esteem and good-will to others, regulating our deportment to them according to their various conditions and relations, is called *civility*, *complaisance*, or *courtesy*, as modes of *politeness*; and when the object is superior to us, we regard it with *deference*, *respect*, and *honour*.

A just sense of our own errors, follies, and weaknesses, disposing us to bear with those of others, is *humility*.

Generosity and humility, or a just sense both of our worth and our weaknesses, when unaffected or unaltered by outward circumstances, produce that equal tem-

per of mind which is styled *equanimity*.

An elevation of mind, arising from a just esteem of ourselves, and a due sense of our superiority to others, disposing us to do good to them, without any view to a return, is *generosity*.

When this rational self-esteem is accompanied with a contempt of danger, and a disposition for enterprise or great exploits, together with a noble independence of mind, it assumes the title of *magnanimity*.

When our esteem of ourselves, or opinion of our own rank and merit, is so high as to lessen the regard due to those of others, it is called *pride*, which is increased by whatever augments this self esteem, as *obsequiousness, flattery, praise, &c.*

A vain display of any imaginary merit or distinction of our own, in order to gain the attention and regard of others, is *ostentation*; and when this display is made in imitation of others, as to qualities not material to us nor possessed by us, it is *affectation*.

Such an opinion of our own abilities and attainments as makes us regardless of the advice and opinion of others, is called *self-sufficiency* or *conceit*; which, when accompanied with a persuasion that others have a high opinion of our merit, is *vanity*.

When pride leads us to claim any right or distinction that is not due to us, it takes the name of *arrogance*; a display of which by outward expressions of disrespect or contempt in our carriage towards others, is called *haughtiness* or *insolence*.

When any object happens to be incongruous to our notions, or dis-

agreeable to our reflection, so as to communicate pain, it produces *disapprobation*.

When the object is considered as worthless or of no value, yet not such as to excite hatred or aversion, it raises *disesteem*.

Disesteem of others, when carried too far, has the same effect as too high an esteem of ourselves in producing *pride*; and when it is accompanied with an opinion of their insignificancy or inferiority to us, we regard them with *contempt*.

Contempt being indulged, with such expressions as may expose to the contempt of others, becomes *derision* or *ridicule*; and when the object of our contempt is considered as far beneath us, we feel *scorn* or *disdain*.

Disesteem of ourselves, from an insensibility of our real merit, or the distinction due to us, and overrating that of others, occasions *diffidence*.

When diffidence is attended with so low an opinion of our own abilities as may prevent our undertaking or executing what we are actually capable of completing, it induces that weakness or feebleness of mind which bears the name of *pusillanimity*.

When the foregoing quality causes us to yield to the undue influence of others, by an implicit and voluntary compliance with them, even against our experience or our judgment, it is called *simplicity*, which, producing a facility in our assent to the testimony or reliance on the veracity of others, becomes *credulity*.

Pusillanimity, when it is attended by low submissions and artifices, especially if for base ends,

is denominated *meanness* or abject *servility*.

Here I shall stop for the present. My next paper will explain the nature of the *affections* and the *passions*, such as *love*, *hatred*, *desire*, *aversion*, *hope*, *fear*, &c. &c.

F—— T——.

I acknowledge the receipt of a very sprightly letter from a young lady, with the signature of *Still in my Teens*; but she has certainly mistaken the object of my literary labours, when she complains that I never take the least notice of the fashions, which I will acknowledge are subjects of no little interest to females of her age. But I must beg leave to inform her, that the design of these papers is to dress and decorate the mind on the unchangeable principles of virtue and truth, which admit of no alteration as suited to particular seasons, and

disdain a submission to fancy and to taste: they are, in fact, the same at every period of life, and amidst all the changes and chances of time. Besides, I must express my surprise at her calling upon me to assume the department of fashion, which is executed in a part of the *Repository* with an elegance, taste, and accuracy, in all its successions and varieties, both by the pencil and the pen, as, I believe, will never be surpassed, and has not hitherto been equalled, as far as my experience and observation have extended. I must, therefore, recommend the young lady *still in her teens* to give a due attention to the fashionable representations in that part of this publication, which every month will offer themselves to her attention, and she must be a very unreasonable miss indeed if she is not satisfied with them.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CAVERN OF HOONGA IN THE TONGA ISLANDS, AND INTERESTING LOVE ADVENTURE OF A CHIEF.

THE Tonga Islands, one of the numberless groups scattered over the immense Pacific Ocean, have been minutely described in a work compiled from the information of a Mr. Mariner, who for some time resided in them. From this publication the following account of a remarkable natural curiosity of those islands, and of a romantic adventure of which it was the scene, is extracted.

Mr. Mariner had heard something of this famous cavern before he was conducted thither by one of the natives. "Follow me," said the latter, "and I will take you where you have never been before;

and where Finow (the king), and his chiefs and matabooles, are now assembled." Mr. Mariner prepared himself to follow his companion, who dived into the water, and he after him, and, guided by the light reflected from his heels, entered the opening in the rock, and having dived through the passage, which is about eight or nine feet in length, rose into the cavern. He was no sooner above the surface of the water than, sure enough, he heard the voices of the king and his friends: being directed by his guide, he climbed upon a jutting portion of rock, and sat down. All the light that came into this place

was reflected from the bottom, and was sufficient, after remaining about five minutes, to shew objects with some little distinctness; at least he could discover, being directed by the voice, Finow and the rest of the company seated like himself. Nevertheless, as it was desirable to have a stronger illumination, Mr. Mariner dived out again, and procuring his pistol, primed it well, tied plenty of *gnatoo* tight round it, and wrapped the whole up in a plaintain-leaf: he directed an attendant to bring a torch in the same way. Thus prepared, he re-entered the cavern as speedily as possible, unwrapped the *gnatoo*, a great portion of which was perfectly dry, fired it by the flash of the powder, and lighted the torch. The place was now illuminated tolerably well, for the first time, perhaps, since its existence. It appeared (by guess) to be about 40 feet wide in the main part, but which branched off, on one side, in two narrower portions. The medium height seemed also about 40 feet. The roof was hung with stalactites in a very curious way, resembling, upon a cursory view, the Gothic arches and ornaments of an old church. After having examined the place, they drank cava, and passed away the time in conversation upon different subjects. Among other things, an old mataboole, after having mentioned how the cavern was discovered, viz. by a young chief in the act of diving after a turtle, related an interesting account of the use which this chief made of his accidental discovery. The circumstances are as follow:

In former times there lived a tooi (governor) of Vavaoo, who exer-

cised a very tyrannical deportment towards his people; at length, when it was no longer to be borne, a certain chief meditated a plan of insurrection, and was resolved to free his countrymen from such odious slavery, or to be sacrificed himself in the attempt: being, however, treacherously deceived by one of his own party, the tyrant became acquainted with this plan, and immediately had him arrested. He was condemned to be taken out to sea and drowned, and all his family and relations were ordered to be massacred, that none of his race might remain. One of his daughters, a beautiful girl, young and interesting, had been reserved to be the wife of a chief of considerable rank; and she also would have sunk, the victim of the merciless destroyer, had it not been for the generous exertions of another young chief, who a short time before had discovered the cavern of Hoonga. This discovery he had kept within his breast a profound secret, reserving it as a place of retreat for himself, in case he should be unsuccessful in a plan of revolt which he also had in view. He had long been enamoured of this beautiful young maiden, but had never dared to make her acquainted with the soft emotions of his heart, knowing that she was betrothed to a chief of higher rank and greater power. But now the dreadful moment arrived when she was about to be cruelly sacrificed to the rancour of a man, to whom he was a most deadly enemy. No time was to be lost; he flew to her abode, communicated in a few short words the decree of the tyrant, declared himself her deliverer if she would

trust to his honour, and, with eyes speaking the most tender affections, he waited with breathless expectation for an answer. Soon her consenting hand was clasped in his: the shades of evening favoured their escape; whilst the wood, the covert, or the grove, afforded her concealment, till her lover had brought a small canoe to a lonely part of the beach. In this they speedily embarked; and as he paddled her across the smooth wave, he related his discovery of the cavern destined to be her asylum till an opportunity offered of conveying her to the Fiji Islands. She, who had entrusted her personal safety entirely to his care, hesitated not to consent to whatever plan he might think promotive of their ultimate escape: her heart being full of gratitude, love and confidence found an easy access. They soon arrived at the rock; he leaped into the water, and she, instructed by him, followed close after: they rose into the cavern, and rested from their fears and their fatigue, partaking of some refreshment which he had brought there for himself, little thinking, at the time, of the happiness that was in store for him. Early in the morning he returned to Vavao to avoid suspicion; but did not fail, in the course of the day, to repair again to the place which held all that was dear to him; he brought her mats to lie on, the finest *gnatoo* for a change of dress, the best of food for her support, sandal-wood oil, cocoa-nuts, and every thing he could think of to render her life as comfortable as possible. He gave her as much of his company as prudence would allow, and at the most appropriate

times, lest the prying eye of curiosity should find out his retreat. He pleaded his tale of love with the most impassioned eloquence, half of which would have been sufficient to have won her warmest affections, for she owed her life to his prompt and generous exertions at the risk of his own: and how much was he delighted when he heard the confession from her own lips, that she had long regarded him with a favourable eye, but a sense of duty had caused her to smother the growing fondness, till the late sad misfortune of her family, and the circumstances attending her escape, had revived all her latent affections, to bestow them wholly upon a man to whom they were so justly due! How happy were they in this solitary retreat! tyrannic power now no longer reached them: shut out from the world, and all its cares and perplexities;—secure from all the eventful changes attending upon greatness, cruelty, and ambition;—themselves were the only powers they served, and they were infinitely delighted with this simple form of government. But although this asylum was their great security in their happiest moments, they could not always enjoy each other's company; it was equally necessary to their safety that he should be often absent from her, and frequently for a length of time together, lest his conduct should be watched. The young chief therefore panted for an opportunity to convey her to happier scenes, where his ardent imagination pictured to him the means of procuring for her every enjoyment and comfort, which her amiable qualifications so

well entitled her to: nor was it a great while before, an opportunity offering, he devised the means of restoring her with safety to the cheerful light of day. He signified to his inferior chiefs and matabooles, that it was his intention to go to the Fiji Islands, and he wished them to accompany him with their wives and female attendants; but he desired them on no account to mention to the latter the place of their destination, lest they should inadvertently betray their intention, and the governing chief prevent their departure. A large canoe was soon got ready, and every necessary preparation made for the voyage. As they were on the point of departure, they asked him if he would not take a Tonga wife with him. He replied, no! but he should probably find one by the way: this they thought a joke, but in obedience to his orders they said no more, and, every body being on board, they put to sea. As they approached the shores of Hoonga, he directed them to steer to a certain point, and having come close to a rock, according to his orders, he got up, and desired them to wait there while he went into the sea to fetch his wife; and without staying to be asked any questions, he sprang into the water from that side of the canoe farthest from the rock, swam under the canoe, and proceeded forward into the sanctuary which had so well concealed his greatest and dearest treasure. Every body on board was exceedingly surprised at his strange conduct, and began to think him insane; and after a little lapse of time, not seeing him come up, they were greatly alarmed for his safe-

ty, imagining a shark must have seized him. Whilst they were all in the utmost concern, debating what was best to be done, whether they ought to dive down after him, or wait according to his orders, for that perhaps he had only swum round, and was come up in some niche of the rock, intending to surprise them—their wonder was increased beyond all powers of expression, on seeing him rise to the surface of the water, and come into the canoe with a beautiful female. At first they mistook her for a goddess, and their astonishment was not lessened when they recognised her countenance, and found her to be a person who they had no doubt was killed in the general massacre of her family; and this they thought must be her apparition. But how agreeably was their wonder softened down into the most interesting feelings, when the young chief related to them the discovery of the cavern and the whole circumstance of her escape! All the young men on board could not refrain envying him his happiness in the possession of so lovely and interesting a creature. They arrived safe at one of the Fiji Islands, and resided with a certain chief during two years; at the end of which time, hearing of the death of the tyrant of Vavaoo, the young chief returned with his wife to the last-mentioned island, and lived long in peace and happiness.

Such, as to matter of fact, is the substance of the account given by the old mataboole. There was one thing, however, stated, which might appear in opposition to probability, viz. that the chief's daughter remained in the cavern two or three

months, before her lover found an opportunity of taking her to the Fiji Islands: if this be true, there must have been some other concealed opening in the cavern to have afforded a fresh supply of air. With a view to ascertain this, Mr. Mariner swam with the torch in his hand up both the avenues before spoken of, but without discovering any opening; he also climbed every accessible place, with as little success. At the time Jeremiah Higgins was in this cavern it was nearly low water. He felt a draught of air coming from the left, and on examining the source of it found a hole, which he thinks was more than a foot diameter, from which proceeded a tolerably strong and steady breeze, but not the least glimmer of light. This opening he guesses to have been about four feet above the surface of the water at that time. When Mr. Mariner was there, it must have been nearly high water, and the hole probably covered: and even if it were not concealed, it would transmit no current of air

inwardly unless the tide was going out, which he thinks was not the case. At the time Higgins was there the weather was perfectly calm, not a breath of wind stirring; consequently, the influx of air must have been occasioned by the descent of the surface of water within: on the other hand, when the water rises, the air must rush out. This cavern, therefore, may be said to respire like an animal; the rise and fall of the tide acting as a diaphragm, and the above-mentioned narrow passage as a breathing-hole. Higgins also heard the story of the young chief and his mistress, which perfectly accorded in all the material points with what is told above: it appears from his narration, as well as from Mr. Mariner's, that the natives give this account of the two lovers as a piece of true history, not a romance. There is a sort of shelf at the farther end of the cavern and high up, which is pointed out as having been used for a bed-place.

FEMALE PHILOSOPHY.

GEORGE DASHLEY, a lively, dissipated man of fashion, married, while very young, a lady whose disposition strongly resembled his own: it would be difficult to find a couple who agreed better. She passed her mornings in shopping, visiting, or going from one exhibition to another; balls, routs, the theatres, and cards filled up her evenings. His pursuits were equally frivolous, but much more reprehensible. Both considered home only as a place to sleep, dress, and receive company in. No woman

in the circles of fashionable life did the honours of her house with a better grace than Mrs. Dashley; her husband was so delighted with the ease, elegance, and vivacity with which she received his friends, that he more than once declared he regretted the multiplicity of engagements which so completely occupied his time as to prevent the possibility of his becoming acquainted with her.

At the end of five years, however, a circumstance occurred which promised to place the husband and

wife upon a more intimate footing. Mrs. Dashley was told one night on her return from a ball, that Mr. Dashley begged to have the honour of breakfasting with her the next morning at ten o'clock. "Bless me," cried she to her woman, "what can possibly induce him to rise so early? Are you certain that you have not mistaken the hour?"—"Quite certain, ma'am."—"Well, as it is so long since we have breakfasted together, I cannot very well refuse, though I foresee I shall have a headache all day if I get up so unconscionably early. Be sure, however, that you call me in time."

The *femme de chambre* was punctual, and at ten o'clock Mrs. Dashley took her place at the breakfast-table.

"Well, my dear," cried she to her husband, "I hope you have some charming plan to propose, which will make me amends for the loss of my night's rest."

"I wish I had," cried Dashley with a sigh, "but, unfortunately, what I have to tell you is not of a pleasurable nature."

"No! for Heaven's sake what is it then?"

"Compose yourself, my dear Hortensia!" said Dashley kindly, "I ought to have warned you long since of the necessity there was that we should circumscribe our expenses; but though I was conscious that we lived beyond our income, I was not uneasy, because I firmly expected that my law-suit with Mr. Thornbury would be decided in my favour, and the ready money which I should then receive would be more than sufficient to extricate us from our embarrassments. Unfortunately the cause has been de-

cided against me, and all that remains to us is the little estate in Derbyshire, to which we must instantly retire, since it is impossible for us to live even in the most moderate style in London."

"Tell me," cried Mrs. Dashley eagerly, "shall you be able to pay all you owe?"

"Yes, every shilling."

"Heaven be praised! to have ruined ourselves is bad enough, but to reflect that others also owed their ruin to us would have been insupportable. When must we set out?"

"In two days at farthest."

Mrs. Dashley, without replying, retired to prepare for her journey. She was ready at the appointed time; and on a dismal day in the latter end of February they set out for their house in Derbyshire, now the only habitation which they had left.

Dashley was gloomy and silent; his wife addressed him two or three times, but he made short replies, and soon sunk into a reverie, which Mrs. Dashley did not disturb.

When they arrived at their house, the appearance of which was extremely comfortless, Dashley could contain himself no longer; he burst into an invective on his own folly, mingling his self-reproaches with bitter regrets for the state to which he had reduced Mrs. Dashley and himself.

Mrs. Dashley saw that it was not a moment to argue with him, and she accordingly suffered him to give vent to his feelings; but the little she said was calculated to sooth their bitterness, and he went to bed more composed.

The next morning he rose late, and rang for breakfast, which he

meant as usual to have taken alone, but the servant brought Mrs. Dashley's compliments, she had waited breakfast in hopes of the pleasure of his company.

Now this is really attentive, thought Dashley, and he sent word that he would wait upon her directly; but when he entered the breakfast-parlour in his dressing-gown, he felt ashamed of his negligent appearance, on seeing his wife, attired in a neat and becoming dishabille, seated at the tea-table.

Although Dashley was little inclined to talk, his wife contrived to draw him into conversation; she told him, that she had been all over the house, that she found it much more comfortable than she expected, and that in a little time she was sure she should feel quite at home.

Dashley, who was really good-natured, did not like to throw a damp upon her spirits; he even fancied that the apartment, now enlivened by a blazing fire, looked much more comfortable than it had done the preceding evening: but he sighed deeply as he observed, that he feared they should find the neighbourhood a wretched one.

"Then," said Mrs. Dashley, "we must look for amusement within doors."

"Amusement!" repeated Dashley in the most doleful tone imaginable.

"Yes, certainly, we cannot exist without pursuits of some kind or other; it is impossible to continue here those which we have hitherto followed; and *entre nous* I know not, after all, why we should wish to continue them; at least I can say for myself, that mine were not of a nature on which I can reflect with

pleasure; why then should I not try such others as are in my power?"

"I admire your philosophy," said Dashley in a tone of pique; "and pray what others do you mean to try?"

"Several; the great secret, I believe, of passing time pleasantly is to employ it constantly. I must learn to look after my domestic affairs, and with them, needle-work, drawing, and botanizing a little in my walks, I shall contrive to employ my mornings. The occasional society of our neighbours, for I have learned that we have some, music, and reading, will serve pretty well to fill up the evenings. Besides, a good deal of my time will be occupied in making a conquest of you."

"A conquest of me!" repeated Dashley, looking at her with an air of comic surprise.

"Yes," replied she laughing, but at the same time blushing deeply, "do you think the thing is impossible?"

"No," cried Dashley, who was somewhat flattered, though he believed her in joke, "by no means; but I am afraid that ten years of dissipation have rendered me rather inaccessible to the attacks of the blind deity."

"So much the better. I feel now more confident of success; nay, I know that I shall succeed. This declaration of yours is an additional stimulus, for there is nothing I like so well as to have difficulties to conquer."

Dashley smiled, as he said mentally, if that is the case then I fancy you will have no cause to complain of not having difficulties.

But he did not know the spirit

and perseverance of his better half, whom Nature had formed in one of her happiest moods. Hortensia possessed the art of looking only on the bright side of things, an art of the greatest importance, but one which is little practised. Married at a very early age, she felt disposed to love her husband, but his indifference to herself, and her knowledge of his gallantries, checked her regard for him, and she entered with perhaps too much avidity into dissipation; but though thoughtless and extravagant, she was neither incorrigible nor unprincipled, and the manner in which she supported her reverse of fortune did equal honour to her heart and her head.

For some time Dashley found it absolutely impossible to imitate the gay philosophy of his wife; in truth, he had lost in dissipation all taste for simple pleasures, and it required all Hortensia's address to lead him to such pursuits as were likely to deliver him from the demon of *ennui*. Luckily for her, she found a very able auxiliary in the clergyman of the parish. This gentleman was a very good agriculturist; he was also of a literary turn. In a few months Hortensia had the pleasure to see that her husband and the rector were upon the best terms, and that Dashley began to take pleasure in being employed.

Dashley himself was surprised to find that the time no longer hung heavy on his hands, but he was still more astonished to perceive, that the society of his wife, which he never before thought of enjoying, was now become absolutely necessary to his happiness. Mrs. Dashley, however, was too good a politician to let him have as much as

he pleased of her company; she spent a great part of her time in her own apartments, but those hours which she gave to her husband were rendered very delicious to him by her constant cheerfulness, and her talents for conversation: few women indeed could excel her in this latter respect. Dashley soon relished his plain dinners more than he had formerly done the most luxurious repasts; by degrees he recovered his spirits, and began to think of contributing his share to the entertainment of his wife, the vicar, and three or four sensible neighbours, who sometimes enlivened their fireside.

The country air had restored to Mrs. Dashley the bloom and *en bon point* which dissipation had robbed her of. Dashley had said to himself a hundred times, that if she was not his wife, he should think her very lovely. Suddenly, however, an alteration took place in her looks; she became thin, pale, and seemed seriously ill, yet she persisted in refusing to have advice. One day when she had been compelled to retire to her chamber, because she had a violent headache, Dashley followed her. "I am come to reproach you, Hortensia," said he, taking a seat by her side.

"Indeed!" said she with a faint smile, "and pray what is my fault?"

"A very serious one in my eyes. You have, I know not how, contrived to convert what I considered as my greatest misfortune into a blessing. You have given me a relish for a mode of life which I never thought I should have been able to endure; in doing so, you have convinced me that much of my future happiness must depend

upon you; and yet after doing all this, you cruelly persist in risking your own life and my peace, by obstinately refusing to seek a remedy for a malady which is evidently consuming you."

The most brilliant glow mantled on the cheek of Mrs. Dashley, while she said in a voice of more than usual softness, "My dear George, there is no occasion for advice; I assure you I am not ill."

"Hortensia, it is impossible to suffer you longer to persist in what I term cruelty to me and yourself. I shall send immediately for a physician."

He rose to leave the room; Mrs. Dashley caught his arm; she gave a timid glance at her waist; Dashley's eye followed hers; he saw with surprise and delight that it had lost something of its beautiful

symmetry. — Hortensia's blushes were now intelligible, and the transported husband, folding her in his arms, exclaimed, "Your prophecy is accomplished, my beloved, and your conquest is complete!"

It was complete. Hortensia presented him in a few months with a little girl as lovely as herself, and this new tie upon his affection, added to the endearing and amiable conduct of his wife, rendered him a constant and happy husband. Perfectly satisfied with the moderate income which he still possessed, he devoted his time to useful and innocent pursuits; and he often declares, that he is indebted to the use which his wife made of their reverse of fortune, for more real felicity than he ever enjoyed in the midst of affluence.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

THE SERAPH, a Collection of Sacred Music, suitable to public and private Devotion, consisting of the most celebrated Psalm and Hymn Tunes, with Selections from the Works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Pleyel, and favourite English and Italian Composers, adapted to Words from Milton, Young, Watts, Addison, Wesley, Merrick, Cowper, Henry Kirke White, Dr. Collyer, &c. ; to which are added many original Pieces: composed, and the whole arranged for four Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte or Organ and Violoncello, by John Whitaker.—No. I. Pr. 5s.

THE nature of this work will be understood from the title, which we have copied at full length. Messrs.

Button, Whitaker, and Co. the publishers, intend to complete it in sixteen monthly numbers, each at the above-mentioned price, to contain sixty pages of music. The typographical execution of the specimen before us, like many other of their publications, is elegance itself; but if the words could admit of a larger type, a great improvement would be attained, especially as four persons are to sing from the same volume. Perhaps the addition of each vocal part separately, the purchase of which might be optional and of no great amount, would be acceptable to many. With regard to the intrinsic merit of the work, we are able to declare, that the selection, as far as it has gone, evinces taste and judgment, and

the adaptation for four voices is throughout extremely satisfactory. The same is the case with the accompaniments, which combine simplicity with effectiveness of harmony. Mr. Whitaker's own original compositions, of which there are five or six in this number, have our entire approbation. "The Storm," in particular, does him great credit: it is an impressive and, as to harmony, highly clever performance. Although the work is intended for a sacred purpose, the musical amateurs will derive a high gratification from the execution of many of its pieces on occasions not absolutely devotional. We do not know whether we shall be deemed authorized to state any objections to the introduction of profane melodies into divine service, as the practice is so very common in this country. With us, however, the association of ideas, by means of musical sounds, is so certain and instantaneous, that we cannot hear an opera tune at church without immediately recollecting the situations, actors, countenances, &c. by means of which the primitive impression took place. In this respect, therefore, special discretion may be recommendable in the continuation of *The Seraph*, more particularly as very few melodies, if any, not written for devotional purposes, possess the simplicity and stern solemnity which form the essential requisites in sacred music.

"*Scots who hae wi' Wallace bled*," sung by Mr. Braham at Covent-Garden Theatre in *Guy Manner- ing*; the *Symphony and Piano-Forte Accompaniments* composed by Mr. Braham. Button and

Whitaker, St. Paul's Church-yard. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Our readers are long acquainted with this impressive Scotch air, and most of them probably have witnessed or heard with what enthusiasm its delivery by Mr. Braham in the above-mentioned drama was greeted. Like his "Robin Adair," he was called upon to sing it three times successively on each performance. A sort of fac-simile, therefore, of that execution, proceeding from Mr. Braham himself, must naturally excite increased interest. The arrangement is simple, and consequently, in this case, as it should be. In the symphony, however, we observe, rather with surprise, some very peculiar modulations.

Tre piccole Ariette, coll' Accompagnamento di Forte-Piano, dedicate a Miss Amelia Culling Smith, da G. Liverati. Op. 4.

Although the author has affixed to these airs the modest epithet *piccole*, they must not be mistaken for trifles. We have derived a high degree of gratification from this performance. The first, in F major, sets out with the question, *Da me, che vuoi?* in the most apt and natural manner; the expression of *d'un infelice* is equally happy, and the conclusion of the first strain, voice as well as accompaniment, devised with much feeling. The second air, in A minor, of but three lines, is exquisitely delicate, and shews, by various original turns, that real talent will manifest itself in the most confined space assigned to its scope. The changes from minor to major, and *vice versa*, as well as the few modulations, are in the best classic style, and the sim-

ple accompaniment is devised with the utmost taste. The subject of the poetry being the lament of a Scottish lass, a small tinge of Scotch style has occasionally been introduced. We are glad to perceive no more of it in *this* instance; the shortening of the notes which bear the accent, in favour of those which do not, produces a quaint snapping in the Scotch songs which is not to *our* taste. The last *arietta*, a prayer to the goddess of love, is perhaps in a style somewhat too familiar for such an invocation, and, upon the whole, less original than its predecessors; but it possesses other distinguishing features of merit: its animated and impassioned melody is coloured with various decorative figures of peculiar elegance, and the accompaniment more elaborate and florid, so as to support the voice richly-throughout.

We must not omit doing ample justice to the scrupulous attention to tasteful execution which the author has evinced in this publication. Every shade of expression is minutely indicated by proper marks. These we particularly recommend to the strict notice of the amateur, since their observance will not only infinitely enhance the effect of these airs, but generally improve his taste and feeling for other occasions, and banish that sweet unmeaning languor, which in the vocal efforts of northern nations is but too prevalent even with the most exquisite voices. In this respect Mr. L.'s three ariettas before us may be considered as so many lessons for the vocal student. *The Gordon Waltz for the Piano-Forte*, composed for, and most recommended, Vol. V. No. XXVIII.

spectfully inscribed to, the Right Hon. Lady Jane Gordon, by James Calkin. Pr. 2s.

A movement in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, of a gentle, melodious character, and throughout satisfactory, affords an apt introduction to the main piece. Of this latter (in C major), unassuming and simple as it is in its texture, we are likewise warranted in expressing a favourable opinion. The several subdivisions in the allied keys of F and G blend into a connected agreeable whole; a few easy modulations, p. 4, produce the intended effect of relief; the passages towards the end are neat; and the conclusion itself deserves commendation. The facility and attractive nature of this composition render it very eligible for the practice of the pupil.

Lady Avondel's Song, the Words taken from "The Refusal," by Mrs. West; composed, and respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Holroyd, by Miss Cecilia Burney. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Our judgment of this composition, which bears the marks of an amateur's pen, is of a mixed nature: there are merits and defects. Among the former we reckon a considerable degree of taste, delicate feeling, and a certain portion of originality. On the other hand, it appears as if the fair authoress had wished to make the most of the few words of her poet. These are stretched through long bars of slow progress, frequently at the rate of a monosyllable per bar, and sometimes even less. Thus, "lost thy heart," or "thee, my tears," for instance, engross three bars each respectively; "strive" a bar and half, &c. We do not say, that occasionally such extensions may not

be admissible, but here they prevail throughout the song, and, together with a great sameness of accompaniment (in which one particular passage appears to have been the special favourite), produce a monotonous sort of whining, even where the ideas themselves are far from being uninteresting. The text, especially in the latter half, is certainly of a very sombre cast; but in music the expression of deep melancholy requires discreet use, and demands relief by means of less sombre ideas. To these general remarks we shall add one or two of a special nature. The symphony lacks rhythmical symmetry, and begins with a seventh, a licence which we can the less admit in a composition of this description, as it is but rarely resorted to by the greatest authors. The E to "not," p. 3, b. 2, discords with the accompaniment. The F♯ before the F♯ at "and grief," p. 4, is a little eccentric, and not easy to every singer. We have rather exceeded our usual limits in this article, because we saw in Miss B.'s labour indications of so favourable and promising a nature, that we thought it our duty to give a candid opinion, which, if correct, might tend to future improvement.

"*The Morning of Love*," a Song from *Melincourt*; the Music composed, and dedicated to Miss Gale, by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 2s.

An elegant little song; its melody proceeds, in easy unaffected flow, through a succession of chaste and tender ideas; every note fits the text; and the accompaniment, without being crowded, is select, varied, and effective. The solving discord at "parch and destroy" is

finely applied, and the portion in the dominant of the key well devised and introduced. None of Mr. K.'s vocal productions has given us more satisfaction than this; its charm lies in its chaste simplicity.

L'Allegrezza, Rondino for the Piano-Forte, composed by C. L. Lithander. Op. 9. Pr. 2s. 6d.

L'Allegrezza, in C major, is one of those scarce musical productions which combine absolute facility of execution with pleasing melody, good harmony, and absence of commonplace triviality. This rare merit we have on former occasions discovered in some of Mr. L.'s compositions, and in the present rondino it is particularly obvious. The subject, in the pastoral style, is at once attractive; the ideas deduced from it not only maintain a resemblance of general character, but follow each other in natural and easy succession; the changes of key are apt, and in some instances, as that to D, p. 4, of a select description; and the few modulations that occur are conducted in the best taste.

Three Waltzes and Trios, composed, and most respectfully dedicated to Miss Carew, by G. W. Maddison. Pr. 2s.

If we are to judge of Mr. Maddison's compositorial qualifications from these waltzes (and we do not recollect to have seen any other musical publication of his), we are free to acknowledge, on the one hand, the existence of natural musical talent, and a considerable degree of inventive originality; while, on the other, we obviously perceive crudities, which bespeak the want of a regular course of musical stu-

dy. His labour resembles the productions of amateurs untutored by science, and the resemblance is the stronger in proportion as he ventures upon the *recherche*. In waltz 1. the first strain sets out with a bass of naked and continual B's, which may be executed by a drum; the 2d and 3d strains are fair enough. Against the 4th strain, saving its awkward conclusion, we have no decided objection; but in its sequel (*p. 2, l. 1, b. 3*) the E ♯, which we suppose was meant to resolve from the key of B to F, is quite out of place, as the next bar still dwells in B. The beginning of the next line is quite unintelligible and bad, and forms a marked contrast with the more deserving concluding four bars. In the second waltz more originality is aimed at, but the attempt, in most cases, has been unsuccessful. The 2d strain is without rhythm, trifling, and strangely sprinkled with semiquavered F, C's to spin out the quantum of eight bars. In the third subdivision, the leaps across the left hand produce objectionable octaves; the next, and last strain before the trio, ventures out of the beaten track most unsuccessfully: the whole is very uncouth. The trio is not amiss, especially the first strain; in the second we have some learned evolutions, and, with them, some objectionable progressions. Throughout these waltzes the proper fundamental bass notes are frequently missing: by adding them below the author's bass, and considering the latter as a middle part, we have more than once rendered his harmony acceptable to our ears. We have already exceeded our intend-

ed quantum of space; we can, therefore, say but a few words on the third waltz. Upon the whole we consider it the best; some of the ideas are select, in the true Vienna *Ländler* style; but the accompaniment is often imperfect, and sometimes bad (*e. g. trio b. 3*).

A Voluntary for the Organ, in a familiar Style, suited to Church Service; composed and selected by S. F. Rimbault, Organist of St. Giles's in the Fields. No. VI. Op. 5. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This voluntary consists of two movements, both of which are in the style of ancient compositions of this class, simple, but correct and satisfactory. The first movement, an adagio, is of rather a severe character, and some of its ideas are not new to us, but they combine into a proper whole. The second movement is a march, the subject of which is acknowledged to be by the late Mr. Burbidge. Some echoes are aptly introduced; the texture of the whole is also plain, but offers no feature liable to critical objection. All proceeds regularly, and well proportioned as to rhythm; and the execution is void of difficulty.

"Les Plaisirs de l'Été," a familiar Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed by James Clarke. Pr. 1s. 6d.

An easy trifle, of simple materials, yet agreeable in the whole, and satisfactory enough in point of melodic context and harmonic treatment. In the fourth bar, however, and its repetitions, we observe a flaw. The D in the bass is harsh. The four quavers had better have been a, f, b, g, omitting the minims altogether.

"If Jamie keeps wooing, poor Jenny must go," a favourite Scottish Ballad, sung by Miss Tunstall at the London Concerts; written by Mr. Upton, composed by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Two strains in A major; the first, in $\frac{4}{4}$ time, ingratiates itself by a properly connected flow of pleasing melody, artless in character, yet interesting. The portion in four

sharps is particularly engaging, and well imagined. The strain in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, which follows, begins with a bar very similar to the favourite "Rest thee, babe," but immediately proceeds to different melodic developement. The conclusion, "No, no, no, laddie, no!" could not have been more adequately expressed; it is extremely natural.

DESCRIPTION AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACKERMANN'S PATENT MOVEABLE AXLE FOR CARRIAGES.

THIS new, ingenious, and highly useful invention, applicable to all four-wheeled Carriages, was communicated to the Patentee by the inventor, George Lankensperger of Munich, coachmaker to his Majesty the King of Bavaria; who also transmitted a model, which may be seen at the house of the Patentee, 101, Strand, and from which the annexed designs for the instruction of the workmen have been made. The advantages resulting from this invention are so numerous and important, that it cannot fail in a short time to be considered indispensably necessary to four-wheeled carriages of every kind.

The following is an extract of a letter from the inventor, Mr. Lankensperger, to Mr. Ackermann, which accompanied the model:

"My attention has been for many years engaged in the consideration of the mechanism of four-wheeled carriages, with a view to the improvement of the present construction, and to the reduction of the weight and draught.

"My efforts have not proved fruitless; and I have been so for-

fortunate as to contrive, by means of my newly invented MOVEABLE AXLE, a carriage which requires no more than SIX pieces of timber: whereas, according to the usual mode of construction, about TWENTY are necessary, exclusively of the wheels. The principal advantage, however, resulting from the application of this MOVEABLE AXLE is, that the upper and lower carriage become united into one whole; great simplicity and solidity are produced; the danger of breaking the perch-bolt is entirely prevented; by this mode of placing the springs great elasticity is obtained; and, lastly, the carriage is enabled to turn short, without the least risk, in the smallest possible space—which was, in fact, one of my primary objects, and I trust you will give me credit for having accomplished it.

"The first carriage that I built was a heavy stage-coach or diligence, which has now run every day for upwards of eighteen months, frequently carrying upwards of two tons and a half weight over very bad roads, and not a single screw or bolt has yet given way. I have

since built upwards of forty new carriages on this principle; and the following passages from a few out of the numerous attested letters that I have received, will, I dare say, suffice to shew with what approbation my invention has been honoured.

I. The Royal Commissioners of the General Post and Mail Office at Munich, for which I have made a carriage on my principle, attest, "that this carriage has not only proved its strength by bearing considerable weights and frequent use, but also affords the following advantages:

"1. It is possible to turn with it in a very confined space, without danger of upsetting.

"2. Vast space is gained for luggage.

"3. The carriage may be made much shorter than usual.

"4. Owing to this circumstance, as well as to the height of the fore-wheels, the draught is greatly diminished."

II. Mr. Jacob Frederic Schmidt, banker of Augsburg, states—

"That a summer carriage to hold eight persons, made by me, perfectly answers the purpose for which it was intended, and that eight persons may be drawn in it over bad roads by two ordinary horses; and there is also abundance of room for luggage in this carriage."

III. Mr. Westheimer, banker of Munich, for whom I have made a Russian hunting-carriage, called *Wurst-wagen*, to hold seven persons, attests—

"That as the whole carriage, without splinter-bar and pole, consists of only four light pieces

of wood, and the carriage turns very easily upon a much smaller space than with the crane-neck, the latter may be wholly dispensed with, and yet equal strength and solidity obtained. This I attest not only in token of my satisfaction, but as a tribute due to truth."

IV. General Count von Zweybrücken, for whom I made an open summer carriage to hold six persons, writes, under date of Dec. 16, 1816—

"That he has used this carriage for five months in the worst bye-roads in hunting and for other purposes, without the smallest accident; that it has an agreeable motion; and deserves particular recommendation for its lightness combined with strength, and its capability of turning short."

This carriage, with every thing belonging to it, weighs only 776 lbs.

V. Mr. von Haberl, first physician to the King of Bavaria, possesses a light carriage with a moveable axle upon my principle, "which," to use his own words, "turns without the perch-bolt and crane-neck, and the carriage is much simplified, and made shorter and lighter, without prejudice to strength and durability."

VI. Joseph Count von Töring Seefeld, captain and aide-de-camp to the King of Bavaria, expresses his satisfaction with a low phaeton made for him, in the following words:

"As I have convinced myself of the durability and lightness, as also of the capability of

turning short in the most confined spaces without a crane-neck, I hereby not only assure Mr. George Lankensperger of my entire satisfaction, but also attest that his new invention is worthy of universal adoption."

VII. Mr. Christian Wendling, merchant, and Mr. Franz von Schneederer, municipal counsellor, both of Munich, conjointly attest that carriages built upon my principle possess the following advantages over those upon the old construction :

"1. They allow the heavy and expensive iron crane-necks, and the under carriage, which is liable to so many accidents, with all its appurtenances, to be dispensed with.

"2. The turning of the carriage is rendered infinitely more safe by the MOVEABLE AXLE, as the wheels never change their position, but only their direction : consequently a carriage built upon this principle is always supported upon the same four points, that are constantly at the same distance from one another, and consequently cannot possibly be upset in turning.

"3. The lightness resulting from the above-mentioned simplification of carriages, allows twice the weight to be drawn with the same number of horses as by the former construction."

VIII. Mr. Alois Fleckinger, banker of Munich, sold his carriages, and I built him three new ones upon my principle. He attests as follows :

"As the inventor had already made trial of his method

with the most decisive success, he obtained many orders, and I employed him to make for me a carriage to hold eight persons, to be drawn by two horses. Convinced of its superior lightness and durability, I ordered two other new carriages, which are already finished. One of them, which serves both for a town and travelling carriage, is rendered particularly light and elegant by its shortness and the height of the fore-wheels."

IX. Charles Count von Baumgarten of Munich, chamberlain to the King of Bavaria, attests as follows :

"George Lankensperger of this city, coachmaker to the king, made last spring for the undersigned a state carriage upon his newly invented principle. As the construction is very much simplified by this method, which requires much less wood and iron ; as the carriage admits of being considerably shortened, and gains proportionably in lightness, and may be turned in a very small space, owing to the peculiar structure of the axle ; and as this equally ingenious and useful invention deserves to be generally recommended, I am desirous of testifying to the said George Lankensperger my perfect satisfaction on this account.

" CHARLES Count

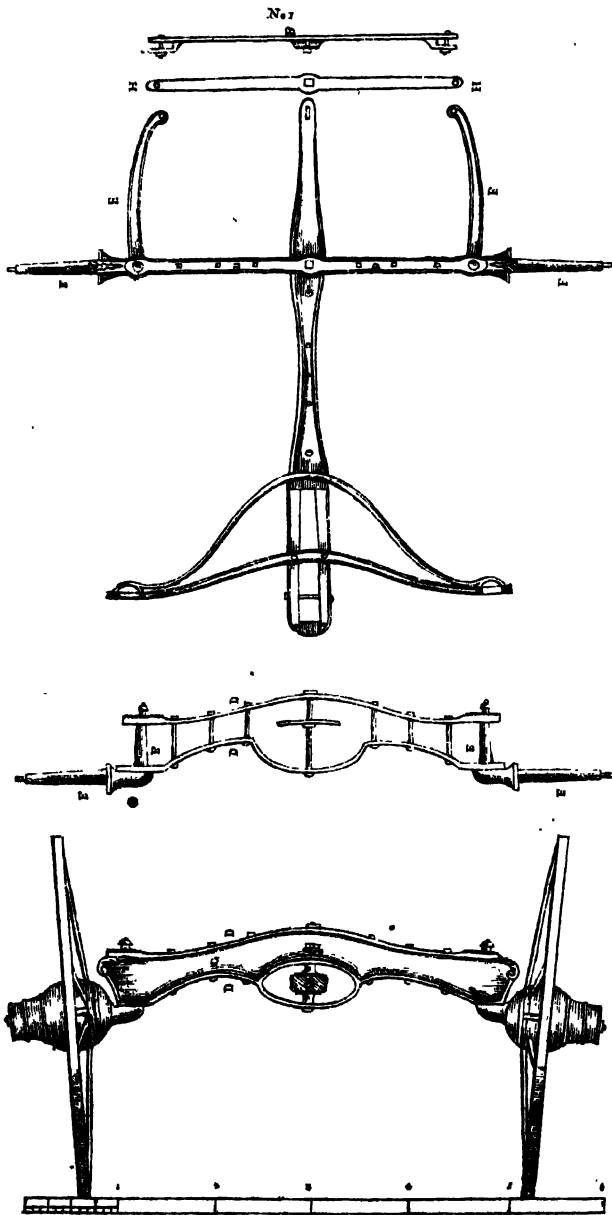
" VON BAUMGARTEN,

" Chamberlain to the King."

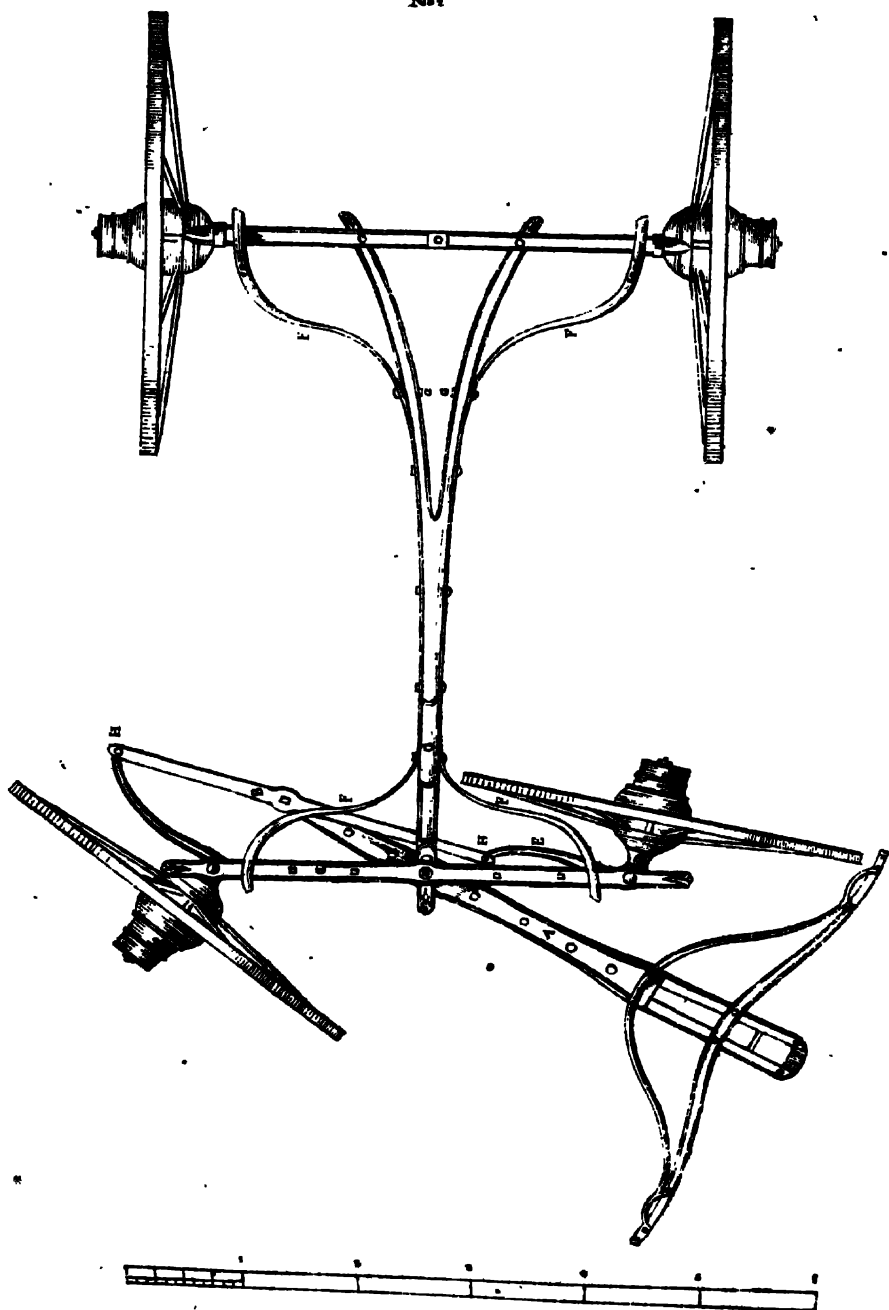
" MUNICH, May 10, 1817."

" Besides the above, many other persons of the highest rank and distinction (as Prince Wrede, Field-Marshal of the Bavarian army ; his

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Entledet Rädermannel d'heggen, e. B.
No. 1



Excellency the English Ambassador; Baron von Eichthal, &c.) possess carriages made by me upon this new principle, from whom I might obtain similar attestations; but I consider the preceding passages, quoted *verbatim* from the originals, conjoined with the patent granted to me by his Majesty the King of Bavaria, as sufficient to place the utility of my invention beyond all doubt.

“GEORGE LANKENSPERGER,

“Coachmaker to the King.”

“MUNICH, May 14, 1817.”

All the above are certified to be genuine extracts from the original letters by the local authorities of Munich.

EXPLANATION of three PRINTS, *shewing side and front Views, Plans, and Sections of R. ACKERMANN'S PATENT MOVEABLE AXLE, applicable to all four-wheeled Carriages.*

Fig. 1. A front view of the Axletree-bed, with its timber.

Secondly, the iron-work of the same, without the timber.

Thirdly, the futchel splinter-bar and axle, looking downwards upon it. A is an opening in the lower part of the axletree-bed for the futchel to pass, which is well secured with iron plates on the sides, top, and bottom; at the end is a hole two inches long, and is connected by a bolt with a sunk head to the centre of the sway-bar B*. The spring-transom C has two iron plates, top and bottom, DD, which are secured by six strong bolts.

* In the Specification I call the sway-bar the *sympathetic bar*, as by that communication only the pole, futchel, and fore-wheels act in concord.

—These plates are considerably thicker at the two ends, and have round holes to receive the vertical axle, which, with the horizontal axle, commonly called the arm, that receives the wheel and the stay E, which supports the sway-bar, is made of forged iron in one whole, and is connected by way of hinges to the sway-bar B at the extremity of H: hence the action of the short turn by the moveable axle is produced, and forms the principal feature of this invention and patent, by which the shortening from 15 to 18 inches in a four-wheeled perch carriage is obtained. It is next to impossible to break the perch-bolt; and even if that should happen, it would not at all endanger the traveller, as the carriage would go on without it, because the fore-wheels are united to the upper carriage itself, and cannot be detached therefrom as on the old construction, where the upper and lower carriage form two distinct parts, which admit of no other union than by the perch-bolt.

Fig. 2. A plan of the carriage, which shews the short turn obtained by the moveable axle; the red circular line to the perch shews the track the stiff axletree would take in this same carriage: this demonstration is obvious and speaks for itself. F four strong iron stays; one end fastens by four bolts with the principal or back plate of the spring to the spring-transom, and by a graceful sweep joins the perch at G; and to this stay is joined with screws and bolts the one that comes from the spring; and thus many pieces of timber and screws are rendered useless and entirely dispensed with: besides, it is ne-

cessary to observe, that this mode of placing and securing the springs produces more elasticity, more strength, and less weight.

Fig. 8. shews a side view of the carriage with a barouche body on it; and it will easily be perceived, that a coach or chariot, or any other body, may be hung on the same carriage.

Mr. G. DODD of 43, Crawford-street; Mr. BIRCH of 71, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; Mr. MABERLEY, Welbeck-street; Mr. WINDUS, 71, Bishopsgate-street; Mr. JOHNSON, 75, Long-Acre; Messrs. STUBBS and HAN-

COCK, Whitechapel; Mr. THOMAS KINDER, 84, Gray's Inn-lane; Messrs. ELLIOTT and JEWELL, Westminster Bridge; Messrs. MESSEUR and PAGE, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, and other Coachmakers, are now building Carriages on the principle of ACKERMANN'S PATENT.

N. B. The Fore-Axles, the connecting the Sway-Bar, top and bottom Transom-Plates, Futchel-Irons, Perch-Bolt, &c. &c. are furnished to Gentlemen and Coachmakers by the Patentee, No. 101, Strand; where the Model may be seen.

FINE ARTS.

PICTORIAL CARDS.

PLATE 21.—FOUR PLAYING-CARDS.

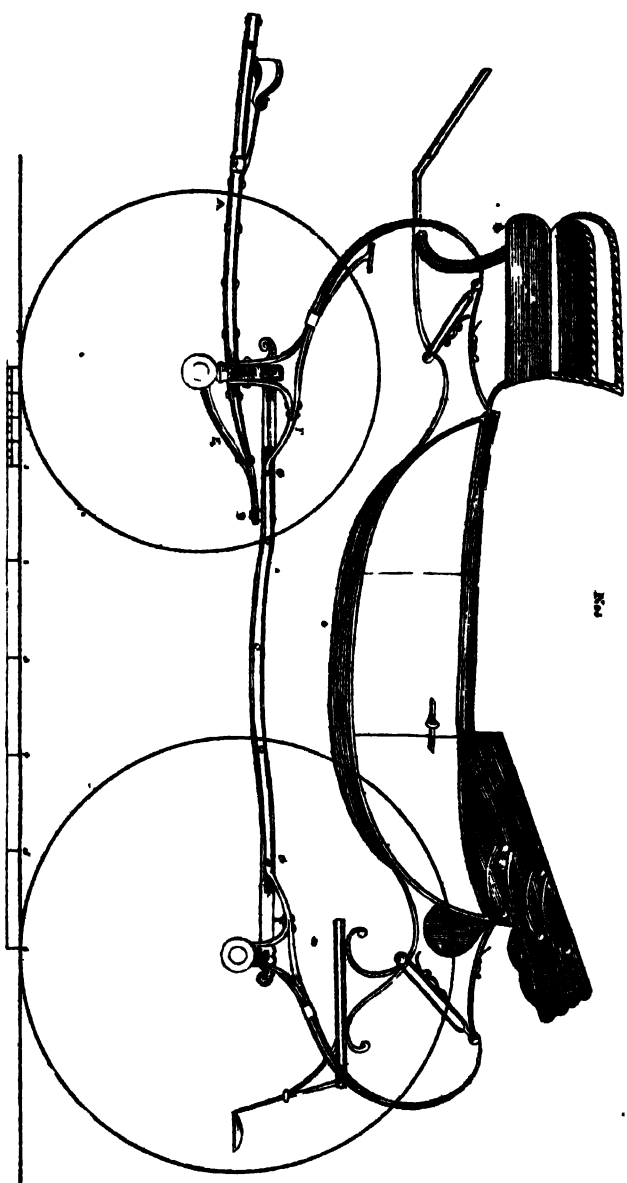
THE TEN OF HEARTS. An altar and idol of Indian worship combine the figures of the card, and represent one of the images of the Soors and Assoors, or good and evil genii recorded in the *Mahabarat*, or Great War, a Sanscreeet poem, said to have been translated in the latter part of the eighteenth century, under the title of *Bhagvat-Geeta*, or Dialogues of Creeshna and Arjōon. The original is believed in India to be of so great antiquity as four thousand years, and to contain the chief mysteries of the Hindoo religion of that period*. The face of the idol is formed of the heart, as are also the ornaments of the vases and of the altar.

THE SIX OF CLUBS. An elegant Grecian figure singing and playing
* *Maurice's Indian Antiquities.*

on the lyre, the sound-board of which is formed of the club, and the vase containing flowers is also ornamented by it; the club likewise composes the enrichments of the architectural accessories.

THE EIGHT OF SPADES is a portion of the story of the *Fracas*, described in its continuation: it represents Teresa in the little back parlour of the hotel, in which Monsieur Le Pallet made his unfortunate boasts of successes over the master of languages. The spade represents the aperture in the wall as before, the sleeve of the lady's dress, a ridicule, devices on a chair, and other furniture embellishments.

THE ACE OF DIAMONDS. This card contains a representation of the Egyptian black idol, a god and prophet of the night: these images were commonly sculptured in black



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PICTORIAL CARDS.

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stone or marble, as were all those representations of the deities presiding over sleep, or the dark hours. All the statues of the Nile were of this complexion, to which the Egyptians seem to have had an early veneration, arising perhaps from circumstances connected with their origin, which habit and tradition had rendered sacred.

BEATRICE, OR THE FRACAS.

(Concluded from p. 183.)

"THE sound of a knocker at midnight," said the Baron Swendenborg, who was not always a visionary, "assures me of the movements of revelry or distress; and my own door never resounds at that hour, but it is the harbinger of some calamity." — Dr. Shwartzbruck was no disciple of that eminent dreamer, whose nights, it should seem by his many Latin revelations, were not often disturbed by these interruptions: but the doctor, nevertheless, entertained the same opinion, and as the calamity that usually approached his door, by night or by day, was such as to benefit himself, it caused none of those emotions of beneficent feeling that we recognise as belonging to the baron's observation. A physician's sleep, if he have practice, is at best a sort of dog sleep—one ear is ever sentinel to the other's repose; and had they the faculty of movement which is possessed by the ears of some animals who wear them of greater length, the physician's would be seen vibrating in his sleep, and thrust backward, sideways, and forward, to catch the sound of every movement that might occur in its neighbourhood. The rap which Beatrice

gave at the chürurgeon's door was gentle, timid, and restrained—it conveyed a faithful report of the anxieties of her heart; and a better judge of these symptoms would have said, "There is modest virtue in affliction at the door," and he would have let it in. But to Shwartzbruck it told no such tale; to him it seemed the announcement of an abridged fee merely, and he reluctantly called his house-keeper, to inquire if he must needs "go forth" immediately. As the house consisted of only four rooms, that is to say, the shop, the kitchen behind, the upstairs parlour, and the attic, the doctor slept in a recess that had formerly been part of the shop, and which still in the day-time, when his bedstead was metamorphosed into a respectable cabinet, inscribed with many pharmaceutical labels, was the operative surgery:—Beatrice could therefore hear him calling to his ancient damsel, who reposed in the kitchen, and she heard in dismay the grumbling replies of the old woman, as repining at the disturbance, and wondering, mutteringly, that people could not contrive to keep better hours in their mischances; and if they must foolishly be wanting doctors, which for her part she thought they might as well be without, it was hard that she should be disturbed, forsooth, at such an unreasonable time of night, when the morning, or the next day for what she knew, would do quite as well, if not better. All this foreboded an ill reception to the trembling applicant, and she heard the shrill voice of "What would ye, child?" repeated through the still-closed door, before she ob-

tained courage to reply to it.—“ Ah! Judith,” said Beatrice with a sigh, “ it is no sorrow that may be delayed, or that medicine can cure, that now unwillingly disturbs you—it is Beatrice in affliction, in danger, and despair, that asks her kinsman for shelter, Judith, and you for the common offices of humanity.”—“ She shan’t come in—she shan’t come in!” cried the doctor in a voice that resembled the explosion of two-penny crackers, and he jumped out of bed to oppose the opening of the door; which Judith had, however, effected before her master could make his way through the labyrinth formed by the counter, stools, and huge mortar, that made up the chief furniture of the apartment.—“ She shan’t come in, I tell you!” said he in a great fury, seizing the pestle from the mortar, which stood conveniently near the door, that the boy might pound his drugs and take in messages at the same time—“ she shan’t come in, by——!”

“ Patience, patience! in the name of thy blessed saint, patience!” said Judith, preventing the asseveration, “ and hear the damsel!—What! Master Shwartzbruck, your own kin and kind, and in trouble too, and not hear her?”

Judith put out an arm that in length kept both the doctor and his pestle at a distance; for he was but a little man, and somewhat deformed, and age had assisted in the diminution, shrinking him like a dried alligator, until he had become a tolerable subject on which to pursue the study of osteology—this might have been a convenience to a greater novice in the art: Judith, on the contrary, was tall and

robust, though considerably advanced in years, and would have been a desirable testimony of the doctor’s skill, had she not, as he called it, maintained a fallacious opinion of the mystery, and too often indiscreetly avowed, that she never took “ abominable poison.”

A sort of cessation of arms had for a moment taken place, accompanied by an awful silence, proceeding from the perplexity of each party; and Beatrice was about to commence her apology and prayer, when a tremendous crash was heard above, on the little winding staircase opposite the spot on which the party stood.—“ Beatrice! Beatrice!” said a faint and hollow voice, issuing as it seemed from a gleam of light which increased as the sound became more audible, and immediately there appeared, as she imagined, the spectre of the murdered master of languages. It descended slowly, holding with one hand the pillar about which the stairs revolved, and bearing the night-lamp in the other; yet neither hand was seen, for the arms were clothed by sleeves of an enormous length, that seemed to the alarmed imagination as streaming with blood, and the body was enveloped in a vestment of an unearthly shape: its face was pale and ghastly, the eyes sunk deep in their sockets, and its body, formerly respectable enough, shrunk to a spectre-like insubstantiality—it was a *translation* of the master of languages! His bald head was nearly covered with a huge black plaster, that added to his paleness a more deathlike hue; and his knees trembling under him, gave to the light a tremulous motion, that ren-

dered, the features less distinct and the sight more appalling. Beatrice shrieked in amazement and terror; but the old woman, with a sneer at the doctor, as indicating his want of skill, begged her not to be alarmed, for it was only the poor gentleman that doctor's stuff had made worse, and whom she could have made well long ago, if her master would have permitted her; for she knew he was not much beside his wits, although certainly he talked so many languages that nobody could understand him.

During this time the doctor was motionless with contending feeling; at length, in a fury, he brandished the pestle in fearful threats at the poor linguist, whom he ordered to remount to his chamber in the attic:—but it was too late—the effort had exhausted his strength, and he fell to the ground seemingly in a dying state. The surgeon himself became alarmed, and began to apply means for reviving him; but Judith insisted that he was dying, and needed the comfortable presence of some ghostly father; and while the doctor was busied in his way, she rushed out of doors, and presently returned with the object of her pursuit. The sick man revived, and becoming delighted with the presence of the venerable comforter, he began to relate the particulars of his du-rance, and in his haste he attempted to do so in the mixture of dialects and tongues that had assured the same priest of the disorder of his intellects nearly a month before, and by which only he could have recognised the object that claimed his attention on the stormy night of St. Benedict, when, in the ca-

reer of his fury, Mons. Le Pallet and himself were proceeding to adjust their mutual differences.—“Surely,” said the good man, “surely it must be the gentleman I confided to the care of this house some weeks ago, and still he is here, and in this condition!—How is this?” said he addressing the doctor, who by this time had assumed some decent habiliments and all the gravity of his profession. He shook his head, and significantly hinted that the poor man's intellects were unsettled, and that it would be dangerous to disturb him by such questions. Father Anselm took the sick man kindly by the hand, and feeling his pulse, also shook his head, but it was with a conviction of another sort; and he desired to know what was meant by the strange dress in which the linguist was found. Judith explained this, by stating that it was her master's morning-gown, to which, by his desire, she had sewed the leg parts of a pair of red yarn hose, so as to lengthen the arms, and which her master had applied by way of a straight waistcoat; putting it upon his patient the back part before, crossing the arms and fastening it behind, he had so disqualified him from doing mischief either to himself or to others. “But, poor gentleman!” said she, “I suppose he has accidentally loosened it to-night, and so found his way down stairs; I wonder he has not broke his neck over the water-jug and crockery at the head of the stairs.”

She then took a light, and mounting the staircase, she presently screamed out, “The Lord be good to us! if he has not broken all the

brittler, and the stairs and the top parlour are all in a swim—the Lord be good to us!—And you, you dull, stupid, go-to-sleep, never-waking wretch!” said she, thumping something that sounded like a hard bolster, that cried out “What’s the matter now?” and seemed to sleep again—“and you must needs be letting the gentleman get out of the room and do all this mischief, although I have daily done half the work of the shop that you might be better able to keep watch at night—but it’s ill your master always got at your hands, you stupid dolt you!”

Beatrice, who had retired with alarm to the jutting window of the shop, was now sufficiently recovered to apply the circumstances of the night to her own advantage; and she forthwith told the holy father of the opinions entertained, that the good man had been murdered, and that she had been involved in the suspicion; and that others her friends were not only in the same predicament, but in great peril, being yet in the confinement from which she had but just escaped. The linguist groaned deeply, and faintly uttered, “I’m not mad—I’m not mad—indeed I am not!” and relapsed into one of those faintings from which he had just recovered on the arrival of the priest.

The doctor began to see that he had carried the matter rather too far, that his avarice had made him overstep the limits of professional practice, and that an inquiry might not only subject him to the loss of his projected charges, but of his reputation also; taking, therefore, the unoccupied hand of the lin-

guist, he gravely pronounced a favourable turn in the disorder, attributing the conquest to his unceasing attention, and particularly to the black plaster which so effectually disfigured his patient.

During these events the holy father sat beside the sick man, his brows darkly contracted, and the movement of deep indignation agitated them as the surgeon pronounced his own eulogium; he then arose with great solemnity, and addressing Beatrice, he said, “Stop here, child! to you I confide this unfortunate, warning that bad man, that further interference shall be at his peril:” and casting a look of sympathy and self-reproving tenderness on the linguist, he hastily departed.

Such were the measures pursued by the good priest, that the musician and Teresa were speedily liberated, and Beatrice happily restored to her occupations, the surgeon being compelled to make ample compensation for her losses, beyond which his means were not capable, so that the other parties were fain to be content without it: and perhaps the law itself was inadequate to oblige him to provide further indemnities, had it been otherwise; for it too frequently happens in governments even the best legislated, that a deeply rooted wickedness is found to be intangible to the law, whilst crimes of a less nature, and often the immediate results of necessity or misfortune, may be severely visited by its operations.

The *éclaircissement* of the *Fracas* and its consequences re-established the ladies in the good opinion of their neighbours, and the hotel was visited even more numerously than

before. The young notary having succeeded his old and lately deceased master in the business of city scribe, he renewed with success his amorous solicitations, and eventually led the grateful Beatrice to the altar; who having transferred the business of the hotel to her cousin, she left her in full possession of the inviting stimulus to German courtesy ever afforded by beauty and good cheer. Mons. Le Pallet never returned; so that the musician had lost both his competitors, for the master of languages had been cured of the tender passion by the black plaster and other specifics: but the musician was sadly perplexed by certain qualms

of jealousy, that ever brought the painter to his imagination as being the lord of Teresa's affections: these were, however, soon and fortunately dismissed, for having accidentally beheld her sporting with her monkey, whom she had designated her "dear Le Pallet," he boldly construed her endearments as sarcastic reproofs of the painter's follies, and, as other wise men have been before, he was mistaken. In due time the parties were united, and at this hour they each pursue their respective occupations: the lively painter is not wholly forgotten; it may nevertheless be said, that the musician and his wife live together in perfect harmony.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 22.—WALKING DRESS.

A CAMBRIC muslin round dress, the skirt gored and rather full; the bottom is finished by a deep flounce of soft muslin, which is cut in scollops, and edged with narrow lace; this flounce is surmounted by a broad piece of soft muslin honey-combed, and finished at each edge by muslin scollops. High body, made tight to the shape, and richly let in with work. Plain long sleeve, finished at the wrist by three narrow scalloped flounces. Over this dress is worn a pelisse composed of lavender-coloured *reps* silk, and lined with white sarsnet; it is fastened down the front by white silk buttons, and is ornamented at the bottom of the skirt with a rouleau of white satin, which is entwined with lavender-coloured silk cord.

The back is tight to the shape, and has a narrow braiding at each side. The front is finished as far as the waist by rich white silk frogs and braiding. There is a small standing collar, which is lined with white satin. The sleeve is rather tight, and surmounted by an epaulette, which is looped to the shoulder, and ornamented with a white cord and tassels. Small white lace ruff. Head-dress the *chapeau et toque de Berri*: the *toque* part is composed of lavender-coloured satin, the hat of velvet to correspond; the crown is very low, the brim deep, and turns up all round; a full plume of white ostrich feathers is placed so as to fall over to the left side. Kid gloves, and half-boots to correspond with the pelisse.

PLATE 23.—EVENING DRESS.

A white gauze round dress, the bottom of the skirt finished by a large rouleau of white satin; the rouleau is ornamented at regular distances with braids of lemon-coloured satin, and is surmounted by three bands of lemon-coloured satin. The body is made plain, and higher than they are generally worn; it is finished round the bust by a single fall of blond lace set on almost plain. Short full sleeve, confined at the bottom by a row of white satin points. A lemon-coloured satin body, cut extremely low round the bust, is worn over the gauze one; it is finished round the waist in the French style by *tabs*, and has a small epaulette, which stands up on the shoulder, of a very novel form. Head-dress the Cambridge *toque*, composed of British net and pale lemon-coloured satin; it is of a moderate height, ornamented round the top of the crown by rolls of pale lemon-coloured satin; a bird of paradise plume is placed on one side. Necklace and ear-rings pearl. White levantine slippers, and white kid gloves. A plaid scarf, composed of net silk, is thrown carelessly over the shoulders.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON
FASHION AND DRESS.

Our fair fashionables now exchange the rich but heavy drapery of winter for the gay costume of spring; yet we must own that it is rather in the materials than the form of their dresses that we perceive novelty, for pelisses and spencers still continue in general estimation both for carriage and promenade costume. For the latter

they are composed of *reps* silk, levantine, or plain sarsnet, and lined with white sarsnet. They are universally made tight to the shape, the waist very short, and the sleeve a moderate width. Epaulettes are very general: they are either composed of satin, or if they are of the same material as the pelisse, they are intermixed with satin; those which are made exceedingly full, the fulness confined by bands of satin placed lengthwise, are considered very fashionable.

Satin ribbon and rich fringe are now the favourite materials for trimming pelisses. Six or eight pipings of satin disposed in waves, which go all round the pelisse, is a trimming much in favour: these are generally of white satin. Ribbon is usually disposed in shells. Silk plush, though it is rather late in the season, is worn by many *élégantes*; it is put on all round the pelisse either in one broad band or three narrow ones.

Spencers, which are also made of stout silk, are likewise in estimation for the promenade; but we have not observed any novelty either in their form or trimming worthy of the attention of our subscribers.

Promenade bonnets are composed of Leghorn, straw, and satin; but a very novel and elegant article has appeared, which promises to become a greater favourite both in the carriage and promenade costume than any of these materials; it is a mixture of straw and silk, invented, as we understand, by Mr. Conabe of Meard's-street, Soho. There is great variety in this article; sometimes it is white, sometimes straw-colour, and frequently it is striped. Among the bonnets

submitted to our inspection, there were some white ones with a narrow bright green stripe, which were very elegant, and highly appropriate to the present season. We shall endeavour to give next month a print of one of these bonnets.

In the carriage costume we find only pelisses or spencers; the most elegant of the former are composed of cream-coloured *reps* silk, rose and white shot sarsnet, or pale blue levantine. We have seen a very elegant carriage pelisse made of the first of the above materials: it is a three-quarter height; the body made to fit the shape exactly, but sloped in front so as to display the under-dress almost to the waist: it is finished round the bust by a small cream-coloured satin pelerine. The long sleeve is surmounted by a half-sleeve of satin to correspond; this is very short and full; the fulness is divided by a rich pea-green silk cord, brought in three divisions from the shoulder, and ending in a rich tassel in the middle of the arm. The pelisse is trimmed all round with a wreath of apple-blossoms in *chenille*, which has a beautiful effect; the bottom of the long sleeve is embroidered to correspond.

We must observe, that walking bonnets are worn with remarkably low crowns, the brims enormously large, quite square, and so low at the sides as to meet under the chin. They are ornamented with ribbons and flowers. For the dress promenade or carriage costume, the hat given in our print is indisputably the most novel and elegant. Half gipsy hats, composed of straw and silk, white chip, and white satin, are also much in favour. Feathers are still worn, but flowers begin to

supersede them. Wreaths of convolvuluses, hyacinths, and dog-roses are much in request; bunches of Provence roses and fancy flowers are also worn.

Fancy hats of mixed and wove straw have succeeded Leghorn: the Union hat, from the novelty and richness of the material, is much admired; it is formed of pearl (*baleine perlée*) with fine satin straw, or *trousse d'Italie*; the crown is low, and the front is thrown quite off the face, and turns tastefully down to the chin. *Le tout-ensemble est charmant et superbe.*

Muslin is now universally adopted for dishabille. Robes, so much in favour last year for morning dress, are again revived, and in as high estimation as ever. We have been favoured by a fashionable *marchande des modes* in St. James's-street with a sight of several: the form of these robes is elegantly simple; the skirt is of a moderate fulness, the body quite high, the back draws in with an easy fulness to the waist, the front is made to the shape; the sleeves are considerably wider than those worn for dinner dress. These robes are always open in front; if they are made in cambric or thick jaconot muslin, they are trimmed all round with a broad piece of thin jaconot muslin honeycombed; about an inch of the muslin is generally left to form a flounce at each edge: the bottom of the sleeve is finished in a similar manner.

Several of these robes are richly worked all round. The sleeves of these are finished at the wrist by a profusion of work. *Fichus* composed of thin jaconot muslin, trimmed sometimes with lace, but more

generally with rich work, are an indispensable appendage to these robes: the *fichu* is always made with a high collar, which comes close round the throat, and has always either four or five rows of lace or work.

We had expected that this month would afford us some novelty in the form of dinner dress, but we have been disappointed. Frocks still continue in greater estimation than any thing else, and their simple form leaves us nothing to describe. India muslin is now in much estimation for dinner dress, but silks still continue, and are expected to continue, very fashionable. Poplins and bombazeens have disappeared. The trimming of muslin dresses consists of either lace or work: if the latter, the bottom of the skirt is richly embroidered in five or six rows of work; between each row a piece of muslin is generally disposed either in cork-screw-rolls or honeycombs, and the skirt is usually finished at the bottom with a broad flounce of rich work.

If the trimming is lace, there are three flounces, each of which is headed by a row of puffed muslin; these puffs are finished by rosettes or bows of ribbon. The half-sleeves of dresses trimmed in this manner are always interspersed with bows of ribbon, and the waist is ornamented with a sash, tied in a bow and long ends behind.

Gauze seems at this moment more tonish than any thing else for full dress. The most striking novelty in evening costume is the one we have given in our print; but we have been favoured, by the lady to whom we are indebted for the morn-

ing dress we have just described, with a sight of the bridal paraphernalia of a young lady of high rank. The bridal dress is of rich white silk; the form a frock, cut very low round the bust; short sleeves, which are very full, and finished in a rich and novel style with a profusion of French lace. The bust is ornamented with a fall of lace to correspond, which is caught up at distances of little more than a nail by rosettes of satin ribbon. The bottom of the skirt is richly finished with flounces of broad lace.

There are also several frocks of different coloured gauze, each trimmed with the same material intermixed with white satin. One of these, finished round the bottom of the skirt with a drapery flounce, struck us as particularly elegant.

Though not in the habit of noticing court costume, yet as novelty in every way is our object, we cannot refrain from noticing a new court hoop, the invention of the *marchande des modes* of whom we have just spoken: it is constructed upon a principle which removes all the inconveniences of a hoop; a lady is as much at her ease in one as in her usual dress. They are also smaller than those generally worn, and the effect is consequently much more graceful and becoming to the figure.

Morning *cornettes* and half-dress caps are now universally worn low in the caul: for the first, the mob form prevails, but they are cut in a more janty style; the ears are very small, and cut far back; they are trimmed with ribbon only.

Those worn in half dress are of a round form in general, though some, composed of satin and net;

are mobs; these are ornamented with a profusion of blond or thread lace, and have either wreaths or bunches of flowers.

Toques do not appear to be at present in so much estimation for evening parties as they have been for some time. We have been accustomed to see them in a great variety of shapes, but now the one which we have given in our print is the only *toque* generally considered fashionable.

Turbans composed of silver spotted gauze and silver tissue are in much estimation; they are worn very low, and the Turkish form seems to predominate.

Small hats composed of white satin are much worn in full dress. One of the prettiest is the Elizabeth hat; it has a low yeoman crown, the four corners of which are ornamented with very small light tassels composed of pearls. A small front, of intermingled blond and satin, is looped in seven or eight places with pearl, and a long plume of beautiful white ostrich feathers is placed so as to fall over to the left side.

In half dress the hair is worn braided across the forehead, and in general but little displayed. Some

ladies, however, wear, instead of braids, a few light ringlets on each temple; but the middle of the forehead is always bare.

The hair in full dress is now generally disposed in light corkscrew ringlets on the forehead. The hind hair is partly arranged in curls and bands; the curls are brought to the summit of the head, and confined by two or three bands of hair mixed with them; the remainder of the hind hair is generally platted and brought across the forehead.

For matronly ladies turbans or dress hats are in universal estimation; but pearl ornaments or flowers still continue to be adopted by unmarried and youthful *belles*.

Emeralds are much worn in full-dress jewellery; one of the most beautiful ornaments for the hair that we have lately seen, is a wreath of laurel-leaves composed of them.

Cornelian begins to be in some estimation in half dress; the most fashionable are those of mingled red and white: this sort of cornelian is peculiarly and generally becoming to the complexion.

Fashionable colours for the month are, all the light shades of green, lavender-colour, azure blue, lilac, and Spanish brown.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, March 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR out-door costume now consists entirely of spencers, which are worn with muslin dresses, or rich silk shawls thrown carelessly round the shoulders. Spencers still consist almost wholly of velvet, and black ones are esteemed

the most fashionable. They are made always tight to the shape, the backs of a very moderate breadth, the waists very short, and the long sleeve rather tight; a short half-sleeve, made very full on the shoulder, and confined to the arm by a plain narrow band of velvet. There is a small collar, which is just seen

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under the ruff; it closes at the throat, and the fronts fasten on the inside.

This spencer, though there is not the least novelty in its form, has yet a new and striking appearance, from the style in which it is trimmed: two rows of small gold buttons are set on at each side of the front, in such a manner as to form the bust in the shape of a heart; these buttons come from the shoulder on each side, and the spencer has no other trimming.

Within the last few days, however, some spencers have appeared composed of spotted silk, generally rose-colour and white, or else citron, or green, and white: these spencers are trimmed in the same manner as the velvet ones, but the buttons are silk, to correspond with the spots of the spencer.

The shawls are very large, of a rich substantial silk; they have always a beautiful border of flowers embroidered in the loom. The middle of the shawl is either white, citron, straw-colour, or pea-green, but white is considered most fashionable.

Our promenade dresses now are all composed of cambric or jaconot muslin: they are made in the plainest possible style. The skirts are finished round the bottom by eight or ten tucks, or else four or five rows of worked muslin or letting-in lace. For morning dress the bodies are high, and have small pelerine collars, which fall over so as to display the whole of the throat, and are generally edged with narrow lace. The body is loose, but confined at the waist by being gauged in three rows; these gaugings, which are nearly two inches

in breadth, form the waist in a very pretty manner. The sleeve is long, it comes very far over the hand, and is nearly tight at the wrist; it is edged with a lace to correspond with the collar.

Velvet and black satin hats are much in favour for plain walking dress: the most fashionable have a very low round crown; the brim is enormously large in front, but of a moderate size at the sides; a puffing of blond is put on round the edge of the brim, and the hat is generally trimmed with ribbon only. These hats are put very far back on the head, so as to display the *cornette*, composed of *tulle* or clear muslin, which is worn underneath. *Cornettes* are considered by ladies of all ages as an indispensable appendage to plain walking dress.

Large bonnets are also in fashion for the dress promenade; they are composed of *gros de Naples*, satin, or crape, but the last is the highest in estimation. *Capotes*, which had declined exceedingly in favour, are now again worn; but I cannot say there is any novelty in their form.

Toque hats are upon the whole most fashionable for the dress promenade; they are always composed of satin and crape, or *gros de Naples* and crape, or fancy velvet and crape. They, as well as large bonnets and *capotes*, are generally ornamented with flowers; wreaths of hyacinths without leaves are most in favour, but bunches of lilac, of white and rose-coloured hyacinths and crocuses, are also in favour. Full plumes of Marabout feathers are also reckoned extremely tonish.

Let us now turn to the in-door costume. I have already spoken to you of morning dress: that worn for dinner, if for home parties, is composed of the same materials; if for a dinner of ceremony, spotted silk or India muslin is substituted, but the latter is highest in estimation. Silk dresses are made very low round the bust, which is usually finished with a pelerine of fine lace; the waist is very short, and is ornamented by a band of satin fastened in front by a gold or pearl clasp. The sleeves are generally long, and are decorated by a narrow roll of satin wound in a cork-screw manner round the arm. A profusion of narrow rouleaus of satin finish the bottom of the skirt. I must observe to you, that the satin always corresponds in colour with the dress; it is generally white, but one sees sometimes, though rarely, dresses composed of straw-colour or pale pink.

There is nothing in muslin dress which you would think pretty; they are also made low, tight to the shape, and are literally loaded with lace: the most fashionable have three serpentine flounces, the highest of which comes nearly to the knee. This unbecoming style of trimming is, however, only partially adopted, for lace is the only material with which dresses are trimmed high.

Gauze, crape, *tulle*, and white satin are all in estimation for evening dress. Ball dresses are composed only of gauze or *tulle*; satin and crape are more in estimation for full dress. I shall endeavour to describe to you one of the most elegant dresses, taken altogether, that I have seen since my residence

here; it was worn at a party a few evenings since by a handsome young married lady, remarkable for the elegant taste with which she decorates her person.

A white satin round dress, made short enough to display a full trimming of quilled *tulle*, which ornamented the bottom of the slip. The body is made to the shape; the sleeve short and full, and finished at the bottom to correspond with the slip; each shoulder-strap is ornamented with a puffing of white satin placed across. At the bottom of the dress is a single rouleau of white satin, immediately above which is a drapery of *tulle*, which is looped in eight or nine places by small bunches of moss-roses; there are three in each bunch: this drapery is surmounted by two rouleaus of white satin.

The head-dress consisted of a half-garland of diamonds, which is, I think, the most beautiful ornament I ever saw; it consists of a number of sprigs, which are very low at each side, but higher in the middle: this garland was placed very far back on the summit of the head, and appeared to confine the hind hair. The front hair was disposed in ringlets, which fell thickly over each temple; and a wreath of roses, placed a little to one side, was brought round the head. I wish, my dear Sophia, I could give you any idea of the exquisitely beautiful effect of this dress altogether. I know, however, that your just taste will quarrel with the mixture of jewels and flowers in the hair, and I confess that I do not think it consistent; but it has, nevertheless, a most striking appearance, and is very fashionable.

Turbans composed of crape are much in favour; they are made also in silver gauze, and are ornamented with ostrich feathers and Marabouts. Dress caps composed of *tulle* are also much worn; they are always adorned with Marabout plumes. In very full dress, however, jewellery is much more worn than it has been for some time: the most fashionable ornaments now are the garlands I have described to you: those who cannot afford them in diamonds, wear pearl garlands. I have seen also some in coral, but these latter are not very general.

The hair in full dress is now worn in very light ringlets on the forehead, and low at the sides of the face. The hind hair is combed very tightly back, platted and brought

up to the crown of the head, where it forms a moderate sized tuft. This fashion is generally becoming, but in all probability it will soon be at an end; for some *élégantes*, who lead the fashions, have been recently observed with the front hair combed entirely off the forehead, and a few corkscrew ringlets falling over each ear. I think you will agree with me, that it must be a very pretty face which this style of hair-dressing would not spoil.

Fashionable colours at present are; lilac, citron, rose-colour, and green.

Adieu, my dear Sophia! I have scarcely left myself space enough to tell you, that I am always your affectionate

EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

EARLY in April will be published, new plates of two whole-length Portraits of her Royal Highness Princess Charlotte and his Serene Highness Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, after the much-esteemed pictures by A. Chalon, R.A. engraved by Henry Meyer. The unprecedented demand which has been, and still continues to be, made for the engravings of the whole-length portraits of her late Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales and his Serene Highness Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, after the admired paintings of A. Chalon, R.A. renders it necessary, to satisfy the prevailing impatience to possess such acknowledged resemblances of these illustrious personages, to have new plates engraved by the same eminent artist

who produced those which have already given such universal satisfaction. These are the only two whole-length portraits that have ever been engraved of those exalted personages from the favourite paintings which are in the possession of H. S. H. Prince Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld.

R. Ackermann will publish shortly, *A Topographical and Panoramic Survey of the Campagna di Roma*; with references to Geology, History, and Antiquities: illustrated by a topographical plan on an extended scale, and panoramic views referring to the plan, by Dr. F. C. L. Sickler, member of the Academy of Antiquities at Rome.

Mr. Ackermann has in the press, a translation from the German, *The History and Process of Lithography*,

or *The Art of printing Designs from Stone*, written by the inventor, Mr. Alois Sennefelder of Munich; illustrated with a series of specimens of lithographic art.

The publication of the Regent's Edition of the Latin Classics (somewhat retarded of late by accidental circumstances) will henceforth be prosecuted with vigour, zeal, and perseverance. Livy and Sallust are now in the press, under the editorial superintendence of Dr. J. Carey, to whom the public are already indebted for the Horace, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Martial, Cæsar, Tacitus, and the second edition of the Virgil with the *Opuscula*, recently published.

Dr. Carcy has also in the press, *The Eton Latin Prosody illustrated*, with English explanations of the rules, and copious examples from the Latin poets.

Miss Croker's novel, entitled *The Question, Who is Anna?* will appear very soon.

The proprietors of Walkingame's Arithmetic have nearly ready for publication, *A Treatise on Algebra*, for the use of schools, upon the plan of, and intended to follow, that popular work in the course of instruction.

The Rev. Dr. J. Styles is editing *Juvenilia, or Specimens of the early Efforts as a Preacher of the late Rev. C. Buck*; to which are subjoined miscellaneous remarks, and an obituary of his daughter.

The Traveller's Guide down the Rhine, minutely describing the modes of conveyance, the picturesque scenery, and every other object that can interest a stranger, or facilitate his journey; illustrated by a large and correct map of

the Rhine; by A. Schreiber, historiographer to his Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Baden, is in the press.

A *Romance* from the pen of Mrs. Isaacs, authoress of *Tales of To-day*, Ella St. Lawrence, &c. &c. is in the press, and will appear early in May next.

Mrs. Richardson is translating from the French of Madame de Mousaz, the interesting tale of *Eugenie et Mutilde, ou Memoires de la Famille de Mons. de Revel*.

A Series of picturesque and interesting Views of the city of Paris, to be engraved from drawings made on the spot by Mr. F. Nash, accompanied with letter-press descriptions, is preparing for publication.

Mr. W. Carey has collected materials for a *Life* of the late unfortunate engraver *James Summerfield*, a pupil of Bartolozzi; with critical observations on his works.

Mr. Carey is also preparing for the press, *A Biographical Sketch of B. R. Haydon, Esq.* the historical painter; with a critical review of his paintings, and some notice of his essays in the public journals.

Mr. Sotheby will submit to the public the following collections during the present season:

1. The entire and very valuable stock of Mr. De Boffe, retiring from business; containing a very large proportion of the best works in history, voyages and travels, mathematics, botany, natural history, medicine, poetry and plays, the fine arts, politics, military and naval tactics, &c. &c.

2. The entire and genuine library of a foreigner of distinction: consisting of some works of early typography, printed on vellum; a

fine collection of classics; many expensive works on natural history; several of the galleries and books of prints; Italian and Spanish literature; some choice and finely illuminated manuscripts, and other splendid works from Malmaison.

3. The duplicates of a nobleman's library.

4. The extensive and choice collection of drawings and prints of the late Matthew Michell, Esq. of Grove-House, Enfield. This valuable collection comprises the most estimable specimens of drawings, of ancient and modern artists; also, the finest productions of every engraver of distinguished talents, from the origin of the art to the present time; particularly, a matchless collection of the works of Marc Antonio Buonafoni, &c.; splendid

gallery works, a large collection of books of prints, and several superb portfolios with leaves, &c. &c.

5. The small and elegant library of an eminent divine, deceased.

6. The duplicate books of the British Museum.

7. The library of the late Thomas Cogan, M. D. together with his music, musical instruments, paintings, philosophical instruments, the Royal Society apparatus, &c. &c.

8. An extraordinary collection of tracts on the Reformation, published between the years 1517 and 1550, by Luther, Melancthon, Spalatinus, Carolstadt, Oecolampadius, Urbanus, Regius, Zwingle, and many others: the whole arranged in chronological order, comprising 1674 tracts.

Poetry.

A Parody on BURNS' Elegy on the Death of Poor Maillie,

Occasioned by the Demise of a favourite Cat.

LAMENT in frosts, lament in snows,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose,
Poor Pussey's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead;
The grand sum total of her woes,
Poor Flora's dead.

It's no the loss o' this warl's gear
That could frae P—t—r draw the tear,
Or mak his noddle's front appear
Crimp'd up abreed;
He's lost his friend and faithfu' dear
In Flora dead.

Frae room to room she trotted by him,
A laug, lang way she could descry him,

Wi' kindly mews when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed;
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than Flora dead.

Her braw red collar plainly shew'd
Wi' letter'd lore she was endow'd,
Ne'er sic in kittlin's brains was stow'd,
Or fill'd the need
Of mony else and bigger pow'd,
Than Flora dead.

O a' ye bards about the town,
And wha' on cats your chanter's tune,
Come join the melancholious croon
O' P—t—r's reed!

His heart will never get aboon
His Flora dead.

HOMOGENES.

Dec. 1817.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATA.

Our readers are requested to take notice, that "*Plate 28*" has been prefixed by mistake to the head-line of *Sentimental Travels to the South of France* in our present Number (p. 256), as there is no engraving to this portion.

We have also to apologize for another error, in consequence of which the article descriptive of the *Pictorial Cards* introduced into our last Number belongs to the plate which is given this month, and the description in this Number to the plate in the last.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

If J. J. would favour us with the remainder of the translation from Count Verri, we should be enabled to decide respecting its insertion.

The lines signed A Mother have appeared as an advertisement in many of the newspapers: our advertising sheet is equally open to them.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburg, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SENJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.



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PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

(Continued from p. 192.)

PLATE 27.—VIEW OF SION.

THE valley which is traversed by the Rhone, and which runs from north to south from the Lake of Geneva, suddenly changes its direction beyond Pissevache, turns eastward, and begins to widen. Before you reach Martigny, which is situated at the angle of this curve, you first cross the Trient, the bed of which, confined by enormous walls of rocks, receives the waters that descend from the valley of Valorsine, and afterwards the impetuous torrent of the Drance, which collects those of the glaciers of the Great St. Bernard: all these waters discharge themselves into the Rhone. Martigny contains nothing remarkable except the convent of the monks who attend the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, and that of the Simplon. The roads from the St. Bernard and the valley of Chamouni meet at Martigny. The road continues for six leagues as far as Sion to run along the bottom of the valley, which is some-

times marshy, at others rich, well cultivated, and bordered with vineyards that cover the hills. The appearance of the villages which you pass through proves that the charges of indolence and inattention to cleanliness alledged against the Valaisans are but too well founded. Some old castles situated on the slope of the mountains, or on small eminences which rise from the midst of the plain, contribute to give an interest to this part of the route. At a little distance from Sion the road passes the foot of the castle of Montorges, seated on the top of a high rock, a monument of the wars of the Valaisans with their bishops or lords. It was from one of the points of this height that the accompanying view of Sion was taken.

The white houses of this town, which are seen through the trees—the embrowned castles, whose colour attests their antiquity—the fertile plain with the Rhone winding through it—the bare moun-

tains separated by deep ravines, and distinguished from each other by different hues and forms—and the glaciers which overtop them, contribute altogether to render this one of the most remarkable situations in Switzerland.

Sion, called by the Germans Sitten, the ancient *Sedunum* or *Civitas Sedunorum*, the capital of the Valais, stands on the right bank of the Rhone and on the rivulet of Sitten, which rises in the glaciers of the Gheltenham.

When the Romans penetrated for the first time into Helvetia, it would appear that Sion was already a considerable place, since they assigned its name to the inhabitants of the whole valley. These people gave battle to the Romans near *Octodurum*, but being defeated by Galba, they were obliged to submit to the Roman yoke. The conquerors erected strong castles at Sion, from which they were driven by the Burgundians in the fifth century.

Sion still possesses many Roman antiquities. Near the great door of the cathedral is seen a half-effaced inscription in honour of Augustus. There is a second in the episcopal palace; and there exist others, as well as Roman medals, several collections of which are preserved in the town.

Sion is one of the most ancient episcopal sees in Switzerland; for that founded at Martigny, or *Octodurum*, in the fourth century, was transferred in the sixth to Sion. During the second half of the fourteenth century, this place was several times besieged, taken, and reduced to ashes. It had to sustain two more sieges in the course of

the following century. In 1788 it was almost entirely consumed by a tremendous conflagration, and in 1799 taken by assault by the French.

The lowest of the three castles already mentioned, called Majorie, is the ordinary residence of the bishop; there too the diet of the deputies of all the parishes of the Valais assembles. The second castle, named Valerie, is said to have been fortified in the time of the Romans. The most elevated, known by the appellation of Tourbillon, contained a collection of portraits of all the bishops of Sion from the institution of the see; but down to the end of the thirteenth century they appeared to be but imaginary. The most curious among them was that of Cardinal Matthew Schinner, who was a distinguished character at the beginning of the sixteenth century. These portraits were destroyed some years since by a fire that consumed the building, which is now in ruins. Between the town and the Sanetsch, upon rocks of very difficult access, are seen the ruins of the castles of Seon and Montorges. It was at the former that Baron Anthony de la Tour Chatillon threw, in 1375, from the top of the rocks, his uncle Guichard de Tavelli, a prelate universally respected, who had for twenty-two years filled the episcopal see, because the venerable old man opposed certain pretensions set up by his nephew. To punish this atrocious outrage, the Valaisans destroyed the baron's castles at Ayant, Gradetz, and Chatillon, near Rarogne; and they at length expelled him from the country, after defeating him and several other nobles of the Valais in a sanguinary engage-

ment between St. Leonhard and Sion. His friend, the powerful Thuring de Brandis, of the Simmenthal, declared war against them, and penetrated into their country in 1377; but his troops were routed with dreadful slaughter, and he was himself numbered among the slain.

The captain-general, Guichard de Raron, had so far incensed the minds of his fellow-citizens, that they banished him by the species of ostracism called *matze*, after which he obtained assistance from the dukes of Savoy and the city of Berne against them. His nephew, Bishop William de Raron, was nevertheless besieged by the Valaisans in the castle of Seon, with Guichard's wife and children, whom he had left behind there, together with his most valuable effects. After granting free egress to the besieged, the Valaisans burned the castle, and likewise those of Montorges, Majorie, and Tourbillon.

In 1475 they gained a signal victory over the Savoyards near Sion, and in consequence made themselves masters of the whole of the Lower Valais.

Among other edifices and public establishments at Sion are some convents, such as that of the Capuchins, founded in 1601; a gymnasium, which has succeeded the former Jesuits' college, established in 1734; the episcopal chapter, consisting of twenty-seven canons, effective and titular; the town-house, the hospital, and six churches. Sion is the chief place of the *dixain* of the same name, which comprehends upwards of thirty parishes, and includes the valley of Herens. Till 1798 this *dixain* was the only

one in all the Upper Valais that had an aristocratic government.

The eye commands magnificent views from the three castles of the town; there are pleasant walks between its walls and the Rhone, as well as on the other side of the river upon the beautiful hills in front of Sion, on which are seen a great number of summer residences and picturesque spots. Opposite to the town appears a curious hermitage, situated in the parish of Bremis, and consisting of a church, a cloister, and several cells, cut out of the solid rock. This hermitage, erected in the sixteenth century, was originally a convent of Cordeliers; it is now inhabited by a single hermit.

French and German are very generally spoken at Sion. The heat there in summer is almost intolerable, Reaumur's thermometer often rising to 24° in the shade. When exposed to the sun upon the rocks, it rises to 38°, or even so high as 48°. Many cretins are met with at this place.

The environs of Sion produce a great number of the plants of warm countries. On the southern slope of the hill of Tourbillon the inhabitants cultivate saffron, but the whole crop belongs to the bishop.

The immediate neighbourhood of Sion belongs to the primitive rock formations, which is succeeded to the north, at a little distance from the town, by the northern chain of the calcareous Alps. The hill of the castle of Valerïe is composed of gneiss and beds of quartz of considerable thickness; that of Tourbillon is a primitive calcareous rock of a blackish grey colour. The same kind of rock is met with

at the southern foot of the mountains that range to the north of Sion; it has the appearance of micaceous stone. Gypsum exists on both sides of the valley: on the left bank, two leagues from Sion in the Eringerthal; and on the right bank beyond Sion in the valley of Morges, and between Sion and Sierre on the edges and summit of the hill of Patrières. On this hill you meet with that magnificent granulated gypsum, intersected with red veins, which lies between beds of micaceous and argillaceous schist, arranged in almost perpendicular strata in the direction from south-west to north-east. The argillaceous schist, where it borders upon

the gypsum, is covered with Epsom salt, or sulphate of magnesia. At the village of Chandoline, situated on the other side of the Rhone, opposite to Sion, you find a stratum of carbonaceous plumbago (anthracite) from one to two feet thick, between beds of alum and micaceous schist. You also meet with a kind of rocks which bear a great resemblance to micaceous schist, but in which the place of mica is occupied by a carbonaceous blend; it has, therefore, been denominated carbonaceous schist. The inhabitants work this blend, which they use for coal and for making lime; it yields a dull flame, free from any bituminous smell.

MISCELLANIES.

PL. 28.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER XIX.

I HAD propped my head upon one arm, and was meditating with not a little anxiety upon my unpleasant situation, when Bastian entered with a face which but too plainly proved that the good folks without were not drinking the cheapest wine in honour of me. In all probability the honest fellow considered my purse as confiscated with the same certainty as the worthy dean. "Sir," said he, in the kindest tone, as he set the candles before me, "your soldiers are quite delighted with you. Not a glass out of the four or five bottles that I have brought in has been drunk but to your health. They declare that they would rather risk their lives ten times for their prisoner than once for their commandant, who

scarcely allows them sufficient from their pay to keep soul and body together."—"Why," replied I carelessly, "did the fools enlist among such troops?"—"Why?" rejoined Bastian: "that you ought to hear the unfortunate brothers relate themselves. It is well worth while, sir, and would throw great light upon your present business."—"Indeed, Bastian," replied I, "that would be very agreeable to me."—"Well, then, shall I send them in, sir?"—"By all means, for I have no time to lose."

They entered, and this time brought with them much more cheerful looks than when they came with my dinner. The glow of satisfaction tinged their cheeks, and the truce to their habitual misery,

which they so unexpectedly found in their service, was so plainly expressed in their animated eyes, that I had the less scruple to disturb the current of their joyous feelings; because I know but too well from my own experience, that nothing heightens the enjoyment of a happy moment so much as the retrospect of past misfortunes. Such is the waywardness of man! Instead of deriving from them gloomy forebodings for the future, he draws from them, on the contrary, presages of better times; and from one brilliant day he infers the probability of many more. Happy blindness! which, amid the wide-spread gloom, discovers and connects the bright spots scantily—ah, how scantily!—scattered throughout it. “You have not had the best luck in the world either, I am told,” said I familiarly to them. “Sit down, my good fellows, and let me hear your story. It may perhaps contribute to tranquillize me, and you would have no objection to that.”—“No, indeed, sir,” rejoined one of them; “we are too sensible of your goodness. It is the first time these sixteen months that we have known the comfort of a good dinner, or tasted a drop of wine—and then what wine too! Formerly we wanted for nothing; we lived well and were fat; but the clergy—God forgive them!—have made us meager enough.” Out of animosity to the dean, I could not suppress a sarcastic remark. “Of all the transformations,” said I, “which those servants of the altar daily and hourly produce before our eyes, they are most successful in such as these. But what had you done, good folks, to fall into their hands?”—“If you

have time and inclination,” answered one of the grenadiers, “to listen to my narrative, I trust I shall give you a clear insight into the circumstances attending our misfortune. We are two brothers, natives of the suburbs. Our parents, and theirs before them, were weavers. They left us, I confess, a trade which would have supported us, and so we might have passed through the world very quietly and peaceably as they did; but we felt an irresistible impulse to higher things, turned all our property into money, beat up for spirited lads and lasses of the same way of thinking as ourselves, and set up for managers of a company of comedians.”

I cannot express to you, dear Edward, what an impression this unimportant exordium made upon my heart. Was it not one of the most extraordinary freaks of Fortune, that in the self-same hour when I felt such an ardent longing for the play, as I have mentioned above, I should be thus brought into the company of the ex-manager of a theatre? “You need only engage him for this evening,” thought I jocosely to myself, “and perhaps secure as rich a treat as if you were in Berlin.” My joke has been almost realized; at least I have been quite as well entertained as if I had been at a private theatre.

“Ye proud and happy days,” continued the actor in lofty declamation, “when we—[turning with a graceful motion of the hand to his brother]—had been personating kings and generals all day, we were able to pay our score every night, we owed nothing to our court, our military, or our bill-sticker, and retired with feelings of

conscious honesty to our beds! This lasted a whole year. But, ah! what a change! One day being on the frontiers of the papal territory at Cavaillon, where we had arrived with our company on the preceding day, we represented a foreign drama called *Doctor Faustus*; the hero of the piece is carried off by the devil. And would you believe it, sir, from the costume of a character in this drama originated all our subsequent misfortunes. We had erected our stage in a very large room in a back building of the inn with the sign of the Prophet, which, nevertheless, was completely filled before the curtain drew up. My good brother there represented the evil spirit; he looked truly frightful, and roared, as the scripture says, like a lion: but as every body knew that it was only a disguise, the piece received such enthusiastic approbation, that an hour afterwards—a circumstance unparalleled in theatrical annals—we were obliged to repeat it before a still more crowded audience. The exertion indeed was rather too fatiguing, and my brother was seized with a spitting of blood; but we were repaid by double receipts. The play lasted till past twelve o'clock at night, and the audience departed highly gratified. Who could have imagined that the devil, while we were exhibiting him in all his glory, would play us a more spiteful trick than he ever yet devised? At any rate, he could not have involved me and mine in a worse scrape. We were so weary and sleepy, that no sooner had we put out the candles, except the end which my brother took to light us, than we hastened to our bedcham-

ber. Now, during our absence, our host, from the love of gain, had shewn two other persons into the same chamber, without consulting us, instead of sending them, which would have been the proper way, to another house, as he had no room for them in his own. But no matter! it was done without our knowledge; we thought no harm, and in we went. My brother, with the stump of candle in his hand, ran straight to his bed, drew back the curtains, and the mischief was done. There was a strange gentleman in it. Holy St. Anthony! how he was frightened when he awoke, and saw the infernal shape standing by the bedside! He uttered a shriek of terror that wakened a figure in a bed close by, which, like an unfinished picture of Venus, already promised no less than she has since realized, as you, sir, must very well know——“How so?” cried I, with astonishment.——“Because,” replied the grenadier, “it was no other than the pretty mademoiselle here in this house.”——“Are you dreaming, friend?” said I, interrupting the soldier, “or is it a fiction of yours?”——“Neither the one nor the other,” answered he with emphasis.——“Consider a moment,” I replied; “only think how long ago that must have been!”——“At the end of this week,” said the narrator after a short pause, “it will be just one and twenty months.”——“What!” retorted I, “and so early could the beautiful, the pious, the innocent Clara—oh! no, no! ’tis impossible!”——“So possible,” rejoined the grenadier, raising his hand as if in affirmation of his statement, “that it was my own bed from which she sprang, I will not

tell you how gracefully, and either from fear or modesty took refuge under the bed-clothes of her neighbour. What whirlwind of chance had carried her into this chamber, into the bed of a player, and within the sphere of a canon, God above knows."—"What canon?" cried I hastily.—"His name," replied the soldier quite coolly, "is Ducliquet; he lives here in high repute."

I shall spare you the recapitulation of the reflections which I muttered to myself at this part of the story. At length interrupting the thread of them, I begged the narrator to proceed, and redoubled my attention. "If," resumed the grenadier, "the screams of these two had roused half the town, it would have been no wonder. To no purpose did we run to the bedside to assist them—in vain we strove to convince them that we were not devils any more than themselves—that this chamber was our daily habitation—and that our terrific appearance was only a theatrical costume. They continued pale as death, clasped in one another's arms, crossing and blessing themselves every time they opened their eyes, nor did they recover the use of their five senses till Dr. Faustus and the devil had prayed a paternoster with each of them. As soon as my brother had hung his snaky hair upon a peg, unbuckled his goat's hoofs, laid down the horns that so fearfully graced his head, and rolled up his long tail and put it in his pocket, before the sparkling eyes of the girl, the prelate began to wipe off the perspiration of terror, and to reassume the natural dignity of his character. He would gladly have preach-

ed us a tedious sermon on our sinful life, had it not been doing himself a greater service to drive us from our beds than to lull us to sleep. He, therefore, thought it best to endeavour, in his turn, to frighten us by telling us his name and rank, and threatening us with the Inquisition, which we deserved as masks of hell; nay even, he soon had the assurance—would you imagine it, sir?—to ask me whether the girl who had forced herself into his bed also belonged to our troop. We, though actors ourselves, were startled at the air of truth with which he brought out this question. We looked at one another, knew not what to reply, and appealed in our confusion to the damsel herself, who had meanwhile crept back to the other bed, and manifested no inclination to interfere in our justification. We presently desisted from it of ourselves, deeming it most prudent to relinquish our couches to the two pilgrims, and to make the best shift we could. By daybreak they decamped from our chamber, and drove off in a chaise, without caring what we might think of the matter. The landlord, whom we called to account, excused himself for taking double pay for our chamber by our double receipts for his theatre: the whole affair afforded subject for laughter for some time, and was then forgotten. We performed in that part of the country as long as we could obtain spectators, and some weeks afterwards returned with the fairest expectations of fame and fortune to Avignon. But as the tragic poet very justly observes:

"Hope leads the way, and by the syren song
Of Fortune lurd, man treads the flow'ry path,
Unconscious that to labyrinths it leads,

Where hungry Minotaurs, the fierce attendants
On savage Cruelty, look for their victim."

"With due respect to your verses," said I, interrupting the actor, "let them be as harmonious as they will, I am more interested about your story, than the sublime maxims which a wise head may extract from them. Omit them if you please in your narrative, and rather tell me in simple prose into what labyrinths and among what Minotaurs you have been led."—"You must know, then, sir," continued the grenadier, "that we had scarcely unpacked our wardrobe the following morning, when a messenger arrived with a friendly summons to my brother and me to appear before the spiritual tribunal. Unconscious of having given offence to these gentlemen, we presented ourselves at their bar with all the composure of innocence. But, alas! our courage soon forsook us. Of what avail is the innocence of a comedian before a tribunal composed of persons, who never give others credit for good motives, who, out of regard for ignorance, persecute all the liberal arts, and who are incessantly tormented by jealousy of our profession! The president informed us, that we were cited thither on the complaint of the timid canon, who charged us with being vagabonds, and denounced the nocturnal alarm into which we had thrown him, as nothing less than a breach of the public peace, and as a most wicked attack upon the mysteries of our holy religion. All our well-founded remonstrances were rejected; the canon was believed in preference to the players, and our conjecture respecting Clara's proximity to his bed so incensed his reverend colleagues against us, that,

without a single dissentient voice, they decreed the breaking-up of our company, and dismissed us with the brief injunction, never to perform again with living characters.

"We returned home in deep dejection, to encounter the storm which arose among our company when, like evil spirits, we announced to them the decree of their annihilation. The dreadful intelligence was an electric shock to them all. My old trembling scene-painter was just then painting a sun-rise; the brush dropped from his paralysed fingers, and fell plump upon the bosom of Ariadne, who was sitting near him brushing the half-boots of her Theseus. Two of my Graces, who were to have made their *début* that very evening in the after-piece, dropped a veil for which they were quarrelling; and the third sprang like a fury from behind the partition where she was dressing, and attacked my poor brother, whose unlucky mask she considered as the cause of our general disaster—and in this she was not very wide of the truth. I interfered, commanded peace, and supplied the place of my lost authority over the company by energy of language. I reminded the ladies of their equivocal reputation, and with fraternal solicitude admonished them to take care how they incurred the farther censures of the clergy or even excommunication by their conduct. My heroes I pacified by a few apposite *tirades* from our tragedies on the dignity of fortitude in adversity, and recommended to them all to profit by the experience which they had acquired under my direction. Despondency gradually relinquished its empire over their painted faces; the impulse of self-preservation



tion revived, and they followed my good advice. One of my Graces went to service the same evening, the second hired herself seven weeks afterwards as a wet-nurse, and the third—as I verily believe, to revenge herself on the spiritual tribunal—accepted the place of housekeeper to the president. The fine bass voice of my first actor procured him admission into the choir; my scene-painter is now employed upon altars and chapels; Ariadne does a little business on her own account, and finds it answer as well as the old lady close by. My Theseus you must often have seen, sir; he carries about the little cakes for breakfast, which, as I am told, are excellent; for the ungrateful fellow has never given his old manager one to taste. In short, I do not know one of my company whom Providence has not manifestly favoured. It also extended its care to us two brothers, who lost most by this catastrophe.

“As the odious prohibition interdicted our performing with living characters, the very terms of it gave us the best hint as to our future proceedings. We procured puppets, and were soon able to frequent fairs with a well-furnished theatre. When we had conquered the feeling of false shame, and the pain of a first representation was over, we found ourselves more comfortable with our *marionettes* than with our former company. We had no more quarrels to adjust among our generals; every puppet was perfectly satisfied with the part assigned to it. With the single dress of Perseus, which I cut up, I was now able to clothe my whole troop, and the petticoat which was too short

for Ariadne made me two curtains. The mechanism of our present actresses was not so liable to be deranged as that of our former ones. Though our kings and knights lay in the same chest with them, we had no unpleasant consequences to apprehend; and what was still better, we had not to share our receipts with our company. As we made people laugh wherever we went, and received the patronage and applause of the highest as well as the lowest, we at length imagined that we could lead blind Fortune by a cord as well as our puppets. I really believe that there is not a man so wise but what long-continued prosperity would turn into a fool. The adverse events which I had daily before my eyes when I represented them on our little stage, made not the least impression upon me. Belisarius marching in as a general with the ribbon of an order in the first act, and led along as a beggar in the last, ceased to strike me. I saw Nebuchadnezzar seated at the royal table, and soon afterwards eating grass like an ox, without being at all moved. I considered myself as out of the reach of all the vicissitudes which I exhibited; perhaps, because like the Ruler of the universe, I beheld and guided them from above. In this manner I proceeded, in the greatest harmony with my brother, for about six months. Our daily gains increased to such a degree, that we augmented our troop to fifty figures, each of more ingenious construction than the other, and were now enabled to represent the most extensive histories. But another unexpected blow shook the little fabric of our fortune to its very

foundations, and finally overthrew it.—But why do you laugh, sir? Regard me not, I entreat you, as a common puppet-show-man, who makes a trade of his art, and never considers that it is possible to put into the mouths of wooden figures sentiments calculated to operate powerfully upon the heart! Simple as I now appear, I was the first of my profession that took into his service a *bel-esprit*—a Metastasio—who was constantly engaged for my theatre in adapting old materials to the spirit of the times, and in composing new pieces which would stand the test of the most rigid criticism. By means of these arrangements, my puppets would perhaps have contributed as much to moral improvement as the theatre royal at Paris. But the dignified clergy in their wisdom took care that they should not. It was last vintagetime that we were performing the most ancient piece that ever was acted, only new done up and in a fashionable dress. We had reserved it for that season when the human heart, as our great dramatist observes, is peculiarly disposed to relish what is great and sublime. Our bills announced it from one corner of the town to the other as—*The Universal Tragedy of Humanity, or Paradise Lost*. Though we had reckoned upon a great number of spectators, yet the concourse

surpassed our most sanguine expectations.

“When all the luminaries of heaven were lighted, and the curtain drew up, such was the tumult of applause which pervaded the whole assembly, that a star of the first magnitude was shaken out of the firmament. Meanwhile I entered as Prologue, motioned with my hand, and it was wonderful how instantaneously these obstreperous acclamations were succeeded by profound silence. My address to the public contained, as in the plays of the Greeks and Romans, the whole plot of the piece, and was so well written and so appropriate, that, if you would have the goodness to hear me recite it, you would have as good an idea of it as if you had been present at the performance. I know it all by heart as perfectly as I did then, for though it plunged me and mine into poverty and distress, and obliged the author to quit the country, still I can’t forget the droll thing, and often recite it to myself, in general the more pathetically the more I am at a loss how to appease the cravings of hunger. To-day I should I trust be still more successful, as I have the prospect of a good supper. Will you permit me, sir?”—“By all means,” I replied, and placed myself to rights in my arm-chair. *

HAMET: AN EASTERN TALE.

MAY the name of Allah be ever praised! His unworthy servant Hamet, whom the mighty Mahmoud, sultan of the Indies, hath deigned to draw from obscurity, hastens, ere the angel of death shall summon

him hence, to relate to his fellow-mortals the lesson of instruction which his youthful days may afford.

To the precepts of my father, the sage Hassan, Mahmoud paid the dutieous attention of a son; nor

did he undertake any enterprize till he had first consulted Hassan. Years rolled on, and the people of the Indies mingled blessings on the preceptor of their beloved monarch with the prayers which they put up to Heaven for Mahmoud's safety. At length Hassan felt his end approaching; one earthly care alone disturbed the tranquillity of his soul, and that was for the future destiny of myself, who had then but just reached the dawn of manhood.

"The son of Hassan shall be to Mahmoud even as his own offspring." These were the gracious words of the sultan, and scarcely had he uttered them when my father's soul took its flight. For many days I lamented him with all the bitterness of affliction, and the mighty Mahmoud deigned himself to mingle his tears with mine. The goodness of the sultan alleviated my grief; I entered into his service, and soon became the sharer of his thoughts, and the depository of his secrets; nor was I ungrateful for his bounty. The will of the sultan was with me next to the law of Allah, and I had no wish so fervent as that my days might be spent in his service.

I had been for some years the favourite of Mahmoud, when I beheld the youthful Zuleika, whose dazzling beauties taught me for the first time to love. The father of Zuleika eagerly courted my alliance, Mahmoud deigned to sanction my passion, but I determined to owe the possession of Zuleika to herself alone; and it was not long ere I drew from the timid fair-one a confession of her love.

Never shall I forget the joy with

which her words filled my heart. I quitted her at length reluctantly, and hastened to my own dwelling, which I was now eager to adorn and beautify, that I might render it worthy of Zuleika.

Scarcely had I reached it, when I was summoned to the sultan. I hastened to present myself before him. "Hamet," cried he, "the time is come for you to prove the strength of that attachment which you have so often professed for me. I have just learned that my vizier abuses my confidence, and that in the distant provinces my people, bending beneath the weight of his tyranny, are about to raise the standard of rebellion. Yet this intelligence may be false, nor will I disgrace or punish my servant before his guilt is proved. Be yours then, Hamet, the task of discovering the truth or falsehood of the accusations brought against him. The journey will indeed delay your union with your lovely Zuleika, but you owe this sacrifice to your duty. I will myself see Zuleika, and reconcile her to your absence. Hasten to prepare for your departure, for ere the dawn of morning you must be gone."

For the first time I heard the commands of Mahmoud with a wish that I had not been chosen to fulfil them, nor could I resolve to depart without bidding Zuleika farewell. She wept bitterly when she learned the will of the sultan; yet I fancied that a glow of pleasure tinged her cheek and sparkled in her eyes, when she heard that Mahmoud intended himself to convey to her the intelligence of my departure.

"Let me not draw upon thee, my beloved," cried she, "the anger

of the sultan; hasten to fulfil the painful duty he imposes upon thee, while Zuleika will waste the moments of thy absence in prayers for thy return." As she spoke she embraced me, but the poison of suspicion had entered my mind, and I almost shrunk from her caresses.

No sooner had I quitted Zuleika than I delivered myself up to the most gloomy thoughts. Mahmoud had never seen her, and I fancied that it was impossible for him to behold without loving her: but could the magnanimous Mahmoud, he who was the father of his subjects, tear from one whom he had honoured with his friendship the sole joy of his existence? Impossible! thought I; he cannot be so base. Yet the next moment the remembrance of Zuleika's blush, of the exultation which had glowed in every lovely feature when she heard the sultan's purpose, tortured my heart.

Lost in these reflections I was retracing my way to my own habitation, when on a sudden I saw before me a female of the most exquisite beauty. The blaze of light which encircled her lovely form, convinced me I beheld one of those celestial messengers whom Allah sometimes deigns to send on errands of mercy to the children of men; and I hastily prostrated myself before her.

"Rise, Hamet," said she, "and take from my hand a gift rarely bestowed even upon the faithful servants of Allah; a gift which will instantly dispel the doubts you now entertain." So saying she drew from beneath her vest a crystal tablet, which she held out to me.

"By pronouncing a few cabalistic words," continued she, "you will find written on this tablet whatever you desire to know."

"Beware, Hamet!" said a soft voice; "accept not this dangerous gift, for it may poison your happiness." I looked round, but no object met my eye; and turning again to gaze upon the genius, she held the tablet towards me, with a smile of so much benignity that I no longer hesitated to take it.

"Repeat after me," said she, "the words which I shall utter, and as you do so frame a question, to which you will find an answer on the tablet." I did so, but what was my horror when I saw that Mahmoud and Zuleika would be united; nay more, that the faithless Zuleika, not satisfied with alienating from me the friendship of Mahmoud, would induce him to set a price upon my head! "O Allah!" cried I aloud, "is it possible that thou wilt suffer cruelty and perfidy like this to go unpunished?"—"No, Hamet," cried the genius; "the means to punish it are in thine own hands. Hasten to the provinces, not to execute the will of the tyrant, but to join with those who are determined on his destruction. Long in his confidence, and well acquainted with all his resources, thou wilt be received with joy by the party formed against him. It is secretly guided by the prince his uncle; from him thou wilt have no cause to fear the ingratitude which thou hast experienced from Mahmoud, and in his favour, and the affections of his beauteous daughter, thou wilt soon forget the perfidious Zuleika and the ungrateful Mahmoud."

"No," cried I, dashing the tablet from me, "never shall the arm of Hamet be raised against Mahmoud! His treachery cannot form an excuse for mine. Since he is to rob me of happiness, let him also take my life—it is not worth retaining: but he who hath alone the power to punish will one day revenge the unfortunate Hamet, and to him I leave the chastisement of Mahmoud and Zuleika."

Scarcely had I spoken when the genius gave a piercing cry, flames issued from her mouth, and I beheld with horror and astonishment, the beauteous form upon which I had gazed with wonder and delight, suddenly change to a figure of immense size, and of the most frightful deformity. Shuddering at the metamorphosis, I turned to fly, but at that moment the sorceress vanished, and in her place I beheld a youth beauteous as the day.

"Hamet," said the celestial being, "fear not! you have repaired the error which gave to the malignant Unri a temporary power over your destiny. The unjust suspicions which you rashly cherished, emboldened the enchantress to present you with the tablet of jealousy, a spell, as she thought, of suf-

ficient potency to detach you from the interests of Mahmoud; but the abhorrence with which you rejected the snare in which she hoped to entrap you, broke the spell, and enabled me to come to your assistance. Neither Zuleika nor Mahmoud will deceive you; be it your care to shew yourself worthy of their love and friendship. Hasten to the sultan, reveal to him the events of this night, and let him take instant measures to crush a rebellion, whose object is to deprive him of his throne and life."

The genius disappeared, and I delayed not to fulfil her injunctions. The generous Mahmoud readily forgave my fault, nor did he refuse my supplications to attend him to the provinces. He put himself at the head of his army, and I had more than once the happiness of exposing my own life to shield that of my beloved master. Mahmoud soon succeeded in crushing the rebellion, and on his return to his capital, he presented to me with his own hand my faithful and tender Zuleika. Never have I forgotten the peril in which my unjust suspicion placed me, and never since did a doubt of those whom he loved disturb the peace of Hamet.

THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY.

AN Austrian officer, Baron von W——, who had served in the last war against the Turks, in the Szekler hussars, resided for a few years at B——. He took delight in speaking of the various extraordinary events which occurred in the course of his campaigns. The fol-

lowing story is given in the words in which the baron himself related it.

In the spring of the year 1788, I set out from Miclos-Var in Transylvania for the purpose of conducting some recruits to my regiment, then stationed in the neighbour-

hood of Orsowa. In a village near the army lived a gipsy-woman, who followed the trade of a sutler. My new soldiers, who were very superstitious, asked her to tell them their fortune; I ridiculed them, and laughing heartily, presented my hand to the fortune-teller.

The twentieth of August! said she to me with a significant look, and without adding a syllable. I wished for a farther explanation, but she repeated the same words; and as I was going away she again cried out to me in the same tone—*The twentieth of August!* It may easily be conceived that this date was impressed upon my memory.

We reached the army, the fatigues and dangers of which we shared. It is generally known that in this war the Turks took no prisoners. Their officers set the price of a ducat upon each head which they brought to the camp. The Janisaries and Spahis neglected no opportunity of earning this reward. This arrangement proved particularly fatal to our advanced posts. Scarcely a night passed but the Turks came in superior numbers in quest of heads. Their excursions were conducted with such secrecy and despatch, that they were but seldom unsuccessful, and often at daybreak the camp was found guarded only by headless trunks. The Prince of Coburg determined to send every night strong picquets of cavalry beyond the line of vedettes, to protect them. The picquets were composed of from one to two hundred men; but the Turkish generals, enraged at seeing their people disturbed in their trade, despatched still more numerous detachments against our picquets,

which procured them a much larger profit. The service of the picquets thus became so dangerous, that when a person was sent upon it, he arranged his affairs before he set out.

Such was the state of things in the month of August. Some actions had not changed the position of the army. About a week before the 20th, the gipsy-woman, of whom I had often purchased provisions, made her appearance. She entered my tent, and entreated me to leave her a legacy in case I should perish on the day she had predicted; and offered to engage, in case I should not, to make me a gratuitous present of a basket of Tokay wine. This wine is very rare in the army. I thought the woman silly. In my profession a speedy death was by no means improbable; but I had no reason for expecting it precisely on the 20th of August. I agreed to the bargain: I wagered two horses and fifty ducats against the old woman's Tokay wine, and the auditor of the regiment, not without smiling, committed our agreement to writing.

The 20th of August arrived. There was no appearance of hostility. It was the turn of our regiment to furnish a picquet for the night: but two of my comrades were to precede me. The evening came, and as the hussars were about to depart, the surgeon announced to the general that the officer appointed to the picquet had fallen dangerously ill. The officer who was next in turn before me was ordered to take his place: he hastily dressed himself, and prepared to rejoin his men, but his horse, a good-tempered and fine animal,

suddenly reared, and at length threw his rider, who had his leg broken by the fall. It was now my turn : I set out, but I confess not in my usual spirits.

I commanded eighty men, and was joined by one hundred and twenty belonging to another regiment, making in all two hundred. Our station was about a thousand paces in front of the right wing, and we were supported upon a marsh covered with very high reeds : we had no sentinels in advance, and none of us dismounted. We had orders to keep our sabres drawn and carbines loaded till daybreak. All was quiet for an hour and three quarters, when we heard a noise and shouts of *Allah! Allah!* and in an instant all the horses of the first rank were overthrown, either by the fire or the shock of from seven to eight hundred Turks. They lost as many on their side, both by the impetuosity of their charge and the fire from our carbines. They knew the ground perfectly well ; we were surrounded and defeated. They often fired at random : I received many sabre wounds as well from friends as foes : my horse was mortally wounded ; he fell upon my right leg, and kept me down upon the bloody sand : the flashes of pistols threw some light upon this carnage.

I looked up, and saw our party defend themselves with the courage of despair ; but the Turks, intoxicated with opium, made a horrible massacre : there was soon not a single Austrian but was extended on the ground. The conquerors seized the horses which were yet serviceable, plundered the dead and wounded, and then cut off their

heads and put them into sacks, which they had brought expressly for the purpose. My situation was not very enviable. In the Szekler corps we were pretty well acquainted with the Turkish language : I heard them encouraging one another to finish before assistance arrived, and not to leave a ducat behind, adding there could not be fewer than two hundred of us : hence it is evident that they were well informed. While they passed and re-passed over me—while legs, arms, and balls flew over my head in all directions, my horse received another wound, which caused him to make a convulsive motion. My leg was disengaged, and I immediately determined, if possible, to conceal myself among the reeds of the marsh. I had seen several of our men taken in the attempt to do so ; but the firing had considerably slackened, and the surrounding darkness inspired me with hope. I had only twenty paces to go, but was apprehensive of sinking in the mud. I, however, leaped over men and horses, and upset more than one Turk : they extended their arms to seize me, and cut at me with their sabres ; but my good fortune and agility enabled me to reach the marsh, where I sunk no deeper than my knee : in this manner I proceeded about twenty paces among the reeds, when I stopped, overcome by fatigue. I soon heard a Turk cry out, " An infidel has escaped ; let us go in quest of him ! " others replied, " He could not have gone into the marsh." I know not how long they remained, but I heard no more : I fainted with the loss of blood, and continued insensible for several hours ; for, when

I recovered my faculties, the sun was already high.

I was immersed in the marsh up to my hips: my hair stood on end when I recollected the occurrences of the night, and the 20th of August was one of my first thoughts. I reckoned eight sabre wounds on my arms, breast, and back, none of which was dangerous. As the nights in summer are very cool in that country, I wore a very thick pelisse, which deadened the blows. Nevertheless, I was very weak: I listened: the Turks had long since departed: I heard from time to time the groans of the wounded horses—as to the men, the Turks had disposed of them.

I immediately determined to extricate myself from the place in which I was; and in about an hour I succeeded. The track which I had before made, served to direct me. Although a war against the Turks blunts all sensibility, I felt an emotion of horror, all alone as I was, when I looked out from among the reeds. I advanced; the field of carnage met my eye, but how can I describe my terror on feeling myself suddenly seized by the arm! I beheld an Arnaut, six feet high, who doubtless had returned to see if there was not still something worth picking up. Was ever hope more cruelly disappointed? I addressed him in the Turkish language: "Take my money, my watch, my uniform, but do not kill me!"

"All that belongs to me," said he, "and your head into the bargain." He immediately took off the chin-cloth of my hussar cap, and then my cravat. I was unarm-

ed, and consequently could not defend myself: at the least motion he would have plunged his large cut-throat knife into my breast. I clasped him round the body in a supplicating manner, while he was engaged in laying my neck bare. "Take pity on me!" said I to him: "my family is rich; make me your prisoner: you shall have a large ransom."—"I should have to wait too long," replied he; "only be quiet that I may cut off your head." He had already taken out the pin of my shirt: I, however, still clung to him; he did not oppose it, doubtless because he confided on his strength and arms, and also from a slight feeling of pity, which in truth could not outweigh the hope of a ducat. As he pulled out my pin I felt something hard in his girdle—it was an iron hammer. He again repeated, "Be quiet!" and these words I should have heard, had not the horror of such a death impelled me to snatch his hammer: he did not observe it; he already held my head with one hand and his cut-throat knife in the other, when by a sudden motion I disengaged myself, and without losing an instant, struck at him over the face with the hammer with all my force. The blow took effect; the Arnaut staggered—I repeated it, and he fell, at the same time dropping his weapon. I need not observe that I seized it, and plunged it several times into his body.

I now hastened towards our advanced posts, whose arms I saw glittering in the sun, and at length reached the camp. The men stood before me as from a spectre. The

same day I was seized with a violent fever, and conveyed to the hospital.

In six weeks I recovered, and returned to the army. On my arrival the gipsy brought me her Tokay wine, and I learned from others, that, during my absence, several very precise predictions which she had made, had been verified, and procured her many consultations and legacies. This was very extraordinary.

Some time afterwards we were joined by two soldiers of the enemy, Christians from Servia, who had been employed in the baggage department of the Turkish army, but had deserted, to avoid being punished for some fault which they had committed. As soon as they saw our fortune-teller, they recognised her, and declared that she often came at night to the Turkish camp to apprise the enemy of our movements. This information greatly astonished us, for this woman had often rendered us important services, and we even admired the address with which she executed the most dangerous commissions. The deserters, nevertheless, persisted in their story, and added that they had several times been present when she described our positions to the Turks, discovered to them our plans, and urged them to make attacks, which had in reality taken place. A Turkish cipher served

her for a passport. This convincing evidence being found upon her, she was sentenced to death as a spy. Previously to her execution, I again interrogated her respecting the prediction which she had made concerning me. She confessed that, by being a spy to both parties, which had procured her double profit, she had often learned what was in contemplation on either side; that those who secretly consulted her respecting their future fortunes had confided many secrets to her, and that she was under some obligation to chance. As to what concerned me particularly, she had selected me to make a striking example, for the purpose of establishing her reputation as a fortune-teller, by predicting so long beforehand the term of my life.

At the approach of this period she had excited the enemy on the night of the 20th of August to attack the picquet of our regiment. From the conversation she had had with our officers, she learned that two were to precede me: she had sold to the one adulterated wine, which made him sick; as to the other, at the very moment he was about to set out, she approached as if to sell him something, and had contrived to introduce a bit of burning sponge into one of the nostrils of his horse.

THE WHITE LACE GOWN.

CELIA DAVENANT had been so well educated by her mother, who was a model of every feminine virtue, that though her fortune was very small, she had received more than one advantageous proposal of marriage; but Mrs. Davenant had always declared, that her daughter's choice should be free, and Celia had not yet seen the man

whose protection she preferred to that of her tender and indulgent mother.

Soon after she had attained her eighteenth year, a young gentleman settled in their neighbourhood, whose handsome person and large fortune made him a general favourite with all the unmarried ladies. Celia soon discovered that he possessed sense and good-humour, that his manners were very engaging, and that he danced better than any partner she had ever had before. To say the truth, he gave her every opportunity he could to judge of his proficiency in dancing, for at three balls where they happened to meet, he had secured her hand each time, and from the marked attention he paid her, it was the general opinion he would endeavour to secure it for life.

Celia was neither ignorant of this report, nor displeased at it. All that she had either seen or heard of Mr. Somerville tended to prepossess him in her favour: she endeavoured, however, to repress her rising partiality for him, on account of the disparity of fortune between them. She flattered herself that she had succeeded in doing so, till one evening when she observed Mr. Somerville for the first time very attentive to another lady, a London *belle*, whom he had never seen before, and who was really a beautiful and fascinating girl: it was easy, however, to see that she owed something to art; her dress, which was elegant and expensive, was so contrived as to display her figure to the greatest advantage. Celia had seen her before, and she remembered that she did not appear half so pretty in a plain muslin

robe. For the first time Celia felt dissatisfied with her own appearance; she recollected too with regret, that her simple wardrobe afforded her no dress that was either elegant or becoming, and she found out on a sudden that she was a mere dowdy.

This fit of humility lasted, however, only till her return home, where a very agreeable surprise awaited her. Mrs. Leslie, who was an old friend of Mrs. Davenant's, and in very affluent circumstances, had some time before paid her a visit, and was attacked with a dangerous illness while at her house. During this illness Celia had attended her with the kindest solicitude; Mrs. Leslie became much attached to her, and when she recovered, was extremely anxious to take her to London. Mrs. Davenant would have consented, but Celia steadfastly refused to quit her mother, and Mrs. Leslie was consequently obliged to depart without her.

Her first care on her arrival was to send Mrs. Davenant and Celia such presents as she thought would be most acceptable to them; those for the latter were a bonnet, a Spencer, and a white lace dress.

As Celia was more indifferent than most young women to the adornment of her person, her mother was somewhat surprised at the joy with which she surveyed the dress. "Indeed, my dear," said she to Celia with a smile, "I did not know before that a gown was such an important matter in your eyes." Celia smiled too, but she blushed also from a consciousness of the motive which made the gown of consequence to her.

In a few days Mr. Somerville was to give a ball, to which Celia was invited; and we may fairly conclude that she had this ball in her head when she observed to her mother, that nothing was so becoming as a dancing dress of white lace.

The next morning, immediately after breakfast, Celia set out for the milliner's, to choose a head-dress to wear with her new gown. The house of Mrs. Davenant was about half a mile from the town of C—; the morning was very fine, and as Celia pursued her way with a light heart, she debated with herself a question of some importance to most girls of eighteen, namely, what colours would best suit her complexion.

As she tripped along, she overtook an old man who was walking slowly towards the town of C—; he appeared excessively fatigued, and the deep dejection of his countenance proved that he was labouring under some heavy affliction.

Celia, who never saw distress without wishing to alleviate it, felt a particular interest for this venerable old man. His dress was such as denoted extreme poverty, but he did not solicit charity, and Celia, though she longed to give him something, feared to hurt his feelings by offering it.

While she was considering how to speak to him, he dropped his stick, which she sprang eagerly forward to pick up. This gave her an opportunity of entering into conversation with him, and she soon found that she was not mistaken in thinking him an object of charity.

He was hastening in fact to see his daughter, the only child left him out of seven. She had mar-

ried a tradesman in the town of C—, who was recently dead, leaving her with three small children in very distressed circumstances: as she was an active industrious woman, and much respected in her neighbourhood, she might have surmounted the difficulties in which her husband's death had involved her, but for the inhumanity of her landlord, who had arrested and put her in prison for her rent. Distress of mind, added to the want of proper nourishment, brought on a fit of illness, and fearing that she should sink under it, she wrote to her father, who resided at a considerable distance, and was himself in circumstances too humble to afford her assistance, to come and see her before she died.

Such was the tale which the poor old man related to the sympathizing Celia, who was deeply affected at his distress, and the more so because she knew not how to relieve it. The sum due for rent indeed was only twenty pounds, but Celia knew that it was much more than her mother could spare; besides, to liberate the poor woman from prison without affording her some farther relief, would in reality be doing nothing. Fearful of making any promises, Celia contented herself with inquiring the name of the poor woman's landlord, and slipping a trifle into the old man's hand, she proceeded to the milliner's; but her mind was so full of the old man's story, that she returned home without making any purchase.

Surprised at her serious and thoughtful air, her mother eagerly inquired what had happened. Celia related the old man's story, and

at its conclusion inquired whether they could not do something for the poor people.

"I will do what I can certainly to furnish the poor woman with medicine and necessaries."

"And her liberty, mamma?" cried Celia.

"My dear child, you know my means will not allow me to procure it; but if I find she is really ill, I will go to her landlord and paint in the most forcible colours the dangerous consequences which may result from her being detained in prison: let us hope that he will not be so barbarous as to persist in refusing to liberate her."

Mrs. Davenant lost no time in proceeding on her errand of benevolence; she found that the old man had not exaggerated the wretchedness of his daughter's situation; she was evidently very ill. Mrs. Davenant took with her some wine and light nourishment, which the poor woman received with the liveliest gratitude; and Mrs. Davenant, on quitting her, proceeded immediately to the house of the landlord, whom she was determined to see before she returned home.

While Mrs. Davenant was absent, an acquaintance of Celia's paid her a morning visit, and the lace gown was produced for her inspection. "How beautiful!" cried she, "and how valuable too! I dare say it is worth forty guineas. Well, my dear, you will eclipse us all!" She then began to give her opinion of the manner in which it ought to be made, but Celia listened to her with an absent air; in truth, she was considering how happy forty guineas would make poor Walters and his daughter.

At length Mrs. Davenant returned. "Well, mamma," cried Celia eagerly the moment she saw her, "what news?"—"None, my dear," replied her mother; "I did not think it possible for any one to be so inhuman as the landlord has shewn himself. I tried persuasion and remonstrance in vain. I even offered him half of the money, though it would really have distressed me to pay it at this moment; but he answered me like a savage, that she should never come out alive till he was paid."

"Then the cruel wretch shall be paid," cried Celia with vivacity: "I will pay him, mamma, if you will allow me."

"You will pay him! My dear child, what can you mean?"

"If you will permit me to sell my lace gown, mamma, it will more than defray the debt. I am sure that even if Mrs. Leslie knew the use to which I have put her present she would forgive me, for she is herself so kind and benevolent, that she will never blame me for taking the only means in my power to save the life of a fellow-creature. But you are silent, mamma; surely you are not displeased with me!"

"Displeased, my dear child!" cried Mrs. Davenant, folding her in her arms while tears of pleasure filled her eyes; "no, I am proud of my child."

The next morning the gown was consigned by Mrs. Davenant to a milliner, who allowed a fair price for it, and if Celia felt some mortification on parting with it, it did not spring from disappointed vanity, but from the thought that she had lost an opportunity of appearing to advantage in the eyes of a

man whom she preferred to all others. But this little vexation was soon succeeded by the most exquisite pleasure she had ever experienced. The poor woman was in a few days sufficiently recovered to leave the prison: she came, with her father and her children, to thank her young benefactress; and when Celia heard their grateful transports, when she found that with the residue of the money received for the gown, her mother had arranged a plan which promised to afford them a future subsistence, she reflected with delight, that by a trifling sacrifice she had restored them from the extreme of wretchedness to peace and comfort.

They were strictly enjoined to secrecy, but the poor woman's gratitude was too sincere and enthusiastic to allow her to be silent; she revealed in confidence to one of her neighbours what Celia had done for her. This person washed for Miss S—, the young lady who had seen Celia's gown, and knowing her to be very fond of what is vulgarly termed gossiping, she acquainted her with the generous action of Miss Davenant.

Miss S. was one of those people who busy themselves incessantly with the affairs of others, and who, without being actually malignant, frequently do as much harm as those who are, from an indiscreet habit of speaking of every thing they see and hear. She hastened to tell the story to one of her acquaintance, and she observed that it was a wonder Celia could have relieved the daughter of Walters, because to her knowledge she had sold a white lace dress which she received as a present. "What makes

me certain of this," continued she, "is that I saw one of the very same pattern at the shop of Miss Modely; and on my observing to her that it resembled Miss Davenant's dress, she coloured up and seemed quite confused. I went the next day to ask Celia whether she had had her gown made up; she said she had not, and I am sure, from her blushing deeply and appearing very much embarrassed, that she has sold it."

The lady to whom this indiscreet communication was made, had laboured for some time a design on Mr. Somerville, and had seen with no small degree of envy his apparent preference of Celia: elated by being in possession of intelligence which she thought must certainly lower her in his opinion, she took an opportunity to introduce the subject in his presence. She began by asking a lady who sat near her, whether she had heard of Miss Davenant's wonderful generosity; the other replied in the negative, and she then related what she had been told Celia had done for the family of Walters: but she took care to add, that in her opinion the story must be a mere fable. "One cannot," continued she with an affectation of pity, "conceive it possible for her to have paid such a sum, because, poor girl! I know she has lately been so distressed as to be obliged to sell a valuable present she received." Miss S—'s story of the white lace dress followed this *good-natured* speech, and she perceived with secret triumph, that Somerville listened to her with great attention. He implicitly believed that Celia had really performed the good action which he

now heard of for the first time, and he divined almost immediately, that it was to enable her to perform it that she had sold her dress. Till that moment he had regarded Celia only as a charming girl, whom he admired without thinking of seriously, but this incontestible proof of the goodness of her heart made the tenderest impression upon his; and bidding a hasty adieu to the malicious scandal-monger and her friends, who were deeply engaged in investigating the exact amount of Celia's fortune, he hastened with all a lover's speed to the house of Mrs. Davenant, from whom he requested a private audience.

Need we say, that it was to solicit her consent to his addressing her fair daughter; a consent which she readily gave, and in a very short time afterwards Celia became Mrs. Somerville.

The morning after their marriage, Mr. Somerville presented his wife with a small packet, which, on

opening, she found to contain the identical lace gown she had sold to liberate the daughter of Walters from prison.

"My dear Celia," said Somerville, as she cast upon him a look of inquiry, "I know all. I got my aunt to purchase for you what you sacrificed so nobly in the cause of benevolence. But your gown will want a trimming, my love," pursued he, putting a pocket-book into her hand; "and always remember, when distress solicits your aid, that you have a banker able and willing to replenish your purse whenever it is emptied by the calls of benevolence."

He kept his word, nor had he ever reason to repent of doing so, for Celia was as prudent as she was charitable; economical without meanness, and generous without profusion, she gave Somerville daily reason to bless the hour in which she became his.

THE DEBATE: A FRAGMENT.

When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you.

The Travellers and the Cameleon.

MELVILLE folded his arms; he threw himself backward in his chair; he played with the half glass of wine, and with conscious superiority exclaimed, "Acknowledge, my friend, that for once you are in the wrong; no follies, no depravities, no vices of our besotted countrymen ever rose to that height of deformity at which they have arrived in the year 1818." Melville had been too hard for me; in vain, in this long debate, had I urged our missionary, our Bible, and our hun-

dred other societies, plans, and establishments for reformation or relief; he heard me not. "There is," said he, "I grant you, a raging fashion at present called the philanthropic; our misses lisp sentiment, and our lordlings exclaim for the *haut ton* while they imitate the majesty of the people. It was not so when we were young." Abashed and confounded, but not convinced, at least convinced against my will, I was overcome with the velocity but not the strength of his argu-

ments, and I remained supine, my face exhibiting a striking contrast to that of my friend, lit up with all the consciousness of superiority. The orange-peels, which, for want of argument, I had manufactured, were strewed around; books and pamphlets were within my friend's reach; the long and sullen wicks of the candles shewed that we had been too much occupied to attend to them; the few embers in the grate proved that we wanted no other warmth than that which our arguments had supplied us with; the wine, which had assisted our rhetoric, was out—we had sipped the last drop, and each, anxious for mastery, seemed too well satisfied with his own eloquence to wish any further stimulus to his oratory. To be thus beaten in my own house was more than human nature could bear, and I bent forward and played with my watch-chain, in that kind of humour which a gentleman feels who at a rubber of whist is agonized by the bad play of his lady partner, whom he longs to castigate without infringing the laws of chivalry. "Every essayist, every publication," renewed my friend in an under tone, as if to conciliate, or rather to soften the victory he had achieved, "in fact, every man who thinks deeply," he continued, raising his tone equal to the impertinence of his asseveration, "will bear me out; and here," continued he, "is a case in point," as he turned over the leaf of a journal. In vain I allowed he was right. "Let us," cried he, "make assurance doubly sure;" and in spite of my entreaties, he snuffed the candles, and proceeded as follows, without stopping, as I

had hoped he would, on my ringing for t'other bottle.

"There is at present a reigning ambition among our young gentlemen of degrading themselves in their apparel to the class of the servants they keep. It may at first seem very extraordinary, that these sparks should act thus to gain admiration; but from what other cause can it be that my Lord Jehu wears a frock, a little hat, a coloured handkerchief, and in this habit drives a motley set of horses and a coach of his own, *built, by his own directions, in humble imitation of those which carry passengers on the road?* It is the knowledge of his own abilities which dictates this conduct. How pleasing is the reflection to him, that when he goes through a country town, sitting with becoming grace on his box, he hears the people say, 'There goes my Lord Jehu!' His great abilities in driving, his exactness of similitude in dress, and his affability to his brethren of the whip, must give his lordship a sensible satisfaction, that this *particularity* makes him as well known on most roads through England as the honest fellows themselves who drive the stages. I will not undertake to say, whether it is in imitation of his lordship, or whether the product of their own fertile geniuses, but I have lately observed a great number of smart young fellows dressed in the manner of my lord, with a plain shirt, buckskin breeches, and an India handkerchief round the neck, which seems to constitute the character of a pretty fellow. There is another set of sparks who choose rather to appear as jockeys; and it is seldom or never they are to be seen

without boots and whips in their hands, horseman's coats, and short-cut hair, and look rather like pick-pockets than gentlemen. My country readers may wonder that I should instance these persons as examples of ambition, but they will allow them to be candidates for public notice, when I inform them, that in these habits they appear with a kind of pride in all the public places about town. They have at last carried it so far, that in those dresses they come into the boxes at the theatres; and where one would expect to see a genteel polite circle, we view ladies of the first quality and distinction surrounded by a parcel of men, who look like stage-coachmen, jockeys, and pickpockets. As this manner of dress is accompanied with as rude a manner of behaviour, I advise these young sparks not to have so great a desire of being distinguished for the oddity of their appearance, but instead of that ardent emulation they shew to imitate the inferior class of mankind, they would exert their rational faculties, and endeavour to

seem, as well by their habit and conversation, men of common good sense and common good manners!"

My friend finished this record of folly, as he termed it, with a significant "There!" I, however, begged him, before he brought this account forward as a specimen of the folly of the present age, to be good enough to look at the date of the journal he had been reading. He coloured as he viewed the old Dutch marble-paper half-binding; when I, to increase his confusion, read aloud, "*Gentleman's Magazine* for January, not 1818, but for the year *one thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine*;" which, I now informed him, subtracted from the present date, would convince him, that seventy-nine years ago lords had a *penchant* for dressing like their servants as well then as in the year 1818.

To use a pugilistic term, my friend acknowledged I had taken the *conceit* out of him, and we adjourned to tea, I singing *Io triumphe*.

SKETCH OF AN ITALIAN COMEDY.

TURIN, Jan. 31, 1818.

A NEW comedy has been represented here, from the pen of the celebrated Nota, secretary to H. R. H. the Prince of Carignan: it is entitled, *La Lusinghiera*—the Enticer or Decoy. The author has drawn his characters from life, and in the principal character the Lusinghiera not only portrays that capricious creature which in every corner of the globe excites numberless admirers, without loving a single one, but her whims are the

offspring of an Italian fancy, and expressed in quite a different manner from that of the coquettes of France and England, or of any other country. The decoyer cannot of course shine without a train of decoyed. First comes a poor devil who loves in earnest—who roars, weeps, and despairs every moment, and who is derided and despised. Then follows a count of new creation, with the ancient manners of a rich contractor, who talks of his horses, of his contracts,

of his wealth, and calculates upon the ancient nobility of the lady to make amends for the recent date of his own. The next are two personages but too common in Italy nowadays, and both well deserving the lash of the mirthful Thalia. One of these is an uneducated cavalier, who chatters French, despising the customs of his own country, and believes that his name, his foreign manners, and his impertinences are sufficient to gain the lady. The other is a solemn pedant, who has studied the language and modes of expression current three hundred years ago, and imagines it proper to express his sentiments of love with the phrases and language of Boccaccio and Valiani. There is a mean between the extremes of the ancient and modern, which the author exhibits in the character of a Bolognese noble marquis, free, spirited, and

truly Italian. This is the man that touches the haughty countess to the quick, discovers her deceit, and unveils her contemptible arts. To enliven the scene, there is an old uncle of the Lusinghiera, who acts the part of a father towards her occasionally. This medal of ancient stamp holds disputations on gazettes, follows up attentively the military movements they narrate, and endeavours to divine on the map the manoeuvres of the contending armies. From the nature of the characters it may be inferred, that the young lady does not love the poor devil; that she amuses herself with the Parisian of Perugia, and with the pedant of the golden age; that she would, from mere caprice, entrap the Bolognese, and that he wounds her in the tenderest part, by mortifying her pride and chastising her with a refusal.

EXTRACTS FROM A GLEANER'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

Mr. GRATTAN, the justly celebrated Irish orator, once speaking of Scotland in the Irish House of Commons, said, "I shall ever reverence that country in which a Wallace fought, a Buchanan wrote, and a Fletcher spoke."

A gentleman of the name of Urquhart lately published a book tracing his genealogy back for 18,000 years. In the middle of the work is this *N. B.*:—About *this* time the world was created!

After all the advances in the science of metaphysics, so much boasted of in the Scotch universities, it is not clear that the improvements in it have been such as to render obsolete the simple descrip-

tion of the blacksmith of Glamis: "Twa fook disputin thagither; he that's listenin dinna ken what he that's speakin means, and he that's speakin dinna ken what he means himsel: that's metaphysics!"

Dr. Robertson observed that Dr. Johnson's jokes were the rebukes of the righteous, desired in Scripture as being the excellent oil. "Yes," exclaimed Burke, "oil of vitriol!"

Diogenes being asked of what beast the bite is most dangerous, replied, "Of wild beasts, the bite of a slanderer; of tame, that of a flatterer."

Those who wish to please seldom

fail. Ill-nature is its own tormentor, and mars our best endeavours; while good-nature lends a grace to all our actions; if free from error, renders them truly lovely—if erroneous, for ever excusable.

Sir Philip Sydney observes, "The soul grows clotted by contagion, imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose the divine property of her first being."

REMARKS ON BLAKE'S DESIGNS ILLUSTRATIVE OF BLAIR'S GRAVE,

(From "*Critical Description of West's Death on the Pale Horse*.)

By Mr. WILLIAM CAREY.

FUSELI, in his just and forcible introduction to Blake's noble series of designs for Cromek's edition of Blair's poem of the *Grave*, remarks that, through frequent repetition—"The serpent, with its tail in its mouth, from a type of eternity, has become a *child's bauble*; even the nobler idea of Hercules pausing between Virtue and Vice, or the *varied imagery of Death leading his patients to the grave*, owe their effect upon us more to *technical excellence* than allegoric utility." The context and the prints may warrant a conclusion that it was, from this conviction, Blake, in those imperishable designs, did not attempt to give any defined form of Death the destroyer, to whom almost any other artist would have assigned a most conspicuous place. The skeleton rising out of the shroud, laid beside the grave, over which an angel sounds the last trumpet, is an emblem of the resurrection of the dead, not a personification of Death, the insatiate devourer.

Having mentioned these designs by Blake, I feel their strong hold upon me, and must obey the impulse. It would be impossible to enumerate, in a restricted space, the succession of beauties in these affecting groups; yet I cannot,

without self-reproach, and an abandonment of a public duty, pass them in silence. They abound in images of domestic gentleness and pathos; in varied grace, and unadorned elegance of form. Their primitive simplicity of disposition and character is united with bold and successful novelty, and a devotional grandeur of conception. Although obliged to derive almost the entire of his materials from the sepulchre, there is not an image capable of exciting disgust or offence in the whole. Even when representing the dread unknown beyond the grave, he still contrives to keep the fancy within the sphere of human sympathy. His agents, in general, after having shaken off the grosser substance of flesh, still retain the unaltered form. They appear to move round us upon solid earth; like ourselves, enjoy the light of day, and are canopied by an unclouded sky. With a few unimportant exceptions, his style is uniformly chaste. His energy is devoid of extravagance or distortion; his anatomical learning of pedantry; his grandeur free from wildness, and his beauty from affectation. His spiritual forms are truly "angels and ministers of grace." His gloom has nothing depressing or sullen; its soothing

spell charms the attention, and fills the mind with serenity, hope, and elevation. His solemn religious fervour, without deeply wounding our self-love, abates the angry passions, whispers an eternal lesson of admonition, and inspires us with *what ought to be the aim of all religious instruction, a love of our fellow-travellers in the vale of mortality*. The heart follows the rapt enthusiast with pleasing sadness, and shares in the mournful delight of his journey, while his placid but melancholy fancy bids the bloom of beauty triumph over the shadows of death, breathes a nameless loveliness on things unearthly, and sheds a mild and holy illumination on the night of the grave.

I have applied the term "placid" to the finely tempered spirit of this artist's genius, as it appears in those affecting compositions, and in the deep serenity expressed in his portrait, by the masculine graver of the elder Schiavonetti, from the painting by Phillips. I never had the good fortune to see him; and so entire is the uncertainty in which he is involved, that, after many inquiries, I meet with some in doubt whether he is still in existence. But I have accidentally learned from a lady, since I commenced these remarks, that he is certainly now a resident in London. I have, however, heard enough to warrant my belief, that his professional encouragement has been very limited, compared with his powers.

One fact is clear, that the purchaser of his drawings for the "Grave" was not a person of *rank and independent fortune*. The world is indebted to the superior taste and liberal spirit of that ingenious en-

graver, Cromek, as a printseller and publisher, for the engravings of those designs. Beyond the circle of artists, I anxiously look round for the designer's *patrons*. In an engraver, now no more, he found a purchaser, and in the Royal Academy, a recommendation to his country. *Posterity will inquire the rest*.

It was but the other day, that a meeting of noblemen and gentlemen, *friends of deceased genius*, was held to raise money for a monument to the Scottish poet Burns. I can have no other sentiment but that of deep respect for those individuals and their praise-worthy motives. But notwithstanding the laudable example set by the British Institution, I cannot help asking, with a view to others, how long will this fatal neglect prevail? this apathy which abandons men of genius to languish through life, and die in indigence; and flatters our own vanity, by commemorations and sculptured marbles over their insensate dust? Alas! poor Summerfield! neither imprudence, nor envy, nor calumny, nor poverty, nor hunger can touch you now! The grave has afforded you an asylum; and your graver erected your monument.

I should fail in my sense of duty, were I not here to notice a fact which does honour to the Royal Academy. If my information be not erroneous, and I think it is not, Blake is one of those highly gifted men, who owe the vantage ground of their fame solely to their own powers. I have heard that he was originally an engraver of book-plates. Yet, far from endeavouring to keep him in the back-ground,

or question his merits, in 1808, when he executed the drawings for the "Grave," eleven members of the Royal Academy bore testimony, in a public advertisement, to their extraordinary excellence. The name of the venerable president West appeared at the head of the list; followed by Sir William Beechy, Richard Cosway, John Flaxman, Thomas Lawrence, Joseph Nollekens, William Owen, Thomas Stothard, Martin Archer-Shee, Henry Thomson, and Henry Tresham, Esquires. In addition to this powerful recommendation, Fuseli, the lecturer of that body, wrote for publication, his high opinion of the series. The truth and eloquence of his remarks would alone confer permanent distinction on the designs, even if they had not been consecrated to posterity by the inspiration which they breathe.

Phillips, whose best portraits unite a *correct definition of details*, and an admirable truth of resemblance, with grace, spirit, and a noble breadth and harmony of effect, bore testimony to the merits of Blake's drawings, by painting his head for Cromek, the intended publisher of the plates. The vigorous character of nature in this masterly picture is a fine lesson for the florid and flimsy *mannerists* of the day. The countenance expresses the deep calm of a spirit, lifted above the little concerns of this world, and already, in imagination, winging its way beyond the skies. In this honourable effort of the Royal Academicians to draw the attention of the public to the highest department of invention, portrait-painters, sculptors, and historical designers liberally co-operated.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXIX.

The proper study of mankind is man.—POPE.

I PROCEED to fulfil the promise of my last paper, which treated of the *Faculties*: the *Affections* and the *Passions* will form the subject of my present lucubration.

When by contemplation of the object, or reflection on its agreeable qualities, our approbation of it is attended with a sensation of pleasure, and an inclination or propensity towards it as good, it is denominated LOVE. This may be extended into the succeeding ramifications:

When we are ourselves the ultimate objects of our love or regard, it is called *self-love*; which, when accompanied with certain in-

ordinate propensities towards outward objects, takes the following distinctions:

Self-love, when it is influenced by an anxious desire of equalling or excelling others, is called *emulation*.

Self-love, when engaged in the immoderate desire of any object possessed by another, is *covetousness*, or when wealth is its peculiar object, is *avarice*; and, according to the value that appears to be put upon outward possessions, our distribution of or affection towards them assumes the distinct names of *penury*, *frugality*, or *profusion*.

Self-love, exercised in the pur-

suit of power and authority, is called *ambition*; and insatiable ambition, when armed with absolute power, without goodness, is *tyranny*.

Self-love, tending to the sole gratification of the senses and appetites, acquires the name of *voluptuousness* or *sensuality*; which takes the different characters of *gluttony*, *luxury*, *dissoluteness*, &c.

Self-love, courting ease or rest, may be denominated *indolence*; which, when immoderately indulged, so as to induce a certain debility or vacuity of thought, is called *sluggishness* or *sloth*.

Love assumes the general name of *benevolence* when others are the ultimate objects of it, without regard to their moral qualities, but only as partaking the same common nature with us, and the capacity of receiving good from us.

If love arises from a natural or habitual disposition of pleasing, or communicating good to others, it is called *universal good-will* or *good-nature*: when displayed to inferiors or dependants, it becomes *humanity*; and when it is exercised without regard to their immediate wants, and looks not for any return, it is *beneficence* or *liberality*. Benevolence to our benefactors is *gratitude*, and the expressions of it form *praise* and *thankfulness*.

Benevolence to those who need our assistance, and to such as are disposed to do us injury, is *mercy*, or *forgiveness*, or *clemency*; and if it controuls our power to return injuries, it becomes *lenity*, or *forbearance*, or *meekness*.

Benevolence to the afflicted is *pity* or *compassion*; and when joined to a fellow-feeling of their dis-

tress, arising either from similar experience or from natural humanity, it becomes *sympathy*; and the desire to relieve them, without any expectation of a return, is *charity*.

A natural or habitual complacency of disposition, engaging to a love of general society, is *sociableness*, or what may be called a disposition to good fellowship; while mutual complacency, intimate regard and equality, with a conformity of dispositions, principles, and pursuits, constitute that happy union of minds which forms *true friendship*.

Complacency, in a small degree, is expressed by *satisfaction*; in a higher degree, by *delight*; and when regard is had not so much to the qualities of the object, as its relation to ourselves, it is called *kindness* or *tenderness*.

When the objects of our love and complacency are such as stand in any natural relation to us, it becomes *natural affection*; and when our native country and its interests are the objects of it, it then assumes the title of *patriotism*.

An attachment to particular sects, factions, or opinions, to the prejudice of true piety or patriotism, is *narrowness of spirit* or *bigotry*; but when this attachment is regulated by reason and benevolence, it becomes *moderation*.

When the SUPREME BEING is the object, an habitual desire of pleasing him, with a disengagement from whatever may lessen our regard and affection towards him, is known by the name of *devotion*; which, blended with a filial and reverential fear of offending him, is *godliness* or *piety*.

An uncommon vehemence of

temper in our attachment to the propagation of particular opinions is *zeal*; and zeal, accompanied with uncommon energy of spirit, and elevation of fancy and affection, is *enthusiasm*.

From *love* we proceed to its opposite.

A disinclination of the mind towards an object, occasioned by frequent reflection on its odious qualities is **HATRED**.

Evil received or dreaded excites *malevolence*; and a disposition to displease others, is *ill-will* or *ill-nature*; while such a feeling long continued and unmerited, is *maliginity* or *malice*.

Any degree of ill-will to our benefactors, a neglect of them, or undue returns to their kindness, is *ingratitude*. A malevolent opposition to governors or superiors in the lawful exercise of their authority, is *rebellion*; while an open disobedience to the will of God, and a contempt of his commands, is *impiety*.

Malevolence to the wretched is *inhumanity*; an unwillingness to favour or relieve them is *uncharitableness*, and an absolute inattention to their distress is *hard-heartedness*: to these add insolence, and they become *barbarity* and *cruelty*.

A wanton ill-treatment of others without benefit to ourselves, is *petulance*; which, when the characters, rather than the persons, of others are attacked, is called *obloquy*, *reproach*, and *scurrility*; and these, when softened or enlivened by some mixture of wit and humour, is *raillery* and *invective*.

Evil or injury received, but without any farther apprehension, occasions *displeasure*; and a still smaller sensation of this kind is *dislike*.

When hatred is directed to any thing criminal, without manifesting any wish to extenuate, it becomes *harshness* or *severity*; and when it is levelled at what are called pleasures or amusements, without making allowances for their vivacity or occasional excesses, it must be named *moroseness*.

When displeasure is suddenly and actively exerted, from any occasional perturbation of the mind, it hurries through the different emotions of *animosity* and *anger*, and may terminate in *outrage*.

An injury from an inferior may be termed an *indignity*, and the sense of it *indignation*.

The sense of any injury is *resentment*; which, with a propensity to injure the offender, without a desire of reclaiming him, is *revenge*: this, when settled into a habit, and without displaying a wish for reconciliation, is *spite* and *rancour*.

An habitual proneness to anger on every trifling occasion, is *fretfulness* or *peevishness*: this, when silent, is *sullenness*; when talkative, is *snarling*; and when accompanied with an impatience of contradiction, is *perverse*ness.

Anger, rising to a very high degree and extinguishing humanity, becomes *wrath*, *rage*, and *fury*.

When our approbation and love of any object are accompanied with uneasiness in its absence, and pleasure from its approach or the promise of its attainment, our affection towards it is called **DESIRE**.

Desire, inflamed and continued, is called *longing*; when much excited, is *greediness* or *avidity*; and when unaccompanied with the deliberation of reason, is called *propensity*.

Desires after what merely ad-

ministers to the support of the body, are denominated *appetites*; and in a proper restraint or moderation of them, consists the cardinal virtue of *temperance*.

When regard is not had to the nature and qualities of the object, so much as to its relation or agreeableness to us, we are said to regard it with *partiality*.

A weak motion or tendency of the mind towards the object desired, is called *inclination*; which, when violent, and such as cannot be rationally accounted for, is denominated *impulse*.

When our disapprobation and hatred of any object are accompanied with a painful sensation, on the apprehension of its presence and approach, the inclination to avoid it, is called *aversion*.

Aversion in its weakest degree, or rather the absence of desire, is considered as *indifference*.

Aversion to any object previous to examination, or without rational grounds for it, is *prejudice*; and when it arises from previous experience of its disagreeable qualities, it is *disgust*.

Aversion to any object when we are constrained to choose or comply with it, is *reluctance*; and a constitutional aversion, without regard to qualities or the impression on others, is a *natural antipathy*.

When displeasure and aversion rise very high, especially upon an apprehension of moral evil in the object, it is called *detestation* or *abhorrence*; and when accompanied with alarm at an approach to it, is *horror*.

A mixture of desire and joy agitating the mind, according to the probability there is of accomplish-

ing the end, or obtaining the good desired, is defined to be *HOPE*.

Weak or distant hope, waiting the success of means, is called *expectation*: the steady maintenance of hope even in this state, when sufferings are in the way to it, is *patience*; and a devout acquiescence to sorrow, is *resignation*.

Hope, deliberating about the choice of means, is *hesitation*; and wavering or fluctuating about the use of means, is *suspense*.

Desire, especially when mingled with hope, disposes us to *wish*; but while we have more of desire than hope, and the assent of the mind is delayed and unsettled, we are said to *doubt*.

When doubting and suspense become habitual, especially in matters of faith, the consequent uncertainty or vibration of opinion is denominated *scepticism*.

When suspense is overcome, and the means fixed, we acquire *resolution*; which persisted in when the grounds of it are insufficient, is *obstinacy* or *stubbornness*; and stubbornness in matters of opinion is called *dogmatism*.

Contempt of danger, in the execution of a predetermined resolve, is *intrepidity*, *boldness*, or *courage*; and an impatient encountering of danger is *rashness*.

That strength or vigour of mind which appears in a display of courage, firmness, and resolution, when much opposition is to be resisted, distresses supported, and difficulties and dangers surmounted, for the attainment of great and valuable ends, constitutes the cardinal virtue of *fortitude*.

Hope, elated from security of success in obtaining its object, is

called *confidence*; but groundless confidence is *presumption*.

Confidence without modesty, or a justifiable security of obtaining the proposed object, is *impudence*.

A mixture of aversion and sorrow, discomposing and debilitating the mind, upon the approach or anticipation of evil, is FEAR.

An over-active fear of any event, mixed with minute alarms, &c. is *solicitude* or *anxiety*; which, when immoderately indulged, is *impatience*.

Fear of being circumvented in the attainment of any good, excites *suspicion*; which, when heightened to a certain degree, becomes *jealousy*.

On the approach of an object accompanied with an irresistible and increasing alarm and dread, the mind is disposed to yield to *despondency*; and when all hopes of averting it are extinguished, *despair* succeeds.

Fear, blended with humility and fluctuating in the choice of means, becomes *irresolution*; and when flying from danger, instead of encountering it, the feeling is *cowardice*: a sudden and unaccountable

fit of it is *panic*; and when excessive, is *terror*.

A pleasing elevation of mind, on the actual or assured attainment of good, or deliverance from evil, is denominated JOY.

Joy, on account of good obtained by others, is expressed by *congratulation*; and when it arises from ludicrous or fugitive amusements, in which others share with us, is called *mirth* or *merriment*.

Joy, arising from success against powerful opposition, is named *triumph*; and when accompanied with ostentation, becomes *vain-glory*.

When joy is settled into a habit, or flows from a placid temper of mind, formed to please and to be pleased, it is called *gaiety*, *good-humour*, or *cheerfulness*.

Joy, rising high on a sudden emotion, is *exultation*, and immoderate transports of it are considered under the character of *raptures* and *ecstasies*.

Habitual joy and serenity, arising from the perfection, rectitude, and due subordination of our faculties, and their lively exercise on objects agreeable to them, constitute *mental* or *rational happiness*.

F—T—.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Piano-Forte Primer, containing the Rudiments of Music, calculated either for private Tuition or teaching in Classes, by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 4s.

In the preface, which appears to us very sensible and unassuming, Mr. B. informs us, that this book is not intended to interfere with the mode of instruction which any master has already adopted; but to be

used either in private tuition or teaching in classes, in addition to the lessons already in use. The author further adds, with becoming modesty, that he does not presume to suppose his labour to offer any thing new, and that he shall consider his object fully attained if his performance be found a useful publication.—That this is actually the case, an inspection of the

little volume before us enables us most positively to assert. Mr. B. has here developed the rudiments of music with great method and perspicuity; his definitions are clear and satisfactory, and his language will be found altogether plain and intelligible to juvenile capacity. Among several chapters, the systematic arrangement of which claims our approbation, we particularly notice the tenth, which derives the formation of the modern major scale from the combination of two adjoining tetrachords. This is the real origin of our diatonic scale, which has been made up of two diatonic tetrachords of the Greeks. We observe with equal satisfaction the derivation of the scales of the allied keys from one or the other tetrachord of the parent scale, such as G and F from C, &c. In explaining the scale of G (p. 42), where Mr. B. states, "F is sharpened in order to form the second tetrachord," we wish he had said, "in order to reduce its distance from G, to that of a semitone." The remark of Mr. Burrowes on the subject of pupils playing in classes appears to us very just. "Only one pupil should be taught to play at a time," however useful it may be to let the pupils occasionally play together what they have first learned separately.

"When jealous fears inspire us," translated from the popular Song of "*Dans un délire*," in the Opera of *Jocoupe*, adapted to the original Music of Nicolo by Wm. Ball, Esq. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This is a very interesting air; the melody flows in a smooth graceful style, and there is considerable variety of ideas in so short a com-

pass. The passage "The tender bondage," &c. is particularly striking and original, although the C b may meet with some difficulty of intonation on the part of common singers. The piano-forte accompaniment is not always the most adequate, and can hardly be deemed a faithful extract from the score of a composer of Nicolo's reputation.

"*Chatsworth House*," a favourite Rondo for the Harp or Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, by F. J. Klose. Pr. 3s.

Two movements in G major: an allegro in $\frac{4}{4}$ and a rondo in $\frac{6}{8}$ time. The first of these is of a determined military character, in fact a march; its construction is regular and well proportioned, and although the melody, which occasionally assumes the manner of a bolero, does not offer striking novelty in ideas, some neat transitions afford proper variety and relief. We cannot profess peculiar partiality to the E's with which the bass of the second strain sets out and continues for some bars; the key being A minor, it ought, we think, to have been more fully indicated by its fundamental. The trio in C, and its digressive portion in E, are satisfactory. The subject of the rondo, which partakes of the character of a quadrille, is neat and lively; the constituent parts are in a familiar style, with a sparing admixture of modulation into other keys, except the *minore*, which goes creditably through some attractive ideas in G minor and B major, and leads to an appropriate and effective conclusion.

"*What it is to love*," a *Ballad* written by Miss Stockdale, to whom it is most respectfully inscribed by J. Jay, M.D. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Dr. Jay's piano-forte compositions have on more than one occasion received favourable comment in our monthly critique. We now introduce him, for the first time we believe, as a lyric composer. The specimen in this line is not one of great compass or profound harmonic combination—this would have been out of place, considering the nature of the text;—but it ingratiates itself by chasteness of melody, good rhythmic arrangement, and effective harmonic treatment. We feel warranted in pronouncing "*What it is to love*" a sweet little song, and we hope the author will not relinquish a path in which he appears to be perfectly at home. In the fourth bar of the symphony the G in the bass causes some harshness.

"*Fare thee well*," the Words by Lord Byron, composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to the Right Hon. Lady Louisa Manners, by G. W. Maddison. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Of the many ditties which have been tuned up to this unfortunate lament of a separation *a mensà ac toro*, this seems to us the most unfortunate one. It possesses but few claims to notice on the score of melody, there is a want of connection between the successive ideas, and the harmony is more than once liable to serious animadversion.

Favourite Airs selected from Mozart's celebrated opera IL DON GIOVANNI, arranged as a *Divertimento* for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute

ad lib. by John Purkis. No. II. Pr. 2s.

As we have already introduced the first number of this publication to the notice of our readers, we shall merely state in this place, that the continuation before us is founded on the finale to the second act of *Il Don Giovanni*, on the favourite air "*Là ci darem' la mano*," and on the equally popular song "*Giovinette che fate all' amore*." These materials have been blended together with some freedom, yet with sufficient discrimination to form a satisfactory whole. The harmonic arrangement does credit to Mr. P. and the flute part is devised with proper attention to the character of the instrument and to executive facility.

Mehul's celebrated Overture dell' Irato, adapted for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (*ad lib.*), by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without Accompaniments, 2s.

The recent death of the veteran Mehul, who ranked among the first French composers for the drama, confers some additional interest on this publication. In point of science and good style the present overture approaches the best productions of the German school, and Mr. Rimbault's arrangement has given to it all the effect which lay within the reach of the confined score to which he limited his labour. The piano-forte part, by itself, will convey a tolerably correct idea of the merit of this composition.

Set of new and elegant Series of QUADRILLES, with their proper Figures to each, terminating with three national Waltzes, as performed at Almacks, the Argyle, Bath,

and Cheltenham Rooms, also at the Nobilities' Assemblies, arranged for the Piano-forte and Flute, or only for the Piano-forte or Flute, by Augustus Voight. Pr. 2s. 6d.

As it is only of the musical value of this publication that we feel qualified to give our opinion, we have no hesitation in saying, the dances it contains have afforded us entertainment. The selection is very good, the harmonic arrangement quite satisfactory, indeed superior to the generality of books of this description, and the elegant typographical execution does credit to Mr. C. Wheatstone, the publisher. The last waltz, which is ascribed to Mozart, deserves special notice; we consider it a very fine one.

"Jolly old Bacchus," the Poetry by Joseph Robins, Esq.; the Music, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed by Mr. R. Beale. Pr. 2s.

A jovial anacreontic song, of spirited melody, rather in the old style of composition, and greatly resembling similar productions by the late Mr. Dibdin. The text likewise reminds us of that gentleman's poetic effusions; with some difference, however, in his favour: the word "influence" is totally unmusical, and "Whilst to Bacchus our hearts *doth* incline," ungrammatical.

Everett's grand March for the Piano-forte. Pr. 2s. 6d.

This book contains much more than its laconic title led us to expect; not less than three movements: a largo, the march, and a rondo, which perhaps is intended in the way of quick march. The first of these has our decided ap-

probation; it is a solemn slow movement in C minor, conceived and conducted in very good style, and rendered interesting by some touches of select harmony. The grand march in E b is very well, but offers no idea of originality; the trio in A b, however respectable in general context, is liable to the same observation. The rondo is agreeable and lively. Two strains in E b, and a sort of trio in B b, form its materials. After these are propounded, we encounter, all at once, a sudden and rather rapid modulation into no less distant a key than G b! which being enharmonically exchanged for F*, brings us into five sharps, and repeats, serially, all we have heard before in B b, in the key of B b, the notes being throughout the same, with only a different signature. This we look upon as a *conchetto* intentionally resorted to by the author, but we confess it does not please our taste. In a composition of this description, such strong and permanent aberrations from the key must be deemed too great a liberty. When the four strains are gone through in five sharps, a modulation quite parallel to the one before-mentioned leads to a pause in G b, which conducts us to C minor and E b, the original key, in which some of the previous portions are repeated, a cadence introduced, and the piece brought to a close by a coda of considerable merit and ingenuity, in which a *battery* (to borrow the French term) in the Beethoven manner comes in with effect (*p. 8, ll. 3 and 4*). Although Mr. E.'s harmonies are generally of the correct kind, we have remarked one or two cases of

a. contrary nature: consecutive fifths, for instance, present themselves in the middle of bar 5, 1. 6, p. 4; and the same recur in the next page.

"*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*," sung by Mr. Braham in *Guy Mannering*, at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden; the *Symphonies and Accompaniments* by Mr. Topliff. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Mr. T.'s share in this publication of the above highly popular song has our approbation. The symphonies are appropriate, and a due simplicity in the accompaniments has been observed, without falling into the extreme of meagerness. The harmony also is correct.

The popular Air "*Oh! it was not for me that I heard the Bells ringing*," arranged with *Variations for the Piano-forte* by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 2s. 6d.

An andante of considerable merit forms the introductory movement. The melody is chaste, and the harmonic arrangement, generally in four parts, is conducted with great taste, and with no mean degree of skill. Some bars of active bass accompaniment (p. 2) likewise demand our decided approbation. The theme to the variations is apt for the purpose, and the variations themselves are in

good style and faithful to the theme. There is a good minore, a pretty waltz, and a shewy bustling brillante couched in semiquavered triplets.

La Delicetesse, a Waltz Rondo for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, composed by C. L. Lithander. Op. 10. No. 1. Pr. 2s.

The subject of this waltz in D is one of peculiar lightness and elegance; and the trio in G, besides its correspondence of style with the subject, is equally conspicuous for its neatness. In some of the strains, however, the periods are concluded by a formula of two crotchets, which seems to us foreign to the style of a waltz, and indeed to the smooth character of the subject itself; and in bar 7 we could have wished the E's in the bass and treble, immediately after the D's in both staves, had been avoided by some slight melodic alteration. In pp. 2 and 8 we observe some very interesting ideas in A major and F minor, and a well-contrived bass passage. Indeed the whole of this rondo makes good the title which it bears; it is written with great neatness of expression, and its execution requires more than what a first glance would lead us to expect.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS.

AT the close of last month, the *fourteenth* Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours took place at the great room Spring Gardens. This year's Exhibition, though not so numerous as

the last, is yet full of works of merit in the several departments of art which it is the object of this society to embrace: the landscapes are well selected and pleasing, and the drawings in particular are as

various in point of subject, as they are tasteful in colouring and execution. There are altogether 869 works; all the members have contributed, and the other exhibitors consist of some of the most eminent artists in the rising school. We must necessarily abridge our remarks on this Exhibition, and confine ourselves to some of the most prominent works, though there are others well entitled to notice, if time and space admitted of a more detailed examination.

Two Studies of Heads—Study of a Head for the Picture of Christ entering Jerusalem—Listening to the Voice of the Angel of Death—Study from a Polish Jew—Study of a Gipsy—Portrait of Wordsworth.—B. R. Haydon. ●

From the foregoing list it will be seen that Mr. Haydon has not been an inert contributor to this Exhibition. The sketches display the vigour and energy of this artist in a striking degree. The studies are animated and full of characteristic expression: that for the picture of Christ (which, by the way, ought to be finished by this time,) has the energy of Michael Angelo's *Moses*, and not a little of the frenzy which that celebrated piece of sculpture rather inappropriately possesses. The Listening to the Voice of the Angel of Death, which is taken from the two following lines in Sale's *Koran*—"The Angel of Death they call Duma, and say, he calls dying persons by their respective names at their last hour,"—is peculiarly striking; it is ghastly and full of horror. The Polish Jew is a spirited and admirable portrait; and Mr. Wordsworth is indebted to the art-

ist for a likeness not merely of the contour of his strongly marked countenance, but of the mental and intelligent expression which it displays.

Three Designs, from the Tale of the Seven Sleepers, from the Peruvian Tales, and from the Fairy Tales of the Countess D'Anjou.—T. Uwins.

This artist, who is secretary to the society, has contributed eleven works, many of which are portraits. The designs express poetical subjects from the sources we have mentioned, and are in many parts extremely beautiful; that of Dakianos destroyed by a serpent is uncommonly well executed.

Queen's State Bedchamber, Windsor Castle—The grand Saloon, Buckingham-House, &c. &c.—J. Stephanoff.

Mr. Stephanoff has, besides these, a number of drawings of splendid apartments in Kensington and the other royal palaces. They are very creditable to his taste, and his peculiar brilliancy of colouring afforded him the means of representing with proper richness the gorgeous and splendid silk and velvet tapestry and furniture which decorate these spacious and magnificent apartments.

Blue Velvet Room and Golden Drawing-Room, Carlton-House—St. George's Hall, Windsor—View of St. George's Chapel looking East, &c. &c.—C. Wild.

This artist has also exhibited thirteen drawings of the royal apartments, which are uncommonly beautiful; the architectural parts are highly finished, and with the most laborious minuteness: the perspective is every where preserved with excellent correctness.

Queen Mary's State Bedchamber, Hampton-Court — Cupola-Room, Kensington Palace.—R. Cattermole.

These are correct and well-drawn representations of the above apartments.

Hagar and Ishmael—Loch Tummel, Perthshire—Durham—Corfe Castle, misty Morning, &c. &c.—G. F. Robson.

This artist is, as usual, a large and most efficient contributor; he has in this Exhibition no less than thirty-one works. His drawings are in every respect beautiful. The Hagar and Ishmael is bold, and in a free style: the Durham is a soft and pleasing landscape: the Loch Tummel is transparent and beautiful: the Corfe Castle is also full of merit; it is a faithful copy from nature, and in the artist's best style.

The happy Valley.—G. Barrett.

This artist has selected a subject from Dr. Johnson's beautiful description of the happy valley in *Rasselas*, which was fertile in every thing that could administer to the luxuries of a terrestrial paradise. The composition is poetical, and shews a fertility of invention which stamps the character of the artist: the colouring is rich and tasteful; and though the subject rather invited than rejected meretricious and glowing ornament, yet the artist has reined in (if we may use the expression) his imagination, and carefully kept the tone of colouring within the boundaries of probability and truth. The rich luxuriance of nature is every where portrayed, and the colours are contrasted with skill and effect. The landscape is delightful.

View at Abbot's Leigh, Somersetshire.
—Miss H. Gouldsmith.

This is a pleasing landscape, and highly creditable to this lady, who has other works in the Exhibition, which establish her powers in that department of art generally cultivated by ladies, and always with that taste of which their more refined perceptions are so susceptible.

Hellebore, or Christmas Rose.—
Miss M. A. Walton.

This small picture has some beautiful colouring, but it is so highly finished that it strikes the eye with some degree of hardness.

Henry IV. of France about to put himself at the head of his Army, taking leave of Gabrielle d'Etrées, and pointing to the Romance which he composed on the occasion, as containing the true expression of his sentiments.—Fradelle.

The vivid and sparkling colouring of this picture is not its only merit, it is also full of tender and interesting sentiment. The distinguished warrior, in his full suit of armour, is about to quit the soft retirement which he indulged with his beautiful companion, who, on her knees, seems anxious either to protract his stay, or bless his enterprise. He points with a consolatory glance to the poetical lines he had just written, and the eyes of the beautiful Gabrielle meet his with the tenderest attachment.

Charmante Gabrielle
Férée de mille dards
Quand la gloire m'appelle,
Sous les drapeaux de Mars;
Cruelle déparlie
Malheureux joint,
Que ne suis-je sans vie,
Ou sans amour!

The hero's expressive features

shew that these melting lines were not the emanation of a cold calculating pen, but the genuine effusion of the tenderest passion.

Part of the Interior of Tintern Abbey, Chepstow Castle, &c. &c.—W. Glover.

This artist, who, on former occasions, was so large a contributor to this society, has on the present confined himself to four pictures. They are in his usual style, with much to please, and something for the fastidious observer to desire in vain. The Interior of Tintern Abbey has many points of deserved attraction: the architectural parts are very good, and the scenery in the background is managed with excellent and picturesque effect; but the trees are, as usual, dotted, and there is a want of breadth and a carpet-like smoothness in the fore-ground that convey somewhat of an artificial effect. The colours both in this picture and the Chepstow Castle are very well laid on, and the other works are creditable to the taste and skill of this indefatigable artist.

Landscape and Cattle—Scene on the Beach at Cromer—Grove Scene near Norwich, &c. &c.—J. Stark.

This active artist improves in each successive Exhibition; his colouring is soft, pleasing, and natural, and his views are taken from those parts of nature which are always pleasing and exhilarating. The scene on the beach at Cromer is coloured with exquisite taste; it is altogether one of the artist's most skilful productions.

St. John preaching in the Wilderness.—J. Linnell.

Artists, like other men, have their peculiarities and predilections, which, as we find with others

in society, they are most anxious to obtrude, and are the only persons who do not see, that if they succeed in their struggle, they attain and adhere to that which is an imperfection and blemish. So it is in our humble opinion with Mr. Linnell, for whose capacities and powers as an artist we have a sincere respect, but he will not satisfy himself with seeking perfection according to the generally admitted principles of colouring with which nature abounds; he travels into a new track, and speculates upon the adoption of a new system, in which it is impossible he can ever succeed, until the time arrives to which the facetious Peter Pindar alluded, when Nature may be induced to turn round and copy her colours from art. The colouring in which this artist indulges (at least which he wishes should predominate, is not to be found in nature, except indeed he has taken for his model the deep copper-coloured shadow which any of the celestial bodies presents to our eye when about to be obscured by an eclipse. This we have no doubt the artist thinks a perfection: now we think precisely the reverse of it, and only regret that good drawing, bold and free style of handling, and some tones of colouring which are vigorous and well applied, should all be deteriorated in their combined and general effect by the pursuit of a process, as hopeless in its chance of eventual success and adoption as any that was ever sought after in the regions of alchemy.

Sir John Falstaff examining his Rucruits.—J. Cawse.

Falstaff. What trade art thou?
Feeble. A woman's tailor, sir.

Second Part of KING HENRY IV.

This artist has several well exe-

oured pictures in this Exhibition, but that of Falstaff is not only the most handsome but also the best coloured. The colouring is rich and harmonious; the window and light are finely managed; the expression of the jolly knight is truly humorous, and the recruits present a rare motley combination of most ludicrous objects.

Flowers—Fruit and Flowers.—J. Barney, sen. and jun.

These little works are full of sparkling colours, and display the proficiency which the artists have attained in imitating the brilliant hues of nature in subjects of this description.

Banditti in a Cavern—Gipsies.—J. Smith.

These drawings are executed in a free and bold style, but the subjects are coarse and uninviting.

Coast near Eastbourne.—H. Gastineau.

A very good representation of stormy scenery.

Cattle, Twilight.—R. Hills.

This, as well as the other landscapes by the same artist in the

Exhibition, is full of merit, and shows considerable taste and skill.

Fighting Dogs getting wind.—E. Landseer.

If truth and admirable precision of execution can atone for the obtrusion of a subject that little calculated to please or instruct a well-regulated mind, the vulgarity and offensiveness of this representation are redeemed by the unerring fidelity with which the artist has painted the dogs, which appear almost to breathe on the canvas. We have hardly ever seen a more faithful or spirited representation of animal life; it is well entitled to a place in a stable or sportsman's hall—but is the art to have no higher range?

Mr. C. V. Fielding has some excellent landscapes; and Miss Kendrick has been very successful this year.

Messrs. J. Holmes, P. Dewint, S. Prout, W. Turner, and other artists of merit, have also good specimens of their several styles of art in this Exhibition, which on the whole is very creditable to this society.

RUBENS'S TRIUMPH OF CHARITY.

A very fine picture by Rubens, called *The Triumph of Charity*, is now exhibiting at the Gallery, Leicester-square: it strongly exemplifies both the faults and the brilliancy of this celebrated artist's peculiar and magical style; it is in some parts coarse and careless, in others full of divine and irresistible expression. The figure of Charity is represented in a triumphal car drawn by lions, and attended by a number of infantine figures, allegoric emblems, and a

ring of boy-angels. The colouring is excessively rich and brilliant, but the picture appears to have received considerable injury in its journey to this country; and by a rare and most fortunate chance (for which it is difficult to account), it has escaped the still greater ravages of those experimentalists, the picture-cleaners, to whom some of the finest works in the Louvre were indebted for that retouching, which in many instances obliterated the original character of the



work. The creases in this picture, which denote the injury it sustained, and in some places nearly make the canvas visible, are still so little observable, that they do not interfere with the strong chiaro-scuro and brilliancy of effect that predominate in the picture: indeed these partial flaws contribute to develop the strong imagination which Rubens must have had, when he could execute so large a picture without repainting. The expression in the figures is strong and vivid throughout, except in one of the boys, whose contour of body is stiff and clumsy, and whose head

is mean in the expression, and the colouring is here tame. The ring of boys is beautiful in the extreme, and those in the chariot are beyond all praise. The most perfect representation of beauty and innocence that can be conceived, is the boy who guides the car; the contrast which his gentleness and delicacy present to the proud and majestic appearance of the lions, is finely conceived, and expressed with unique strength.

This picture is said to have been executed by order of Philip IV. for a convent near Madrid founded by his favourite minister.

PICTORIAL CARDS.

PLATE 29.—FOUR PLAYING-CARDS.

THE subjects of the designs to which the following descriptions refer, are the Six of Diamonds, the Five of Spades, the Ten of Clubs, and the Two of Hearts: they are chiefly satirical allusions to the follies, the dissipation, the ambition, and the pride of philosophy, with which a large portion of mankind are as vainly amused as unprofitably employed.

The SIX OF DIAMONDS represents the characters of a pantomime, and the several personages of the scene will be easily recognised. The emaciated and decrepit debauchee is still assuming the gallant, and mixing the habiliments of the soldier with the airs and manners of a youthful *petit-maitre*; he is gazing on a distant lady, whilst she, whom he vainly fancies he possesses in perfect security, is bestowing her favours on the first idiot that solicits them. The female is wantonly

hand a mask, the emblem of her duplicity, and from the other arm suspends a ridicule, the type of her condescensions. The diamond forms an ornament to a fan, ridicules, and the furniture of the apartment.

The FIVE OF SPADES exhibits a party of officers and their favourite female companions carousing over their Rhenish, on the eve of a new campaign: one of them has mounted his chair, and is about to commence a farewell speech; to this, however, all the party are not prepared to give an undivided attention. The spade forms an argand lamp, the backs of chairs, and architectural embellishments.

The TEN OF CLUBS is an imaginary chamber of temporal dignities and worldly honours; it is decked out with the insignia of distinctions, from the unadorned helmet of the simple knight, to the high-crested plumage of the impe-

rial head-piece and diadem. The artist has here satirized the sacrifices which youth make to the shrine of love, and also the inordinate ambition of age: for in the painting he has represented the *marchand* as offering the least ornamented helmet to the notice of the youthful princess, who condescends to prefer its simplicity; whilst the aged courtier behind is represented as boldly fixing his eager eye on the target surmounted by a crown.

The TWO OF HEARTS, an allusion to the misapplication of time; the subject representing an aged seer in search after worldly acquirements even at the door of the tomb, before which a vase is placed containing an aloe, a plant which the

nations of the country in which it is indigenous consider as emblematic of vast age and even of eternity, believing that it blossoms but once in a century, and blossoms a hundred times. On this plant the ephemeral butterfly is creeping, an emblem of the brevity of temporal existence and of a future state.—“This man,” says the disciple of wisdom, “seeks retirement and shades; he is employed only in adding to the overcharged stores of his own acquirements, forgetful that the lessons of virtue are communicable—that the precepts of the good are as beacons to the young and the unwary, and that man was not born for himself alone.”

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 30.—DINNER DRESS.

A WHITE British net dress, which is worn over a bright peach-colour satin slip. The dress is finished at the bottom of the skirt by a row of broad and singularly beautiful trimming, composed of satin to correspond with the slip, which is interspersed with narrow white silk fancy trimming: a row of this latter is placed at the edge of the bottom of the skirt, and another row surmounts the peach and white border. The body is called the *corsage à la Circassie*; it is composed of peach-colour satin, made without seam, cut very low in the bust, displays exactly the proportions of the shape, and is so contrived as to form a novel half-sleeve, which wraps across

at the lower part, and displays a full white satin sleeve worn underneath. The body and sleeves are ornamented with narrow white silk trimming, to correspond with the skirt. Head-dress, a bright peach-colour silk handkerchief, disposed in the turban style, and ornamented in front with a large bunch of white roses. The hair is much parted on the forehead, and disposed in full curls at the sides. Pearl necklace and ear-rings. White kid gloves. White satin shoes. Small ivory fan.

PLATE 31.—MORNING DRESS.

A cambric muslin slip, richly finished round the bottom of the skirt with festoons of work, surmounted with ornaments of work intermixed with lace. Over thi





worn the Hesse breakfast robe, composed of jaconot muslin. The form of this robe is very novel and becoming: it is open in front; the trimming is composed of the same material, it goes round the robe, is very broad and full; the fulness is disposed in a novel style. The body is made without seam, it fits the shape exactly, and has a high standing collar. Long full sleeve, finished at the wrist by a trimming to correspond with that round the robe, and surmounted by a small epaulette of a singularly pretty shape. Breakfast *cornette*, composed of bobbin net; the caul is of a moderate height; the ears, which are very narrow, fasten under the chin; and it is tastefully ornamented with a bunch of flowers placed upright in front. The hair is slightly parted on the forehead, and disposed in full ringlets on the temples. Gloves and shoes, white kid.

The bonnet placed near this figure is composed of small diamonds of cork, laid on one over the other; it is a French shape, the crown higher than any we have lately seen; the brim is of a moderate size; the top of the crown is elegantly ornamented with a rouleau of mingled white and cork-coloured satin; the brim is also enriched with satin to correspond; it is lined with white satin, and ornamented with a superb plume of white ostrich feathers.

We are indebted to the invention and taste of Miss Macdonald of 30, South Molton-street, for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

We have little variation to announce in promenade costume

since last month. For plain walking dress, pelisses composed of green, dark blue, or dove-colour sarsnet, are much in estimation; they are made in a neat and simple style, something longer in the waist than last month, with a plain long sleeve and a small standing collar: they are generally trimmed with satin.

For the dress promenade, spencers are more in estimation; they are usually composed of rich figured sarsnet, but we do not perceive any material alteration in the mode of making them since our last number.

Promenade bonnets continue the same as last month, both in materials and form. We think the large shape is likely to predominate during the summer.

For the carriage costume, pale blue, peach-colour, striped green, and white levantine or *reps* silk pelisses are most in favour. White satin spencers are also in general estimation; they are usually trimmed with blond.

For carriage and dress promenade, the union hat, which we noticed in our preceding number as *un chapeau très élégant et superbe*, is in much estimation, having been presented to royalty; since then we have seen a rich production (from the same manufacturer, Mawman Brown of Newman's-row, Lincoln's Inn Fields,) of wove straw and cordonna and the beautiful article *perlée balcine*: this is one of the most splendid materials for ladies' hats ever introduced.

Morning dress continues to be made of jaconot and cambric muslin; and we see with pleasure that needlework is generally adopted

for trimmings. Robes continue to be worn, but they are now usually a little shorter than the slip, and several of them are rounded at the corners. Some are tight to the shape behind and loose in front; others draw in to the waist in the manner we described last month: these, we think, are more general. The favourite trimming is beautiful; it is a broad rich flounce of work, which goes all round the dress, and is attached to it by a piece of soft muslin of about a nail in breadth, which is drawn into the form of diamonds by coloured ribbon; this is headed by a puffing of muslin. The long sleeve is finished at the wrist by a rich ruffle of work, and there is a full epaulette composed of three rows of work.

We see with pleasure that sarisnets of every description are very much worn in dinner dress. India muslin is also in estimation. Dinner gowns continue to be worn low; but we have observed one very elegant novelty of a different form, which we think very well worthy of the attention of our fair readers.

It is composed of bright green sarsnet with a small white leaf. The body is nearly three-quarters high; the back is plain, tight to the shape, and broader at the bottom of the waist than they are generally worn. The front is very elegantly let-in with white satin, and ornamented at each of the lettings-in, which are placed across the front, with bright green satin leaves. The sleeves, which are very short and full, correspond with the front, and are finished at the bottom by a full puffing of blond lace. The bust is ornamented with a similar puffing. The bottom of the skirt is elegantly

finished with white satin; it is laid on full, and nearly a quarter of a yard in breadth; the fulness is confined in waves by a wreath of bright green satin leaves; a puffing of blond finishes this trimming on each side. This dress is extremely novel and tasteful.

In speaking of full dress, we cannot forbear noticing the very elegant one in which her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth was married: it was composed of rich silver tissue, the body and sleeves full trimmed with Brussels point lace; the latter, which are particularly beautiful, are looped in the drapery style with silver tassels. The bottom of the skirt was trimmed with two flounces of Brussels point lace, each flounce headed with shells composed of silver net. The robe was of silver tissue, lined with white satin, and trimmed with Brussels lace; the trimming headed with silver net shells to correspond with the dress. A superb clasp of diamonds ornamented the waist. Head-dress, a plume of ostrich feathers, and a magnificent bandeau of diamonds.

This superb and elegant dress does credit to the exquisite taste which her royal highness is so well known to possess.

Full dress, in general, is extremely tasteful at this moment, and the materials vary more than usual at this season of the year. White satin, plain, figured, and striped; white lace, British net, and gauze, are all adopted by youthful elegantes. Ladies more advanced in life wear white and coloured satins: the latter are very much in favour. Frocks are in general estimation for full dress, as are also corsages of



MUSLIN PATTERNS

satin mixed with blond or *tulle*. Of the bodies of dresses we have only to remark in general, that they are made extremely low all round the bust, and the sleeves, which are always full, are as short as possible. Trimmings afford considerable variety; blond is much in favour. Full flounces of blond, two or three in number, are frequently headed with shells composed of the same material. Draperies composed of alternate falls of satin and blond, fastened with satin roses, are also much worn. Spanish puffs of British net, which are edged with white satin, and interspersed with bows of ribbon, are also in favour. Embroidery does not seem to be much worn, except in silver, in which it is very general for ball dresses, for which light silver fringe is also a good deal used.

Trimmings are now of a moderate and becoming height: trains appear to increase in favour in full dress; but the demi-trains, which are at present coming into fashion, though more convenient, are certainly not so graceful as the long

trains, which some years ago added much to the elegance of the figure.

Caps continue to be universally worn in undress, but they have not varied in form since our last number. They are also in favour in half dress; but we have observed that white lace half-handkerchiefs, some of which are elegantly embroidered in coloured silks, are much in estimation. Caps, however, are upon the whole more predominant.

Head-dresses in full dress continue nearly the same as last month, except that *toques* are more worn, and that feathers, unless for very young ladies, appear in greater estimation than flowers. We have observed some very elegant women at the Opera with silver tissue handkerchiefs twisted through their hair, the ends of the handkerchief formed a rosette on the left side; it was placed at the base of an elegant plume of feathers.

Fashionable colours for the month are, amber, blue, Pomona green, grass green, straw-colour, and peach-colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, April 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

WHEN I wrote to you last, our fair fashionables wore in general spencers or silk shawls for the promenade: now pelisses are considered more fashionable than either. Many ladies, however, appear with only a lace *fichu*, which is worn underneath the gown; and the weather is at present mild enough for them to do so without danger to their health.

Pelisses continue to be made

short in the waist; they are worn more off the shoulders than they have been for some time past, and the backs are likewise of a more moderate breadth: they are still worn tight to the shape. The trimming is usually of platted silk; it is about an inch in breadth, and goes all round the pelisse. The long sleeve is also finished with it at the wrist, as is likewise a very small epaulette; the latter, as well as the wrists and throat of the pelisse, are elegantly finished with

blond. The *pelissé* fastens down the front on the inside, and is just short enough to display a little of the flounce of the under-dress.

The dresses which I have just spoken of as being worn with only a *fichu*, and which are fashionable alike for dinner and for the promenade, are composed of silk tissue, sarsnet, and sometimes of *percale*. The trimming is always the same as the dress; it consists of a broad piece laid on full, and divided into *bouillons* by silk cord, which corresponds in colour. The body is moderately low round the bust; the back is plain, but the front is striped lengthwise with silk cord, which has the appearance of small rouleaus. Long sleeve, finished at the wrist to correspond with the bottom of the skirt: there is also a half-sleeve of the same description. The *fichu* worn with this dress is composed either of *tulle* or clear muslin, but the former is considered most fashionable; it is made tight to the bust, and finished at the throat by a ruff, which is disposed in large plaits: the ruff is open in front, and partially displays the throat. The general effect of these dresses is novel and pretty; they are singular without being *outré*; and though made in general in very shewy colours, their being trimmed to correspond prevents them from being glaring.

I must now endeavour to give you some idea of our head-dresses, which, to speak in the Irish style, afford great variety with little difference. The fact is, that the materials of *chapeaux* are various, and each *modiste* arranges them according to her own fancy; but the shapes of hats are in general the

same, or nearly the same, so that whether the stuff is put on bias or straight, full or plain, they have a strong similitude. An oval crown, always very low, with a brim extremely deep in front and rounded at the ears, is at present the only shape in request.

The materials consist of straw, plaid silk, crape, *gros de Naples*, and satin; of these the least fashionable is straw, and the most tonish is crape. Rose-colour is the highest in estimation, but lilac and citron are also fashionable, and they are always contrasted: if the hat is citron, the trimming is lilac; if it is composed of lilac stuff, the trimming is citron: but the most elegant hats are those composed of rose-coloured crape, and ornamented with the same.

Some hats are finished round the edge of the brim with two bands of ribbon; others have a quilling of blond set on very full; but the latest fashion is a trimming of gauze cut bias, and set on double and moderately full: there are three rows of gauze laid on one above another at some distance. The gauze has sometimes a corkscrew roll of very narrow ribbon, laid on where it is tacked to the brim, the effect of which is rather pretty.

Percale is generally adopted for morning dress, but coloured muslins are also partially worn; they are either spotted or striped, and are trimmed with the same material. The skirt, which is now worn of an easy fulness, is ornamented at the bottom by three flounces, placed at very little distance from each other: these flounces are of a moderate breadth, and are disposed in large plaits. The body is made

full; it is finished round the bust with two rows of trimming, which is put on just over the shoulder: this trimming, which is also disposed in large plaits, forms a kind of pelerine. The dress is made up to the throat, with a standing collar, which, however, is always covered with a large ruff. Plain long sleeve, made rather loose, and finished at the wrist to correspond with the bottom of the skirt.

Evening dress has not varied in the materials since I wrote last, but it is a good deal changed in the form. *Belles* of all ages are now attired in the robe à l'enfant. This juvenile habit is, as you may suppose, far from being generally becoming. The body is cut in the style of an infant's frock, and quite as low round the bust; which is, however, partially shaded by an under front, composed either of blond, rich work, or lace. The sleeves are frequently long, but have seldom any ornament, except a few tucks at the wrist. The bottom of the skirt is differently trimmed, according to the taste of the wearer, either with Spanish puffs, which are composed either of satin or tulle, flounces of blond lace, or bands of embroidered ribbon: this last trimming is much in favour; the bands are from three to five in number, and placed pretty close to each other.

Cornettes have entirely superseded round caps in half dress; they are worn also occasionally in full dress. The cauls are always of a moderate height, and some quite low: these latter are in fact made out of a plain piece, which is cut out at the top to the size of the

crown of the head, and a small crown is tacked in, round which is a wreath of flowers, and at one side a very large bow of ribbons; it is finished by a lace or tulle border set on next to the face.

Toques and turbans are but partially worn in full dress; the latter are, however, more in favour than the former: they are generally composed of plaid gauze, and are ornamented with feathers. Crape hats and tulle caps are, however, considered more fashionable: these are always decorated with flowers. Roses, lilacs, and ranunculuses are much in favour; but the yellow flower which the French call *immortelle*, is higher in estimation than any other.

The hair is dressed lighter on the forehead than when I wrote last, but the hind hair continues to be worn as I then described it.

Coral is now perfectly the rage in jewellery. The lady who would be thought fashionable, adorns herself with a coral necklace, earrings, clasp for her waist, ornaments for the shoulder-straps of her dress; and if she appears *en chevelure*, her hair also is decorated with coral ornaments.

I have just seen a wreath of wild berries composed of coral and emeralds, which is really beautiful; the berries are coral and the leaves emerald: they are made strictly to imitate nature, and have certainly a very striking effect, but they are more calculated for a winter head-dress than for the present time of year. The season is, however, seldom considered by the Parisian *élégantes*.

I shall quarrel with you, my dear

Sophia, if your letters are not more circumstantial; they are in general much too short to serve as replies to those voluminous epistles you receive from your ever affectionate
EUDOCIA.

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of *INTERESTING EXTRACTS* from *NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS*.

THE LOVER'S TASK.

(From Introduction to the *Tales of my Landlady*, by PEREGRINE PUZZLEBRAIN.)

IT is now more than a year since I thought myself upon the point of becoming the happiest man in the world: the death of a very distant relation had given me possession of an easy independence, and the mother of a charming girl, whom I had long loved, consented to bestow her daughter's hand upon me.

Nothing remained to complete my felicity but my Sophia's consent to fix a day for our union; when an incident, of a nature apparently trivial, obliged me to undertake a very irksome task; and doomed me, for a considerable period, to the miseries of celibacy.

Conversing one evening with Sophia, I happened to speak slightly of a novel which was lying upon the table, and from defending its merits she proceeded to speak, in what I thought exaggerated terms, in favour of similar publications. One of my faults, and I must own that it is an unpardonable one in a would-be Benedict, is an impatience of contradiction. I am afraid that I supported my opinion with more warmth than politeness would strictly warrant, and I concluded by a declaration, that I believed it very possible to manufacture works of fancy, from the

short story which adorned the pages of a magazine, to the ponderous romance, without any portion of natural genius whatever.

I was surprised to see the dove-like eyes of my Sophia lighten with indignation at a speech, which was wholly void of intentional offence to her; for Heaven knows, I was totally ignorant at that time, that she was a constant writer for every one of the magazines that do not pay for contributions. Surprise, mingled with the fear that I had offended her, although I knew not how, rendered me silent; and after a short pause she rose, and saying that she had an engagement, coldly wished me a good evening.

The next day I was refused admittance. Almost distracted, I applied to the mother of my offended divinity, and from her I soon learned the extent of my offence. Such of my readers as have ever been in love, will readily believe, that I heartily cursed my folly, when I found that all attempts to conciliate my Sophia were vain. At length I succeeded, but with considerable difficulty, in procuring an interview, in which I tried to make my peace, by unsaying all that I had previously said against her favourite works; but my re-

cantation availed nothing. Sophia had taken it into her head, that my general censure of light works was aimed particularly at her writings; and this idea rendered her so indignant, that it was a long time before she would even grant me a patient hearing.

At last her countenance assumed something of its former suavity, and she said with a smile, which, however, had something of malice in it, "Well, Mr. Puzzlebrain, if you are really anxious to make up a quarrel, which, however, is solely attributable to yourself, there is one way, and one too which I am sure you will acknowledge to be very easy."

"Name it, my dearest Sophia," cried I; "name any thing you please, and judge of the force of my attachment by the readiness with which I will comply with your wish."

"Nay," answered she, "it is a mere trifle—only to write a novel, a romance, or a few volumes of tales, four or five will be sufficient."

Conceive, if you can, reader, the change which these words produced in my feelings: it was absolutely some minutes before I could articulate, during which Sophia surveyed me with malicious pleasure.

At last I stammered out, that as it must be a work of time to compose so many volumes, I hoped she would not delay my happiness on that account; and after our union, if she still continued to wish it, I would set about a novel as soon as she pleased.

But the cunning gipsy was determined not to come to any com-

promise. "A work of time," cried she: "you surprise me! Surely you forget that nothing can be easier than to manufacture works of this description."

"Dear Sophia, be merciful!"

"Merciful! Am I not merciful? Can you seriously call it a punishment to do what you have yourself declared requires only a little labour? and would you grudge a little labour to oblige me?"

The tone in which these words were uttered was irresistible. — "No," replied I, rapturously kissing her hand; "I will do whatever you please."

Happy in being thus restored to favour, I believed, when I quitted her, that nothing would be easier than to complete my work in a few weeks; and on reaching my house I sat down, though it was then eleven o'clock at night, to begin it.

At the moment when I dipped my pen in the inkstand, it occurred to me that so far from having laid down any regular plan for my work, I had not even considered whether it was to be a novel or a romance; I laid down my pen, and throwing myself back in my chair, I shut my eyes, and began to meditate upon the subject.

After passing more than two hours in a vain endeavour to arrange a plot for my work, I was roused by the watchman calling half-past one, and I retired to bed, with my spirits somewhat depressed by this first difficulty.

But this was nothing to what I experienced the next day; I sat down to my desk with a determination not to quit it till I had arranged the plot of a novel. During eight hours I wrote and tore

and wrote again, without being able to produce one to my satisfaction; at last I flung down my pen in a rage, execrated my stupidity and the ill-nature of Sophia, paced my library till I was absolutely fatigued, and at last recollected that it was two hours after my usual time of dining.

In the hope that with the assistance of Bacchus I might be better able to propitiate the Muses, I drank nearly double my usual quantity of wine, and heroically resolving to commence my work with spirit, I returned to my library, opened my desk, and had actually manufactured six lines of a neat address to the reader, when I dropped asleep; and after a nap, which lasted two hours, was awakened by my man's coming into the room to know what I chose for supper.

It was too late to think of doing any thing more that night, and I went to bed with a determination to rise very early the next day, and to devote the whole morning to study; nor could I help anticipating the pleasure I should feel in presenting Sophia, in the evening, with the first few pages of my work. I fell asleep with my head full of the most agreeable ideas, and set about my task the next morning with the utmost alacrity.

But whether my want of gallantry, in falling asleep in their service the preceding evening, had disgusted the Muses; whether I am naturally too sincere to succeed in fiction, or whether I am too stupid to form what the ladies would call a *readable* one, I know

not: certain, however, it is, that my plot, for I did at last arrange something like a plot, was wofully deficient in incident, and totally devoid of probability.

Bad as it was, I hugged myself on having succeeded so far; but I resolved not to shew my work to my mistress, till I had made some progress in it. From what I have already related, the reader will have no difficulty in believing, that my progress was very slow; there were various reasons for this: my mistress and my friends engrossed a good deal of my time; exercise and sleep drew largely upon the remainder; and of those hours which I devoted to my work, more than two-thirds were often wasted in a vain endeavour to strike out new incidents, alter my *dramatis personæ* to advantage, or give an air of novelty to some trite reflections.

"A fellow feeling makes us yondrous kind," said Garrick in his farewell prologue; and in truth, my mode of estimating the literary corps of Grub-street underwent a very considerable change. But while this revolution was taking place in my opinions, three months had elapsed, and one sheet of my work was not yet completed. I tried every means to get Sophia to remit my penance, but in vain: all I could obtain was a mitigation of it. She consented to accept of three volumes instead of five; but to my infinite mortification she declared, that her doors should be shut upon me, till I presented myself before her with my MS. completed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PRIDE.

(From *Remarks, Moral, Practical, and Facetious, selected from the Writings of the late W. HUTTON, Esq. of Birmingham.*)

PRIDE is a most necessary thing. Man would be lost without it. Like a prompter behind the scenes, it influences three-fourths of our actions, though we do not always observe it; and when we see it, we wish another may not. One half of our actions are disguised, that others may not think ill of us. Let a man but look within himself, and he will see an odd compound.

It is curious to observe the progress of that most predominant of the human passions, pride. Love is as powerful, but his reign is short: pride appears at an early period, and continues for life. Before the infant can lisp out a word, it rejoices at the sight of a new pair of shoes; and before he quits the world, he methodically plans his funeral.

It operates on our food; or why do men of sense hold critical discourses by the hour on dainties? Or, if a man buy a piece of meat in the market, why does he order it to be carried home; but if he buy a couple of chickens, take a pride in carrying them himself? Or why are we inwardly chagrined when we are accidentally surprised with a table thinly spread? Why did two frugal sisters, who chose to appear elegant with a slender income, daily marshal the tea-equipage, while they secretly breakfasted upon water-gruel? Or why did Michael Pate seem a little confused, when caught dipping upon dry potatoes mashed with their peelings?

Pride shews itself even in our inquiries; or why did I *sneak* a pri-

vate view on foot, like a stolen wedding between the master and the maid, of that disregarded piece of antiquity, London Stone? while a visit to the Pantheon, like the nuptials of higher parties, will bear a coach, or a puff in the papers.

Pride is inseparable from the human character: the man without it, is the man without breath. We trace it in various forms, through every degree of people; but, like those objects about us, it is best discovered in our own sphere: those above and those below us rather escape our notice; envy attacks an equal. Pride induced the pope to look with contempt on the European princes, and it now induces them to return the compliment; it taught insolence to the Spaniard, selfishness to the Dutch; it teaches the rival nations of France and England to contend for power. Pride preserves a man from mean actions, it throws him upon meanness; it whets the sword for destruction, it urges the laudable acts of humanity, it is the universal hinge on which we move; it glides the gentle stream of usefulness, it overflows the mounds of reason, and swells into a destructive flood; like the sun, in its milder rays it animates and draws us towards perfection; but, like him in its fiercer beams it scorches and destroys.

Money is not the necessary attendant of pride; for it abounds no where more than in the lowest ranks. It adds a sprucer air to a Sunday dress, casts a look of disdain from a bundle of rags; it

boasts the *honour* of a family, while poverty unites a sole and upper-leather with a bandage of shop-thread. There are people who even *pride* themselves in humility.

This dangerous good, this necessary evil, supports the female character; without it, the brightest part of the creation would degenerate. It may be asked, "What portion may be allowed?" Prudence will answer, "As much as you please, but *not* to disgust."—It is equally found in the senate-house and the button-shop: the scene of action is the scene of pride.

Pride is usually founded upon the possession of a supposed excellence, but has always a flimsy basis. Should a person abound with landed or nabob property, he can only

consider himself a tenant at will, whose inheritance is short and uncertain; consequently, he is not far from a level with the meanest. Should he boast "a long line of ancestry," then more scoundrels may be found in *his* family, than in *his* who has no pedigree. If *beauty* is the capital, it is a flower which cannot be preserved from fading. If the possession is that of *good sense*, it will teach the owner another and a better lesson; if a *title*, his pride is founded only upon the breath of his prince, which every man may ratify or refuse at pleasure: for this is a tribute which even a peer cannot demand. Pride of every sort, beyond that which preserves from meanness, appears ill in every eye except the owner's.

LORD BYRON.

(From *Rome, Naples, and Florence*, by the Count de STENDHAL.)

I WAS introduced at the theatre to Lord Byron. What a grand countenance! It is impossible to have finer eyes! The divine man of genius! He is yet scarcely twenty-eight years of age, and he is the first poet in England, probably in the world; when he is listening to music, it is a countenance worthy of the *beau idéal* of the Greeks.

For the rest, let a man be ever so great a poet, let him besides be the head of one of the most ancient families in England, this is too much for our age, and I have learned with pleasure that *Lord Byron is a wretch*. When he came into the drawing-room of Madame de Staël at Coppet, all the English ladies left it. Our unfortunate man of genius had the imprudence to marry; his wife is very clever, and has

renewed, at his expense, the old story of *Tom Jones and Bliffl*. Men of genius are generally mad, or at the least very imprudent: his lordship was so atrocious as to take an actress into keeping for two months. If he had been a blockhead, nobody would have concerned themselves with his following the example of almost all young men of fashion; but it is well known that Mr. Murray, the bookseller, gives him two guineas a line for all the verses he sends him. He is absolutely the counterpart of M. de Mirabeau; the federalists, before the revolution, not knowing how to answer the eagle of *Marseilles*, discovered that he was a monster*.

* In giving the above, as it stands in the original, no offence whatever is intended to any of the parties concerned:

The Provencal could laugh at what befel his countryman; the Englishman, it appears, thought proper to take up the matter in the high tragic tone. The injustice which this young lord has met with in his own country, has rendered him, it is said, gloomy and misanthropic. Much good may it do him! If at the age of twenty-eight, when he can already reproach himself with having written six volumes of the finest poetry, it had been possible thoroughly to know the

it is only to shew the manner in which even the concerns of individuals in this country are made the subject of animadversion among foreigners; and that they, no less than our own countrymen, will take the liberty of sitting in judgment upon what does not concern them, and deciding peremptorily with a very imperfect knowledge of the matter.—
Translator.

world, he would have been aware, in the nineteenth century, there is but one alternative—to be a *block-head* or a *monster*.

Be this as it may, he is the most delightful monster I ever knew: in talking of poetry, in any literary discussion, he is simple as a child; the reverse is the case with an academician. He can speak the ancient Greek, the modern Greek, and the Arabian. He is learning the Armenian language here of an Armenian papas, who is occupied in composing a very curious work to ascertain the precise situation of the garden of Eden. This work Lord Byron, whose *sombre* genius adores the Oriental fictions, will translate into English. Were I in his place, I would pass myself off as dead, and commence a new life as Mr. Smith, a worthy merchant of Lima.

LETTER OF THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE, AFTERWARDS EARL OF ORFORD.

(From *Letters from the Hon. HORACE WALPOLE to GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.*.)

ARLINGTON-STREET, Jan. 11, 1764.

INSTEAD of politics, I shall amuse you to-day with a fairy tale.

I was desired to be at my Lady Suffolk's new-year's moru, where I found Lady Temple and others. On the toilette Miss Hotham spied a small round box. She seized it with all the eagerness and curiosity of eleven years. In it was wrapped up a heart-diamond ring, and a paper, in which, in a hand as small as Bachinger's, who used to write the Lord's Prayer in the compass of a silver penny, were the following lines:

Sent by a sylph, unheard, unseen,
A new-year's gift from Mab our queen:

But tell it not, for if you do,
You will be pinch'd all black and blue.
Consider well, what a disgrace
To shew abroad your mottled face;
Then seal your lips, put on the ring,
And sometimes think of OS the king.

You will easily guess that Lady Temple was the poetess, and that we were delighted with the gentleness of the thought and execution. The child, you may imagine, was less transported with the poetry than the present. Her attention, however, was hurried backwards and forwards from the ring to a new coat, that she had been trying on when sent for down. Impatient to revisit her coat, and to shew the ring to her maid, she whisked up

stairs; when she came down again, she found a letter sealed, and lying on the floor: new exclamations! Lady Suffolk bade her open it: here it is;

Your tongue, too nimble for your sense,
Is guilty of a high offence,*
Hath introduced unkind debate,
And topsy-turvy turn'd our state.
In gallantry I sent the ring,
The token of a love-sick king;
Under fair Mab's auspicious name
From me the trifling present came.
You blabb'd the news in Suffolk's ear;
The tattling zephyrs brought it here,
As Mab was indolently laid
Under a poppy's spreading shade.
The jealous queen started in rage,
She kick'd her crown, and beat her page:
"Bring me my magic wand," she cries,
"Under that primrose there it lies;
I'll change the silly, saucy chit,
Into a flea, a louse, a nit,
A worm, a grasshopper, a rat,
An owl, a monkey, hedge-hog, bat.
Ixion once a cloud embrac'd,
By Jove and Jealousy well-plac'd.
What sport to see proud Oberon stare,
And flirt it with a *pet-en l'air*!"
Then thrice she stamp'd the trembling ground,
And thrice she wav'd her wand around;
When I, endow'd with greater skill,
And less inclin'd to do you ill,
Mutter'd some words, withheld her arm,
And kindly stopp'd th' unfinish'd charm.
And though not chang'd to owl or bat,
Or something more indelicate;
Yet as your tongue has run too fast,
Your boasted beauty must not last.
No more shall frolic Cupid lie
In ambuscade in either eye,
From thence to aim his keenest dart,
To captivate each youthful heart:
No more shall envious maissies pine
At charms now flown, that once were thine:
No more, since you so ill behave,
Shall injur'd Oberon be your slave.

The next day my Lady Suffolk desired I would write her a patent for appointing Lady Temple poet-laureate to the fairies. I was excessively out of order with a pain in my stomach, which I had had for ten days, and was fitter to write verses like a poet-laureate than for

making one: however, I was going home to dinner alone, and at six I sent her some lines, which you ought to have seen how sick I was to excuse: but, first, I must tell you my tale methodically. The next morning by nine o'clock, Miss Hotham (she must forgive me twenty years hence for saying she was eleven, for I recollect she is but ten,) arrived at Lady Temple's, her face and neck all spotted with saffron, and limping. "O madam," said she, "I am undone for ever if you do not assist me!"—"Lord, child," cried my Lady Temple; "what is the matter?" thinking she had hurt herself, or lost the ring, and that she was stolen out before her aunt was up.—"O madam," said the girl, "nobody but you can assist me!" My Lady Temple protests the child acted her part so well as to deceive her. "What can I do for you?"—"Dear madam, take this load from my back; nobody but you can." Lady Temple turned her round, and upon her back was tied a child's waggon. In it were three tiny purses of blue velvet; in one of them a silver cup, in another a crown of laurel, and in the third four new silver pennies, with the patent, signed at top, *Oberon Imperator*; and two sheets of warrants, strung together with blue silk according to form; and at the top an office seal of wax, and a chaplet of cut paper on it. The warrants were these:

From the Royal Mews:

A waggon with the draught horses, delivered by command.

From the Lord Chamberlain's Office:

A warrant with the royal sign manual, delivered by command with-

out féc, being entered in the office-books.

From the Lord Steward's Office:

A butt of sack, delivered without fee or gratuity, with an order for returning the cask for the use of the office, by command.

From the Great Wardrobe:

Three velvet bags, delivered without fee, by command.

From the Treasurer of the Household's Office:

A year's salary, paid free from land-tax, poundage, or any other deduction whatever, by command.

From the Jewel-Office:

A silver butt, a silver cup, a wreath of bays, by command, without fee.

Then came the patent:

By these presents be it known,
To all who bend before our throne,
Fays and fairies, elves and sprites,
Beauteous dames and gallant knights,
That we, Oberon the grand,
Emperor of fairy-land,
King of moonshine, prince of dreams,
Lord of Aganippe's streams,
Baron of the dimpled isles
That lie in pretty maidens' smiles,
Arch treasurer of all the graces
Dispersed through fifty lovely faces,
Sovereign of the slipper's order,
With all the rites thereon that border,
Defender of the syphic faith,
Declare—and thus your monarch saith:
Whereas there is a noble dame,
Whom mortals Countess Temple name,
To whom ourself did erst impart
The choicest secrets of our art;

Taught her to tune the harmonious line
To our own melody divine;
Taught her the graceful negligence,
Which scorning art and veiling sense,
Achieves that conquest o'er the heart,
Sense seldom gains, and never art:
This lady, 'tis our royal will
Our laureate's vacant seat should fill:
A chaplet of immortal bays
Shall crown her brow and guard her lays;
Of nectar sack, an acorn cup
Be at her board each year fill'd up;
And as each quarter's feast comes round,
A silver penny shall be found
Within the compass of her shoe—
And so we bid you all adieu!

Given at our palace of Cowslip Castle, the
shortest night of the year.

OBERON.

And underneath,

HOTHAMINA.

How shall I tell you the greatest curiosity of the story? The whole plan and execution of the second act was laid and adjusted by my Lady Suffolk herself and Will. Chetwynd, master of the Mint, Lord Bolingbroke's Oroonoko - Chetwynd; he fourscore, she seventy-six; and what is more, much worse than I was, for, added to her deafness, she has been confined these three weeks with the gout in her eyes, and was actually then in misery, and had been without sleep. What spirits, and cleverness, and imagination, at that age, and under those afflicting circumstances!—
Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

R. ACKERMANN has in great forwardness, an engraved *Portrait* of his Serene Highness the Hereditary Prince of Hesse-Homburg, by Henry Meyer, after a painting by W. H. Watts.

R. Ackermann has in the press a new edition of *Accum on Gas*, which will appear early in May.

Considerable interest was excited in the fashionable world, and among gentlemen connected with the science of mechanics, at the opening view, on the 4th of April, at Mr. DODD'S, Crawford-street, Montagu-square, of the first carriage finished on the new principle of Mr. ACKERMANN'S *Patent Move-*

able *Artle*. No public notice was given, and the attendance was not only select, but such as to admit of the fullest and most complete practical examination of the improvement, by seeing it in full action in the different evolutions of the carriage, in the yard of Mr. Dodd's manufactory. Mr. BRUNELL, whose mechanical skill has gained him so much deserved reputation for his admirable government works at Portsmouth, Woolwich, and other places, was present, among other gentlemen well known in the scientific world, and with them he concurred in admitting the originality and merit of the invention. Having already described its principle minutely, it will be sufficient for us to add, that such gentlemen as wish to examine its details, may have their curiosity gratified by seeing the carriage at Mr. Dodd's.

Mr. James Arrowsmith of Richmond, Yorkshire, has in a state of considerable forwardness, a work, to be published by subscription, entitled *An Analysis of Drapery, or the Upholsterer's Assistant*. It will contain plans, in addition to numerous designs, shewing the formation and proportion of each section requisite to compose the whole, without the trouble of comparing them with a scale; and calculated to facilitate the cutting of drapery with accuracy and elegance. The proposed method is the result of upwards of twenty years' experience and attention of the author to that particular department. To render the system as intelligible as possible, the plates will be accompanied by explanatory letter-press and minutely geometrical figures, in-

dispensable to a knowledge of the business. A table will be subjoined, shewing the proportions for cutting one hundred and thirty various sized festoons, either for cornices or folding over pins, every one of which has been practically proved.

Whittle and Laurie have announced the publication, in two parts, of a *General Description of, and Directions for, the Coasts of Brasil*, from Maranhão in the north, to Rio de Janeiro and Santos in the south; accompanied with three large and elegant charts of the coast and harbours, from the surveys of Lieutenant Hewett, R.N. and others; and in which, from original observations, the enormous errors of all preceding charts and directions for these coasts have been obviated.

Mr. Faithorn has ready for publication, a very considerably enlarged edition, being the third, of *Facts and Observations on Liver Complaints*, and those various and extensive derangements of the constitution arising from hepatic irregularity and obstruction; with practical remarks on the biliary and gastric secretions, and upon other important points essential to health; pointing out a new and successful mode of treatment, illustrated by numerous cases.

Mrs. Dark of Calne, *protégée* of the Marchioness of Lansdown, has in the press, a volume of *Sonnets* and other poems.

Nightmare Abbey, a novel, by the author of *Headlong Hall*, is in the press.

Speedily will be published, *Geographical Questions and Exercises*, blest with historical and biographical information, by B. Cham-

bers, author of an Introduction to Arithmetic. . . .

In the press, and shortly will be published, in 8vo. *Lectures on the Gospel of Saint Matthew*, by the Rev. Oliver Lodge, A. B.

The following are the results of observations made in the Royal Observatory, Turin, 1817: The barometer rose to its greatest height 2d Nov. and marked $27^{\circ} 9' 60''$; the lowest point was $26^{\circ} 3'$, on the 27th of the same month. The greatest height of Reaumur's thermometer was $27^{\circ} 70'$, on the 2d of July; the lowest was $6^{\circ} 8'$ below zero, on the 31st Dec. In the course of the year there were 216 fair days, and only 29 rainy. The quantity of rain that fell was only

14 inches $9\frac{1}{2}$ lines, the usual quantity being annually 30 inches.—The evaporation was extraordinary, amounting to 69 inches $3\frac{3}{8}$ lines, the usual quantity being only 50 inches. The learned Professor Vassali Eandi observes, that the greatest depression of the barometer took place at the period of the terrible storms in the West Indies and America.

The population of Turin, Dec. 31, 1817, amounted to 88,570 souls; namely, 43,199 males, and 45,371 females; of the following classes: 510 priests; 198 churchmen, but not in orders—*clerici*; 49 friars; 34 nuns; 10,578 tradespeople; 6045 servants; 69,224 of various conditions; and 1450 Jews.

Poetry.

LARGA'S VALE*: a Poem.

By JOHN CARNEGIE.

ADIEU! yewoods, ye streams, ye plains,
Ye mountains high, thou azure main,
Ye songsters all, whose warbling strains
Oft cheer'd my heart and banish'd
pain—

Adieu! still may your charms prevail
To bless the hours at Larga's Vale.

There hospitable friendship deign'd
To shed her blessings all around;
There gentle Peace with Plenty reign'd,
And joy and Mirth her votaries found;
Alas! no more delight the tale
And social glee at Larga's Vale.

The rural nymphs along the plain
In sportive dance were often seen,
And gaily join'd th' enamour'd swain
In rustic gambols on the green;

* Larga's Vale takes its name from Larga, a small but beautiful village in Ayrshire, in Scotland, about fifteen miles below Greenock, lying on the Frith of the Clyde, to which the gentry from Glasgow and other parts resort for summer and sea-bathing quarters.

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The charming milkmaid dropp'd her pail,
To enjoy the sports in Larga's Vale.

Along the beach, when lull'd the storm,
I lov'd to roam where Mary stray'd;
With transport view'd her peerless form,
Which grace and loveliness display'd:
O matchless maid! no more avail
To me thy charms at Larga's Vale.

Fast tripping o'er the verdant lawn,
Fair Margaret wander'd not unseen,
Was oft observ'd at dewy dawn
Laving her form in ocean green;
Dress'd in her robe and flowing veil,
Again she tripp'd it o'er the dale.

Now 'cross the brooks, fresh as the thorn
She bounds—then by the hedges close
The dew-drop from the spangl'd thorn
She brush'd—then tropp'd the blush-
ing rose;

While charm'd the skylark's matin note,
She hasten'd to her straw-roof'd cot.

O thou! whom views sublime delight,
Whenever thy lot may chance this way,

T T

Gently ascend Knock's* towering height,
And thence the expansive scene survey;
Grand, far beyond my faint detail,
Must prove the views round Larga's Vale.

Progressive landscape chains the eye
O'er boundless seas, woods, hill, and
dale;

While numerous herds are browsing by,
Or distant lowing to the gale;
Now gallant ships, with swelling sail,
Glide by the shores of Larga's Vale.

Here *Cumbrac's* isles contiguous lie,
There *Bute's* fair shores, a rich domain,
While *Arran's* mist-clad summits high
Rise distant on the western main;
Bright clouds majestic roll between,
While Sol refulgent gilds the scene.

Lo! yonder, dimly to the eye,
Which great Atlantic's current braves,
Distinguish'd Ailsa's† rock descry,
Unmov'd by storms or dashing waves:
Enchanting object, rock of Aile!
Glimmering afar from Larga's Vale.

From Hayley's banks to Kelburn‡ grove,
From Kelburn grove to Fairley§ fair,
Where shall we find the scenes that prove
A match, or can with thee compare?
O may no feuds or storms prevail
To cloud thy beauties, Larga's Vale!

Peaceful retreat! in sweetest guise,
Fast by a sheltering mountain's side,
Fair, modest Brisbane|| hidden lies,
Justly esteem'd the valley's pride:

* *Knock*—A hill in the vicinity of *Largs*;
laid down in the charts as a land-mark to wa-
riners.

† *Ailsa*—A rock of great height, and of a
conical form, standing in the middle of the sea
between *Arran* and *Ayrshire*, about forty miles
south from *Largs*.

‡ *Kelburn*—A beautiful seat belonging to
the Earl of Glasgow, about a mile from *Largs*.

§ *Fairley*—A small village two miles from
Largs, near which an old castle still stands,
where it is reported the famous warrior *Hur-*
dyknute and his daughter *Fairley fair* once
resided.

|| *Brisbane*—The seat of Sir Thomas *Bri-*
sbane, to whom the *Largs* and circumjacent
land chiefly belong.

Here dwell content thy cottlers' hale,
Fair Brisbane, pride of Larga's Vale.

Though peace and happiness now reign,
The historic page in days of yore*
Unfolds, by war's terrific train
Those fields distain'd with human gore;
Here giant Terror stalk'd his round,
And scowling view'd each baleful wound.

Here Haco dar'd th' embattled plain,
His chosen troops unnumber'd fell,
Whose boasted prowess prov'd in vain
Scotia's repulsive charge to quell;
To Alexander's arms they yield,
And slaughter'd legions strew the field.

Hark! or does the Muse inspire
In Fancy's mind the scenes that rise?
Here hoary veterans expire,
There youthful vigour dormant lies;
Fell Carnage rears his gory head,
And, ah! what scenes of horror spread!

What frantic vision's that I see,
With locks dishevell'd, bosom bare,
Now lowly bending on one knee,
Her visage struck with wan despair,
Now folding to her throbbing breast
A clay-cold corse, in armour dress'd?

'Tis Halcon! a fairer dame
Sure never grac'd the nuptial tie;
She with her warlike husband came,
With him to live, with him to die—
Sweno! in martial ardour strong,
The pride of all th' embattled throng.

How graceful! in his armour clad—
She clasp'd him thrice within harrow'd
soul;

Then to the field in haste he sped,
Fearless, impetuous, 'bove controul:
There Sweno fell 'mong thousands slain,
Death's victim on th' ensanguin'd plain.

* *In days of yore*—A. D. 1263. In the reign
of Alexander III. King of Scotland, the town
of *Largs* was rendered memorable by a battle
fought there under the command of Alexander
Stuart, when Hacon King of Norway, and a
great army of Norwegians, in their first inva-
sion of Scotland, were completely defeated.

Now, when had ceased the battle's roar,
 Unto the field her course she sped;
 Oh, dreadful sight! to wake no more,
 Her husband lies on Slaughter's bed:
 She press'd him to her anguish'd breast,
 Heav'd her last sigh, and sunk to rest.

Such havoc make war's bloody crew,
 Such scenes of desolation spread:
 So on the field of Waterloo*

Full many a dauntless Briton bled;
 They fell with victory's laurels bound,
 With honour and with glory crown'd.

Great Wellington, Britannia's pride,
 Her vet'ran troops to battle led,
 Braving of war the dreadful tide,
 Like lightning o'er the field he sped;
 His soldiers from his eye fresh ardour
 drew—

But, ah! how many fell at Waterloo!

Brave Picton's blood the field distain'd,
 A warrior held of high renown;
 And Ponsonby, by valour train'd,
 And gallant Gordon death cropp'd
 down;

Legions of heroes in the contest fell,
 Whose prowess Fame to ages hence shall
 tell.

Alas! for twenty years and more,
 Europe with blood has deluged been;
 But now the tyrant's† sway is o'er,
 No more the murd'rous lance is seen,
 No more his hostile troops advance—
 Fall'n is his pride and pow'r in France.

While Time and Fate their course pursue,
 While fair Europa life retains,

* *In the field of Waterloo*—The memorable battle of Waterloo, which happened on the 18th of June, 1815, when, by the gallant efforts of the British troops under the command of the most noble Duke of Wellington, and of the Prussians under the command of Marshal Blücher, Buonaparte and his army were completely defeated; by which means peace was restored to Europe, and Louis XVIII. ascended the throne of France.

† *The tyrant's sway is o'er*—Napoleon Buonaparte, at one time chief consul, and afterwards Emperor of France, the tyrant of Europe for upwards of twenty years.

The Gauls defeat at Waterloo.

The Muse shall sing in grateful strains,
 Shall consecrate a mournful strain
 To victors in the battle slain.

Now, Fancy, to those scenes remove
 When erst to Hayley's banks confined,
 Drawn by resistless charms to love,
 Intense the passion seiz'd my mind,
 O'er all my circling spirits stole,
 Its influence sweet above controul.

O Memory! retrace the time,
 Those pure and hazy days so blest,
 When Annabel, in beauty's prime,
 My heart with purest love impress'd;
 Then genial pleasures could avail
 To charm the hours at Larga's Vale.

Now by yon orb's resplendent light,
 That radiant beams on climes untold,
 Lov'd Anna's charms gave more delight
 Than wealth or sceptred power unfold;
 More transport to my ravish'd heart,
 Her voice than heavenly choirs impart.

Alas! how blighted all my joy,
 When distant o'er th' Atlantic main
 My love was destin'd to comply,
 Compell'd to wed another swain!
 Sweet hope is fled—my constant mind
 No ease, relief, nor cure can find.

Delusive since my thoughts have ro'v'd,
 When carelessly I mov'd along
 O'er scenes of bliss, too much beloved,
 That reason bade not to prolong;
 Still must I cherish and bewail
 The fond remem'brance—Larga's Vale!

The confluent waves along the shore
 Full many a time their pow'r I've tried,
 For sportive oft did I explore,
 And stem the current of their tide;
 Fair Fancy sure shall never fail,
 The thoughts of these and Larga's Vale.

Oft on the pebbly shore I stray'd,
 And gather'd stones of various hue,
 Or laid me in the cooling shade,
 Where charming scenery struck my
 view;
 Or Thomson's chaste descriptive page
 My happiest thoughts and hours engage.

To various exercise I chang'd;
Now climb'd the steepest mountain's
brow,

Now wily in the thicket rang'd,
And mark'd the game my fire laid
low;

Or in my skiff, with barbed hook
The finny tribes unnumber'd took.

While on those happy banks I trod,
Soothed with fostering care and love,
Returning health propitious flow'd,
And all my ails did far remove;
For which may Heaven benign entail
Its choicest gifts on Larga's Vale.

Hail, inmates of that charming vale!
Peace, health, content around you flow;
May each returning day avail,
To make your bliss more perfect grow;
And virtue's precepts pure inhale,
Ye lovely youth of Larga's Vale!

Adieu, ye woods, ye streams, ye plains,
Ye mountains high, thou azure main,
Ye songsters all, whose warbling strains
Oft cheer'd my heart and banish'd
pain—

Adieu! still may your charms prevail,
To bless the hours at Larga's Vale!

GLASGOW, March 1818.

EXTRACTS

From Mrs. M^ULLEN's *Britain*, just published.

ENGLAND.

Now spread the sail, salute the island-
queen,

Smiling on Plenty in a robe of green;
While Peace and Flora to her altars bring
The blooming olive in the vale of spring.
Inviting rivers charm on every side,
Pouring their tribute to the ocean tide.
Imperial Thames! the Naiads' darling
stream,

Neptune's pavilion, and the Muses'
theme;

Gondolas, bridges, palaces, and wealth,
Enjoyment, luxury, delight, and health,
Assemble here, exceeding proudest
thought

That Egypt cherish'd, or that Carthage
taught.

O Cleopatra! when thy gilded fleet
Spread silk and silver and the ivory seat,
Could the aquatic deities believe,
Or mortal fancies venture to conceive,
That garish pageantry would yet create
Gayer flotilla and superior state?
But did Egyptian princess ever share
Yachts so resplendent as Lodona's
mayor?

Lodona! fairest, brightest, most re-
nown'd,

By arts encircled, and by science crown'd;
The mart of industry, life's fullest tide,
Learning's emporium, and Britannia's
pride;

Long may'st thou flourish, long deserve
to be

Respected, eulogized, revered, and free!

Pass many an islet, many a shelt'ring bay,
Where Zephyrs fondly with the blue
wave play;

The balmy fragrance of the hills inhale,
And bless the echoes of the breathing
vale:

Behold the beacon, and the sparkling
shore,

The sea's signal, silent semaphore,
The promontory's height, the dazzling
cliff,

The anchor'd bulwark, and the floating
skiff.

Splendour and wealth are wafted on the
breeze,

Whilst Commerce smiles along the peo-
pled seas.

Those who ne'er wander from the busy
strand,

Welcome at home the growth of every
land;

The gem, the spice, the fruit, and the
perfume,

The Persian fabric, Oriental plume.

Far as the eye can stretch, 'tis England
still—

The verdant meadow, the aspiring hill,
The chalky cliff, the castle, and the cot,
The splendid turret, and the silent grove;
The crowded city, and the hamlet, poor
In Fortune's gifts, but rich in Freedom's
store;

To thee, loved Albion! now a short adieu,
The course we vary, but the song pursue.

SCOTLAND.

Hail, Caledonia! though bare hills be
thine,
Though round thy temples no soft myr-
tles twine,
Though at thy feet spread no luxuriant
vine;
Yet, though thy land the soul of freedom
glows,
Born 'mid the storm, and nurtured in the
snows.
Oh! in that land where Wallace nobly
bled,
Where valour oft the heart's last drop
hath shed;
Where the rough Highlands shelter'd
Learning's ghost,
From the last crush of an invading host;
When bards, half-veil'd by mist, of free-
dom sung,
And clans re-echoed in the mountain
tongue,
Gave the full pibroch to the list'ning
vale,
And warm'd the ardent spirit of the Gael:
Till may the minstrel-harp delighted
swell
Among Highland mounts and in the Low-
land dell;
Give the proud cadence to the eagle's
wing,
Or lone Saint Kilda's downy tribute bring;
Or let a Muse the barren Orkneys seek,
In distant loneliness obscure and bleak;
Embrace the silence of the breezy steep,
And waft the shell's wild echoes to the
deep.

IRELAND.

Again cast anchor, once more clue the
sail—
Ye emerald mountains, sea-girt Erin,
hail!
Love's own Apollo, lord of sparkling lore,
Is Erin's lyrist, Erin's patriot Moore!
And sportive Fancy, on her sylph-like
wing,
Bears as sweet a shamrock to reviving spring;

Or hov'ring near, where love and wit
combine,

Strews smiling rose-buds on the summer-
shrine.

E'en when dark Winter bids his tempest
blow,

And congelation is enwreath'd with snow,
Then hospitality can make amends

For distant country and for absent friends;
Give the full goblet with an artless smile,
And welcome strangers to the Emerald
Isle;

Warm the quick pulse with genial, friend-
ly glow,

Till memory thrill, ideas learn to flow.

Never did Erin greet with aspect cold,
A needy wanderer from the Muses' fold;
But in her hut displays the humble store
That marks her spirit, though it speak
her poor.

Convivial circles, round her peat-warm'd
hearth,

To many a tale and many a song give
birth;

While strangers mingle in the mirthful
lays,

And feeling pours the tributary praise.

THE ZODIAC DINNER.

Addressed to a Friend who had often refused
to visit, on the plea of being unwilling to
neglect his Child's Education.

The earth, I think, has nearly run
His yearly journey round the sun,
Since you and I have met to dine;
Is it your fault, my friend, or mine?
No matter which, I dine at home
On Thursday next, and beg you'll come;
And as I know you do not choose
Your little son his task should loose,
(In globes, I hear, he's a beginner.)

I'll give you both a *zodiac-dinner*.

And first an humble leg of lamb
Must call to mind it's father Ram;
Whether 'tis good, and boil'd enough,
Or whether it be old and tough.

Then a rump-steak, of gravy full,
Shall represent it's parent Bull.

Twins shall be chicken side by chicken,
And Crab I know you're fond of picking.

But now, methinks, I hear you say,
 "Hou will you have the fish, I say?
 Why there I'm puzzled I must tell ye,
 So must have *him* in shape of jelly.
 The fishmonger shall lend his aid,
 And send us *Virgo* in a *maid*;
 On which (that you may *Libra* view)
 The cook shall leave a *scale* or *two*.

And my confectioner shall make
 A *Scorpion* in a *tipsy-cake*;
 The *Archer*, with his bow and arrow,
 Shall be depicted on a *marrow-Pudding*;
 and should they mar the sign,
 T'will be the baker's fault, not mine.
 Then midst the *nick-nacks* that adorn us,
Blancmange shall shew you *Capricornus*.
 Old John, so fam'd for duties various,
 That day shall personate *Aquarius*,
 And (like small cannons bent on slaughter)

Shall bang and pop out *soda water*.
 Then *prawns* shall be our little *Fishes*,
 With *butter*, *cheese*, and *spring ra--dishes*.

I can't give more, I will not less,
 So come and dine with

R. S. S.

MADRIGAL.

I would not change for cups of gold
 This little cup that you behold;
 'Tis from the beech that form'd a chair
 At noonday for my village fair.

I would not change for Persian loom
 The humble matting of my room;
 'Tis of those very rushes twined
 Oft press'd by charming *Rosalinde*.

I dearer love the lowly wicket
 That opens on her fav'rite thicket,

Than portal proud, or towers that frown,
 Though they mount up of old renown.

I would not change this foolish heart,
 That learns from her to joy or smart,
 For his that burns with love of glory,
 And loses life to live in story.

Yet in themselves, my heart, my cot,
 My mat, my bowl, I value not,
 But only as they one and all,
 My lovely *Rosalinde* recall.

M.

TEARS.

The tears repentant guilt may shed
 Are sacred in their source,
 But, oh! the troubled stream is fed
 And bitter'd by remorse.

And joy has tears, but all too wild
 They rush with torrent haste;
 The heart, their channel, is despoil'd,
 And left a ruin'd waste.

But tears there are in silence shed,
 So clear, so smooth they flow,
 So heaven-reflecting is their bed,
 They seem not urg'd by woe.

O sacred tears! the heart's relief;
 O balm to sorrow dear,
 The last expression left to grief,
 When bent o'er friendship's bier!

Then, mourner! seek not to restrain
 Those tears at grief that start,
 They follow in her path of pain,
 To heal the wounded heart.

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PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

(Continued from p. 256.)

PLATE 33.—EAST VIEW OF SION.

THE view enjoyed from the castle of Tourbillon is magnificent, and extends over the Upper and Lower Valais. The spectator may embrace in one glance, the successive gradation of every climate, from the frozen summits of the Alps, to the fertile fields covered with the richest productions of the hot countries. It is from the entrance to this castle that the annexed view was taken. The mass of buildings in the fore-ground is the castle of Valerie; at its foot is seen part of the town of Sion. The plain of the Lower Valais which you

traverse on leaving Martigny, and the unequal course of the Rhone, appear in the distance. On a small eminence at the extremity of the valley is also seen the castle of Bathia, formerly the residence of the Bishops of Sion, at the foot of which the traveller passes on his way to Martigny. The distant mountains which border the horizon are the Forclas and the Col de Balme, over which lies the road to Chamouni, and above them the peak of Argentiere and the Red Needles (*Aiguilles Rouges*.)

MISCELLANIES.

PL. 34.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER XIX.

(Continued from page 262.)

AT this moment, I do assure you, Edward, the man shamed our most celebrated actors: for no sooner had he taken off his cap, and set down his rusty musket in a corner, than his eyes sparkled with anima-

tion, and the impulse of genius quivered upon his lips. He placed himself opposite to me, and the dignity of his attitude and countenance formed a strange contrast with the performance of his poet,

which he recited with proper emphasis and with a most sonorous voice, without which the finest poetry makes no impression upon the heart. When he had finished his prologue, his brother caused me not less surprise by the unexpected vivacity with which he also transported himself from his military station into the sphere of his former art.

"My brother's prologue will be quite enough for you, sir," said he, "for it contains every thing that was represented in our play, and I will not detain you with my epilogue. It was indeed neither the one nor the other that effected the overthrow of our theatre; though they were afterwards used as a pretext for the injustice which a hypocrite, who was disturbed in his own part, did to us, to the creation of the world and the state of innocence. Towards the conclusion of the piece, when the sun, moon, and stars were to disappear, in order to prevent any disagreeable smell from their extinction, I went between all the rows of benches fumigating the house, and coming to the darkest corner in the rear, I perceived a couple of spectators who seemed themselves to have no wish to be seen, and manifested strong symptoms of discomposure when I approached too near them with my perfuming-pan. It was a young officer, and—conceive my embarrassment if you can—it was the same pretty creature whom I had before so innocently frightened in the company of M. Duchiquet. I clearly saw that she had at this moment more cause of self-reproach than all our *marionettes*; and yet these were destined to suffer more

severely than she for her infidelity that night to her patron. The disappointment of the revengeful cannon lay heavily upon us, and will never cease to oppress us as long as we are in this world."—"I hope not, for the sake of your distinguished talents," said I, interrupting the grenadier. "You are formed by nature for pathetic parts, and I trust that the oppression which has deprived the public of two such excellent actors, will not be of much longer continuance."

Here Bastian entered, to inform them that their supper was ready. At this intimation Prologue moved off; but Epilogue, warmed by my applause, entreated his brother to have patience a few moments. "It was very lucky, however," resumed he, turning to me, "that this scene was disclosed to me by the light of my censer, otherwise we should not to this hour have discovered the secret concatenation of our tragic history."—"Are we any the better for that?" growled his hungry brother.—"But now," continued the other, "we can now trace the cause of our misfortunes from the first hidden spring which set so many wheels in motion. It would now be easy for a poet to compose a tragedy from it, as regular as *The Conspiracy of Venice*, or *The Fall of the Empire of Babylon*, if we were but so fortunate as to possess a theatre wherein to perform it. The three unities, sir, of place, time, and action, are here, according to the rules of Aristotle, most intimately combined, and would be as sure to produce their effect as——"The torrent of his erudition became rather too strong for me.—"You are the first person I

ever saw," said I, with a look of surprise, "who was able to arrange his misfortunes *secundum artem*, and even to weave like the spider a web from the material of his own life: nevertheless, I would advise you as a friend to defer the attempt for the present, lest, according to the rules of Aristotle--your soup should get cold."—"Oh, the unfortunate gift of loquacity!" ejaculated he with a sigh. "It has, like my evil genius, always stood in my way. It is this—why should I deny it?—that has deprived my brother and me of all the warm soups which we should have enjoyed—for, look you, sir, before I could return to my allotted place, I related to some of my acquaintance in the house the discovery which I had made in the corner; one neighbour whispered it to another, and every face was soon turned towards the abashed couple. On reaching the stage, instead of proceeding to the epilogue, I could not help communicating my secret, first to my brother, next to our poet, and then to the candle-snuffer. This took up some time, and I let the audience knock and thump before I entered to deliver my address. Alas! I had then no notion that it would be my last! This delay, sir, somewhat deranged many families in Avignon. Each of the spectators reached home half an hour too late, and the beautiful Clara among the rest. O sir, if our eyes could penetrate into the cabinets of the great, how different would be our judgment of the value of their time, and the influence which the loss of a minute often has upon the fate of empires! The critical hour at which the canon expected his

favourite was past. He called, he inquired, he looked for her, and despatched all his servants, not excepting his cook, in quest of her. The latter, after having in vain sought her at her aunt's, accidentally observed the crowd of spectators quitting our theatre. He saw the pretty object of his search hanging to the arm of the young officer; he was soon made acquainted with the why and wherefore, and communicated the affair to his master with Heaven knows what additions. This lesson at least I learned on that occasion, that no Epilogue ought to be a gossip: the result proved how happy it would have been had I learned it before. The canon withdrew his friendship from Clara, and banished her the same night from his house. She was no longer allowed, like the poor man's sheep, to sleep upon his bosom and to eat out of his dish."—"Dear brother," said Prologue, whose patience was exhausted, "would it not be well if we were to sit down to ours while it is warm?"—"Do so," rejoined the other; "but don't interrupt me." He then proceeded with as much vehemence as ever—"The rage of the canon now operated terribly upon us; he called up the fiscal, accused us as seducers of youth, caused our bills to be torn down, and revenged upon us poor innocent fellows, the pangs of his own jealousy in the most cruel manner. The officers of justice broke into our peaceful dwelling, seized our decorations, our puppets, and our papers—"—"I beg pardon for interrupting you," cried I—"your papers, did you say?"—"Yes, our papers," repeated he, wiping his

brow; "we saved nothing but what was in our heads, and never more beheld our comedies and tragedies, except when they were produced as evidence against us. Those passages which always received the greatest applause were underlined with red ink, and the fiscal had entered them in a list which he termed our criminal catalogue."—"So!" said I gravely, and, my heart beat so violently that I was obliged to rise. "Go for the present; when you have supped, I will hear the remainder of your story."

I hastened from them into my library, to recover from the sudden consternation into which I had been thrown, in an apartment devoted to contemplation. Here, reclining my head against the book-case, I began seriously to consider of what I had just heard. The horrid fate that threatened my journal was present to my view. To a certainty, said I to myself, they will seize that as well as the parts of the poor puppet-players. They will consign it—I could feel my cheeks burn at this idea—to some judicial translator, and the most private particulars of your residence here, your silly pranks, and your critical remarks on the follies of others, will be trumpeted over the whole city. What in the name of Fortune would become of you, if the dean were to learn all your dogmatic transactions with Clara, and all the equivocal adventures of your memorable crusade, to underline them with red ink, to extract your bit of *haut gât*, which, diluted with twenty pages of sound reflections, cannot offend the most delicate taste, and submit it, compressed into a single leaf, to the tribu-

nal?—Ye saints, ye martyrs of truth, in mercy divert from me this misfortune!—I formed one stupid project after the other, could discover no method of extricating myself, and at length was so frightened, that I could almost have followed the example of St. John, and swallowed my bitter book. Could I confide it to my sentinels? or should I conceal it about my own person or that of my servant?—These expedients, said I to myself, folding my arms, have been too frequently employed not to be dangerous. But what an inexhaustible source of contrivances is the heart of one in distress! Give it time, and it will discover outlets with which the most experienced runner is unacquainted. After some little consideration my perplexity vanished. I saw the place of safety that I sought, and that very near to me. A spot better calculated for the concealment of my persecuted work could not have been devised. The most crafty Jesuit, the most zealous inquisitor would have felt a horror if he had been obliged to approach this sanctuary, or to extend his consecrated hand towards it. You, who are so intimately acquainted with my ways, will have no difficulty to divine my hiding-place; but fortunately not a soul here knows me so well and is so cunning as you, not even the dean or the keeper of Laura's tomb.

I now calmly returned to my parlour, threw myself carelessly into the arm-chair, sent for my guards, and the more eagerly entreated the narrator to proceed with his tragic history, the more I had convinced myself in my soliloquy how useful it is to learn from the

example of a person who has already been punished, the course of that justice into whose hands one falls. "Would it not be better," resumed Epilogue with a question which attested the goodness of his heart, "if I were to drop the curtain over the conclusion of our pitiable fate, as I perceive that the beginning has made so deep an impression on your compassionate soul? Ah, sir! the excellent wine from which I am just come, seems to have rendered me more susceptible of sadness, and I would not answer for it but that the sympathy of misfortune——"—"Compose yourself," said I kindly to him, "and I will try to do the same. But let me beg of you to moderate your affected language, and to dispense with your tragic tone where it is out of place; for I am no admirer of tears and fainting fits."—"I will do my best," replied he; and to the great gratification of my ears, he pretty well kept his word. "Our theatre," continued he, in a more modest style, "was shut up. My poor brother and I, to the grief of the whole city, were consigned to prison, and our process commenced. We underwent nine examinations, but the gentlemen would not be convinced of our innocence. Long speeches were made *pro* and *con*, and dusty folios referred to, before the tribunal could decide upon our guilt. Thus were we shut up on bread and water for seven dismal weeks, before a definitive sentence was pronounced. At length, in the last sitting, the indulgent president declared, that, in consideration of our ignorance, the spiritual tribunal had determined to let mercy take the place of jus-

tice. Instead therefore of corporal or capital punishment, it imposed only a fine of three hundred livres, which we were to pay to the poor's fund of the cathedral; and to defray the expenses of the process, it had directed its understrappers to seize our effects. We were both thunderstruck at the announcement of this merciful sentence, which doomed us in smooth words to perish with hunger. We were not suffered to remonstrate; the president ordered us out of the hall, and we were conducted to our habitation to witness the execution of their mercy, as they called it. Ah, sir! if it were possible to die of grief, I should not have survived the day on which I beheld the produce of many years labour, the valuable collection of our mechanical contrivances, partly disposed of by public auction—but the principal figures sacrificed to the vengeance of our accuser! Brutus and Cato, Cæsar and Pompey, fell into the hands of the Jews. One broker bought the tree of knowledge, and another the moon and stars. The birds of the air and the beasts of the sea now became playthings for children; and, at the desire of the canon, our first parents were doomed, for their nakedness, as he expressed it, to the flames. And what other costume would have been consistent with the state of innocence? Prayers and entreaties were of no avail. They were both seized by the executioners, and the barbarians burned them before our own door. Excuse, sir, the tears which I cannot help consecrating to their memory. They forgot that these were but puppets—Eve, in the full bloom of female beauty,

and Adam—whom it was impossible to look at without recognising in him the sovereign of the world! The state of innocence is gone for ever! For this we have to thank the clergy. They destroyed—it is their way—the whole creation without remorse, to secure their own perquisites. The Gordian knot of our tragedy, the fine of three hundred livres, was still to be untied. The hero destined to cut it appeared. Figure to yourself, sir, if you can, our sensations, when there appeared at the bar before which we knelt—like a *Deus e machina*—the very same young officer who seven weeks before had witnessed so much at his ease our representation of the formation of woman, and who proposed to purchase us from the poor's fund. The bargain was struck before our faces. Betrayed, plundered, and sold, like our Cæsar and Cato, we were led away by the man of war, measured, clothed in rags which we should have scrupled to put on our Belisarius—and have ever since belonged to the papal guard. From the most paltry pittance that ever was allotted to the slaves of our profession, the barbarian who bought us deducts monthly one half till we shall have reimbursed the purchase-money. But he is likely to pay dearly enough at last for this human traffic; that is some consolation to us: for famine, it is to be hoped, will consign us to the grave before he has repaid himself for his odious advance."

"Bastian," cried I, wiping my eyes, "take care to let these poor fellows want for nothing while they are guarding me. Give them as much as they can eat, and when

you fetch wine, ask for the communion wine; for in this accursed land I know it must be the best, because none but the priests partake of it."

The revenge which these poor creatures thought to take of their captain now gave place to a sweeter sensation. "God bless you, sir," said one of them, "for your generosity to a couple of the saddest merry-makers that ever existed!"—"The clergy," said the other, "have robbed us of all our treasures, except the genuine pearls that now drop from our eyes. We feel that we are not bereft of every thing—that we still possess hearts not unworthy of your kindness and regard."—"Rise, my good fellows," replied I, interrupting the torrent of their feelings, and extending a hand to each to raise them from the floor, upon which they had thrown themselves before me as before the image of a saint: "forget your misfortunes over the fresh bottle that awaits you. Much good may it do you; and remind Bastian, when he has provided what you want, to fill my inkstand." I looked stedfastly upon the two unhappy brothers, as with tears and smiles they turned from me, and returned hand in hand to their post; and then fell—truly not without reason—out of one melancholy train of ideas into another.

Here then, thought I, do I again find talents a prey to misery—happy people to sullen hypocrites—good-hearted creatures to starvation! O ye most unfortunate of all puppet-players! so, then, all the fine declamations and sentiments concerning generosity and compassion, which ye were daily accustomed to apply warm to the hearts of your

auditors, have produced no fruit ! Not a soul then has thought of repaying you for a single one of the merry evenings, so many of which you dispensed with the sweat of your brows among your giddy fellow-citizens ! So, then, your crying misery has not wrung from a single individual of your acquaintance one of those voluntary contributions for the purpose of prolonging your lives, which they once sacrificed without hesitation to an hour's amusement ! O the fools ! who must have poets and machinery and puppets to render the sweet fruit of humanity agreeable to their palates ! who, while they throng to the theatre to weep over the imitated death of Ugelino, pass on the way with dry eyes by the wretch who needs no more than the price of admission, to be preserved meanwhile from perishing like him ! Incomprehensible contradiction of the human heart, which, more powerfully moved by the delusion of the senses than by the most crying truth, cold and cruel towards the wretchedness of a fellow-creature, feels compassion only for that which is long past, and which is borrowed from the fables of antiquity ! Ye martyrs of innocent mirth, continued my affected heart, apostrophizing the unfortunate brothers ; as your unworthy countrymen have forsaken you, I will befriend you from my prison ; and if it please God that I survive this night, ye shall to-morrow breakfast on the cakes which your ungrateful Theæseus has so often carried past your longing eyes. How much am I indebted to you for so lively a picture of your wretched fate, which has moved me more than the most

regular piece in a first-rate theatre ! It has completely reconciled me to the petty vexation which has made you my guards. But, above all, ye have unconsciously rendered an important service to me, to my Edward, and perhaps to posterity, by rescuing my journal, which if it recorded your history alone would be instructive, from an ignominious end. This, I vow, shall not pass unrequited.

With these words, I raised my eyes with great emotion towards heaven ; I felt that I was in the way to perform a generous action, and cannot tell you, Edward, what joy it gave me to see some good spring out of my complicated history with Clara. For thus much is certain, that but for my inquisitive sally upon her virtue and charms, but for my incursion into the demesne of the dean, but for my ardent zeal against the casuistical herd, I should scarcely have become acquainted with the two oppressed performers. How could I have relieved them ? how could the generous thought have been developed which now warms my whole soul, and urges me to save two honest and well-meaning persons, who, if it please God, will doubly repay my kindness to nature and the world ?

This smiling prospect, which I discovered in the back-ground, impelled me still more to cut my way through the wilderness which immediately surrounded me. But how was this to be done ? The most essential point, as I conceived, was to secrete my papers. Without farther consideration I seized my journal, which would have afforded such strong evidence against me ; rolled it up, and tied it with Clara's

blue garter, all but the sheet upon which I am writing, and then deposited it in the place to which I have alluded, and which you have already divined—the hollow plaster head of the good Rousseau. I was unable to suppress a smile when I had restored the bust to its former situation, and standing before it, compared the grave look that it cast upon me with the pranks that were concealed within it. I was obliged to force myself away from his bust, that I might put the thoughts of him out of my head, lest I should be infected with his gravity, which seemed quite unsuitable for my approaching trial. Owing, I suppose, to the mood into which Prologue and his brother had thrown me, I could not for a long time view my appearance before the tribunal in any other light than as a puppet-play. Had I continued in this humour, what would have become of me the next day! Fortunately, during my activity external and internal, I had not observed that my candle was burnt out, and I was left in the dark before I could call for another. While Bastian was engaged in providing a fresh one, I seated myself in my arm-chair, and in the three or four minutes which thus elapsed, my courage completely evaporated.

The examination that awaited me now assumed a far more serious aspect. The gentlemen who were to sit in judgment upon me, however I might view them as mere actors, seemed to me to take far greater pleasure in tragic pieces than farces. In the slow progress of judicial proceedings, as described by my guards, I had infinitely more reason to reckon upon a gaol

fever than an acquittal. I could not deny that my transgressions were far more heinous than theirs, and that it would not require much ability to infer from the evidence that lay there against me, and from my own voluntary confession, a misdemeanour, of which even the high court of justice at Berlin, notwithstanding its love of mercy, would not venture to acquit me without a cabinet order to that effect.

The plan which the sacristan had suggested from ignorance of my circumstances, was opposed by the cheerless confiscation already pronounced by the dean upon all my effects. What then could protect me against the religion of my adversaries?—a religion which, contrary to all the laws of chivalry, deprives you of your arms before it has thrown down the gauntlet. I scratched my head again and again, and my forehead became more wrinkled than Rousseau's as I fearfully counted the few hours yet left me, after deducting those required for sleep, to prepare my defence. I felt more and more urgently the necessity of devising some feasible plan; but when I considered the difficulties attending the execution, I fancied myself lost beyond redemption. My courage gradually sunk, and of course, agreeably to the laws of gravity, my fears rose in the same ratio. Nothing but a miracle, cried I, in a kind of despair, can extricate me from this infernal dilemma. Thanks be to Chance, which suggested the exclamation! How happens it that frequently, the most unmeaning word which drops from our lips makes so powerful an impression

upon the soul, and begets ideas and resolutions to which the utmost efforts of our understanding would not have conducted us?—A miracle? I repeated, and is it absolutely impossible to contrive one forcible enough to overthrow your opponents? I ran through all the stories of miracles that I was acquainted with, but none of them was adapted to my circumstances. If, said I to myself, you were to leap out of the window, it would certainly be a *miracle* if you did not break your neck; but granting you did not, what would that avail you? As you cannot leap out of the city, the people would soon overtake you, and deliver you up again to your old gaoler, while the dean and the *procureur* would adduce your attempt to escape as an additional evidence against you.

After proposing to myself many fresh schemes, all equally absurd, I at last hit upon one on which I build the greatest expectations of success, though I cannot deny that even in this stupid country the adventure is a bold one. At present I cannot enter into the details of it; but I must say a few words concerning one of the persons whom I mean to bring into action, that you may not be too much alarmed when he appears—I mean the canon, whose attendance I have requested in a note to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, to witness the supernatural event. His presence is so necessary for my purpose, that I retract the precipitate opinion expressed in former letters of his unfitness for business of any kind. A nearer acquaintance with him, through the loquacity of my guard, now exhibits him to me in a light which completely

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eclipses both the bookseller and the sacristan. Hitherto, I confess, I have unjustly regarded him as nothing more than a vain, superstitious simpleton; and I could not help wondering how the Bishop of Nismes could with a good conscience have recommended me to a being so insignificant. Now, however, that Epilogue has pictured him as a vicious, lascivious, revengeful, and timorous man, who can ride his high horse when another holds the bridle for him, the recommendation of the good bishop seems highly judicious; and I should be an enemy to myself if I were to hesitate any longer to employ these qualities, and a character so consistent with the public spirit prevailing here, in order to vanquish my persecutors with their own weapons. Let none then presume to say, that this or the other person is fit for nothing. Even the toad, from which you turn with disgust, serves to absorb poisonous exhalations pernicious to health; and must you not consider every beggar who excites your compassion as your benefactor, if you delight in benevolent feelings? Tell me candidly, if people destitute of virtue, talent, and taste, do not afford the best food to your hungry pride? if the comparison of their defects with your perfections does not enliven many an hour? and if it is not more grateful to your weak eyes to look at the darkness of those who stand below you, than at their brilliancy, whom industry, nature, and education have made your equals, or raised above you? I have now no time to pursue this theme; but I wish, Edward, that some man of genius would take up the sub-

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ject: for I have some indistinct notion, that, with a little reflection upon it, we should easily get into the right way not to despise any of our fellow-creatures, and to preserve friendship with the whole world.

I have just received an answer from the canon, to whom I am indebted for this philanthropic digression. He will be here at the appointed hour. Now indeed I

think I must have learned very little of the puppet-players, if the business does not turn out as I could wish. One thing yet remains to be done, that is, to transfer my defence from my head to paper, and from the paper to my head again, before I can retire to rest with the certainty of seeing the whole rascally set to-morrow at my feet.

THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

"My dear Augustus," cried Frederic Sternheim to his cousin Walstein, "I have just done something which I fear you will be displeased with."

"Then do not tell it to me."

"Oh! I must; I could not live in peace if I concealed any thing from you: Did not my poor uncle with his last breath enjoin us to live together as if we had only one heart between us?"

Walstein was sensibly affected at this mention of a father whom he had tenderly loved, and whose memory he venerated even with enthusiasm. "You are right, dear Frederic," said he, pressing the hand of his young cousin.

Sternheim returned the pressure, but continued silent; nor was it till Augustus had repeatedly begged of him to speak, that he hesitatingly acknowledged he had given Madame Weimar reason to believe he loved her.

"Dear Frederic, how could you be so incautious? how often have I told you she is the last woman upon earth whom you ought to think of for a wife?"

"I see her foibles, Augustus, as clearly as you do, but I am certain that they are not incurable; and you yourself must acknowledge, that they are more, much more than balanced by her virtues."

"I acknowledge no such thing. I do not deny that she is said to possess some amiable qualities, but they are wholly obscured by her extravagance and her love of admiration."

"Do not say so, for Heaven's sake! do not speak thus of a woman whom honour will compel me to make my wife!"

On hearing these words, which Frederic pronounced with great vehemence, Augustus was evidently shocked, and for some time continued silent; at last he said, "Tell me, my friend, how, in Heaven's name, has all this been brought about?"

"I cannot tell you, in truth I do not know myself how the declaration of my passion escaped me, for until yesterday I followed your advice of shunning her as much as I decently could; but yesterday business obliged me to go to her fa-

ther's; the servant shewed me, by mistake as I suppose, into an apartment where she was sitting alone: she was evidently dejected, and appeared confused at seeing me. She spoke of my absence; I attempted to excuse it under pretence of business: it was easy to perceive by her answer, that she was aware it was only a pretence. Her allusions to the past, the tenderness of her looks, and the thought that I had given her some reason to complain, conquered my prudence and resolution; in short, I acknowledged that I loved her, and had long loved her."

"And what reply——"

"Before she could utter one her father entered."

"Would to Heaven he had come sooner! But it is of no use now," continued Walstein, laying, in spite of himself, a strong emphasis on the *now*, "to look back; the future is all you have to think of. Your affairs will not admit of an immediate marriage; it is your duty, as an honest man, to inform Madame Weimar of this, and to tell her also, that if she becomes your wife, she must not expect to live in the style she did during her late husband's lifetime. If she loves you, she will willingly consent to such regulations as the moderate state of your fortune renders necessary; if she does not, you can have no hesitation in breaking with her directly."

"Dear Walstein, I cannot believe she will oppose any thing reasonable."

Walstein sighed, but he made no reply, and Frederic soon left him, with a heart much lightened by the disclosure he had made.

Sternheim was just five years

younger than Augustus, with whom he had been brought up, and whom he loved as a brother. Mr. Walstein, the father of Augustus, was the uncle of Frederic; he had a more than common affection for his nephew, who was the child of his favourite sister; he spared no pains in his education, and he had the satisfaction to see that those pains were well bestowed.

In one respect only Frederic disappointed the hopes and expectations of Mr. Walstein: his understanding was good, his heart and his temper were excellent, but he was unfortunately deficient in firmness of character. His uncle vainly tried to remedy this single defect, of the ill consequence of which he was fully aware. Frederic's affection for his cousin, however, relieved in some degree the apprehensions of his anxious uncle, for Augustus, independent of his superiority of age, was eminently fitted by nature to be the guide and adviser of Frederic. For this reason the worthy Walstein encouraged as much as possible the brotherly love which subsisted between the youths: he solemnly bequeathed Frederic to the care of his son, and he earnestly conjured both, not to suffer any circumstance to interrupt the friendship which subsisted between them.

At the period of which we are speaking Mr. Walstein had been dead just three years. Frederic was nearly twenty-two; his parents, who both died when he was about fifteen, left their property, which was but moderate, so much involved, that it would not be quite clear before Frederic attained his twenty-fourth year. More than once

since the death of his uncle, young Sternheim had been guilty of pecuniary imprudencies, but owing to the watchful care of his cousin, he had hitherto avoided any serious entanglements.

Some months before the conversation which we have just related, Frederic had first seen and been captivated with the charms of Madame Weimar. She was a widow, and nearly of his own age. When little more than sixteen, she had been united by her parents to Mr. Weimar, a man old enough to be her grandfather, who doated on her to the greatest excess. Her conduct as a wife had been irreproachable, but unfortunately the weak indulgence of her husband strengthened her ruling foibles, which were vanity and extravagance.

During the life of Mr. Weimar they lived in splendour; he had a place at court which brought him a large income, and though it was his sole dependence, he saved nothing from it. His death consequently reduced his widow to comparative poverty; she returned to the house of her father, who was far from affluent, and she was obliged to restrict her expenses within very narrow bounds.

Soon after she removed to her father's she became acquainted with Frederic, on whose heart her beauty and fascinating manners soon made a deep impression. Frederic was handsome and amiable, and the young widow soon participated in the passion she had raised, but before any declaration had taken place Augustus interfered: though personally a stranger to Madame Weimar, he was acquainted with her character, and his ve-

hement opposition to the match had induced Frederic to act with a degree of reserve which gave inexpressible pain to Madame Weimar. Chance, however, had now broken the barrier, and Augustus, as a man of honour, was fully sensible, from his cousin's account of what had passed between him and his Amelia, that there was no way of avoiding the marriage if she was inclined to accept him.

At Walstein's own desire he was the next day introduced to Madame Weimar, who, sensible of the influence he possessed over the mind of his cousin, endeavoured to receive him in such a manner as should prepossess him in her favour. Without effort she would probably have succeeded, but, as is often the case, her over-anxiety to please produced an opposite effect: Walstein found her manners constrained and artificial, and he quitted her with his prejudices against her rather strengthened than abated.

From that time, however, he visited her frequently in company with his friend, but during a period of some weeks neither the fair widow nor himself advanced in the good graces of each other; his coldness and taciturnity impressed her with a belief that he was haughty and insensible, and their mutual dislike was only restrained by the affection which both bore to Frederic from openly manifesting it.

While matters were in this state, a distant relation of Sternheim's, who had been many years settled in England, finding himself in a declining state, and having lost his wife and children, wrote to Frederic, desiring to see him in London;

and intimating, that if his character and disposition should turn out such as he approved, he would make him his heir.

This letter raised a conflict of passions in the breast of Sternheim; he was overjoyed at the prospect which opened to him of supporting his beloved Amelia in a style more worthy of her merits than his own limited fortune would afford, but this joy was cruelly damped by the thought of being obliged to quit her for an uncertain, perhaps a long period. In order to prevent the possibility of any thing happening during his absence to separate them, he was desirous of marrying her before he set out for England, but this step was prevented by the arguments and entreaties of Augustus; and after a thousand vows of fidelity and tenderness, the half-distracted Frederic tore himself from the arms of his beloved, and commenced his journey.

His last words to Augustus were, "Take care of my Amelia; to your friendship I leave her; and, oh! remember, that more than my life is in your keeping!" Deeply moved at parting for the first time in his life with his friend, Augustus went the morning after Frederic's departure to visit Madame Weimar. She was alone when he entered, and though she received him with a forced smile, he saw she had been weeping. In spite of his prejudices, she appeared to Walstein an object of interest; he addressed her with respectful tenderness, and this behaviour, so different from his usual manner, caused her tears to stream afresh. Walstein eagerly strove to console her; for the first time coldness and reserve were ba-

nished; they talked of Frederic; Amelia owned all her apprehensions for his safety and his fidelity, and Augustus combated them so ably, that he left her consoled and almost cheerful.

"How wrong, how very wrong I have been," said he mentally as he quitted her, "to suffer my prejudices against Amelia to carry me so far! I am glad now that I did not succeed in detaching Frederic from her, for I see that her heart is wholly his, and with proper management she will, I doubt not, make him an excellent wife."

From that time he visited Amelia every day, and every visit tended to prepossess him still more in her favour; she had cast off the artificial manner which so much disgusted him, and received him with the ease and kindness of a sister. For a long time Augustus believed that he beheld her only with the sentiments due to the future wife of his friend, and perhaps it was her own fault that they ever became warmer; but she was so delighted at conquering the prejudice which he had conceived against her, that she exerted all her powers of captivation with no other intention than that of making him her friend; and she was too lovely, too fascinating, not to inspire a warmer sentiment than friendship in the bosom of a man of sensibility, who daily passed a part of his time with her.

Augustus had naturally violent passions; his heart had never before been touched, and he now loved to an excess, of which those only who have been themselves the victims of passion can form an idea. He strove, however, to repress all external symptoms of his love, and

Amelia was too much occupied with the idea of Frederic to perceive it. Week after week passed without bringing tidings from Frederic. At first Amelia was almost distracted for his safety, but she learned from authority which she could not doubt, that he was well, and that he had been seen in public with a beautiful young lady.

This information roused all the pride of Amelia; she affected to speak of Sternheim with indifference. Augustus, though he execrated himself for it, could not help listening to her with pleasure; nevertheless, honour and friendship got so far the mastery of love, that he wrote a long and touching letter to Frederic, in which he painted the misery Amelia had endured while uncertain of his safety, and besought him to clear the mystery of his conduct.

More than the regular time had passed in which he ought to have received an answer to his letter, but no answer came, and he began to hope that none would come.

He was sitting one day conversing with Amelia in a summer-house in her garden; they were talking of Frederic. Amelia professed herself certain of his infidelity, and affected to speak of it with a degree of indifference which threw Walstein off his guard; he dropped some expressions of his own attachment. Astonished and indignant, Amelia rose to go; but Walstein, now rendered desperate, caught her hand, and throwing himself at her feet, began in the most impetuous terms to plead his passion. Amelia struggled in vain to release her hand, but as she was commanding him to let her go, the door of

the summer-house burst open, and Sternheim entered, his eyes sparkling with rage, while the violence of his emotion rendered him almost unable to articulate.

Walstein shrunk from the sight of his injured friend with horror; but Sternheim's attention was diverted from him by Amelia's falling senseless on the ground. He sprang forward to assist her, and so at the same moment did Walstein; but the latter almost instantly recollecting himself, flew out of the summer-house, and, scarcely knowing whither he went, returned home. The sight of his injured friend had roused all the best feelings of his nature, and shame, remorse, and the pangs of disappointed love, nearly drove him distracted.

From this state of mental agony he was roused by a letter from Sternheim, who upbraided him in the bitterest terms for his treachery, and charged him with having seduced the affections of Amelia.—“She refuses,” continued he, “to listen to my vindication; she will not even see me, and it is you, apostate as you are to honour and friendship, who have done this: but think not that you shall triumph in the ruin of my peace; no! it is through my heart's blood only that you shall arrive at the possession of Amelia's hand. Meet me then immediately. The friend who conveys this will settle the place and the weapons. You shall either take the life which your treachery has rendered of no value, or make me by your blood the only atonement my injured honour can receive.”

To this letter Walstein returned the following reply:

"Yes, Frederic, you have named me rightly; I am indeed a traitor to honour and to friendship, but I have not alienated from you the affections of your Amelia; her faith in your fidelity is shaken, but her heart I firmly believe is still your own. The fatal moment in which you surprised us was the first in which I dared to breathe my passion to her ear: would it had also been the last of my existence! What is the amends which you demand? Ah! if my blood could atone for the injury I meditated doing you, you should have it freely; but I know your heart—the moment in which you sacrificed my life to your just resentment would be the last of your peace; and vile as I am, I cannot lift my hand against you. Farewell then, Frederic, for ever! Amelia and happiness will still be yours; and, oh! believe, that you are sufficiently revenged in the pangs which at this moment agonize the heart of

"WALSTEIN."

That night Walstein secretly quitted Vienna; and when the first violence of Frederic's rage had subsided, he was sincerely rejoiced that his cousin had refused him the satisfaction he demanded. He soon convinced Amelia that he had never even in thought been forgetful of his vows. The relation he visited in England had a young and beautiful ward, to whom he was desirous of marrying Sternheim. Frederic ingenuously avowed his pre-engagement; and finding that he could not be prevailed upon to break it, his relation intercepted his letters, in the hope of persuading him that Madame Weimar was faithless. Frederic wrote repeat-

edly, but finding that he had no answers to any of his letters, he resolved to end a suspense which he could no longer bear, at all hazards; and quitting London abruptly, without taking any leave of his relation, he hastened home. He travelled without allowing himself any respite, till he reached the house of Mr. Weimar, who was absent, but he learned from the servant that Amelia and Walstein were together in the garden. He would not suffer his arrival to be announced, but hastened to the summer-house: before he reached it, the voice of Walstein, expressing in the most passionate terms his love for Amelia, caught his ear, and almost rooted him to the spot; his first impulse was to hear Amelia's reply, but he found it impossible to contain himself, and he rushed in while Walstein was still speaking.

No sooner were the lovers reconciled than Sternheim pressed Amelia to an immediate marriage, nor did she refuse to comply with a request, which, if prudence had been consulted, would not have been made, for nearly a year must yet elapse before the property of Sternheim would be clear; and his relation in England was so offended by his abrupt departure, that he bequeathed all his property to his ward. Fortune, however, was a consideration beneath the care of our lovers; they were united, and for some time they found a terrestrial paradise in the society of each other.

But there was now no watchful monitor to ward off the ill effects of the husband's thoughtlessness and the wife's extravagance: it was not that Amelia intended to be profuse, for she lived in what she thought a

moderate manner; but she forgot, that what might have been moderation if she had practised it in the lifetime of her first husband, was downright profusion with so limited an income as that of Sternheim. She knew indeed that her husband possessed only a moderate fortune, but she had never asked, nor did he tell her, its exact amount; and though he saw even from the first that her expenses exceeded their means, he was too much intoxicated with love and happiness to suffer a thought of pecuniary matters to disturb his felicity.

But the time soon came in which he was obliged to think and to talk of them; he found that his property was getting deeply involved, and his tradesmen were importunate for payment; it became necessary to raise a supply, and he had no resource but to apply to a Jew.

One of the tribe of Israel, who had lately settled at Vienna, had offered him the refusal of some trinkets which were to be sold at a moderate price; he had bought some of them for Amelia; and he determined to apply to this man, whose name was Isaac, to lend him the sum he wanted, or put him in the way to get it.

Isaac professed his inability to do the latter, but he offered to accommodate him with the money himself: the terms, however, which he asked were so exorbitant that Frederic at first shrunk from complying with them, though at last his necessities obliged him to accede to them; but he determined to talk seriously to his wife, and to represent to her the absolute necessity of retrenchment.

But though he felt the necessity of this step, he yet dreaded to take

it; and it was not without much confusion and hesitation that he at length unfolded to his Amelia the deranged state of his affairs. The moment, however, that she understood retrenchment was necessary, she willingly offered to make any sacrifice he pleased.

He caught her to his bosom with transport, and told her he left every thing to her own prudence; but, alas! he could not have left her to a worse guide: her intentions were good, but her judgment was bad; the retrenchments which she made were consequently partial, and of so little effect, that Frederic was forced to renew his visits to the Jew, whose terms this time were more exorbitant than at first.

Three years had elapsed since the marriage of Sternheim; his ruin was nearly completed; and to add to his misfortune, Amelia was for the first time in the way to become a mother. This circumstance ought to have strengthened his resolution to save something from the wreck, but it only furnished him with an excuse to himself for avoiding, till after her accouchement, to retire to that humble obscurity in which alone he could hope to exist.

Amelia meanwhile, though she was insensible of the extent of their difficulties, was yet unhappy from a cause which she did not dare to intrust to her husband; she had private debts to a considerable amount for dress, and the patience of her tradespeople was nearly exhausted.

Hitherto she had cautiously avoided gaming, but one night she was drawn in to play deeper than she expected, and she rose the winner of a considerable sum.

Highly elated at her success, she

destined the money, as far as it would go, to pay her private debts; but as she was rising from the table, her opponent demanded his revenge, which she could not refuse to give him, and the following night was appointed for it.

Amelia's adversary was a young baron of the most dissolute principles; he had long secretly admired her, but hitherto no feasible means of getting her into his power presented itself; he saw indeed that she was fond of general admiration, but he saw too, that though indiscreet she was virtuous, and he feared that an avowal of his passion would be rewarded by an instant dismissal from her presence: but if once he could entangle her in a love of gaming, the way to the possession of her person would then be thought he clear, and he perceived with diabolical exultation that it would not be difficult to inspire her with a fondness for cards.

As it was impossible for him to effect his scheme without a confidant, he fixed upon one even more unprincipled than himself: this was an acquaintance of Madame Sternheim, a woman of some rank, but of a disposition so sordidly avaricious, that he had little doubt of bribing her to his purpose.

They soon came to terms, and when with consummate art the baron had lured his victim by an alternation of good and bad luck into losing a considerable sum, he appointed a meeting at the house of Madame K. to settle the manner in which the money was to be paid. Amelia disposed of the principal part of her trinkets, in order to liquidate the debt as far as she

could, but the money which she obtained for them was considerably short of her expectations: she took it with her, however, and presented it to the baron, with a declaration that the moment she could raise the rest he should have it.

"Indeed, my dear Madame Sternheim," cried he respectfully, "you make yourself needlessly uneasy about this matter; it is not of the smallest importance to me when I am paid, and if you did yourself justice, victory might yet decide in your favour: recollect that I was the winner when we played last, and I am ready to give you your revenge, in fact I owe it to you."

Amelia protested against tempting Fortune any farther, but the baron artfully, though with seeming carelessness, continued to rouse her hopes of success, till at length she agreed to his offer to play one game double or quits. Cards were brought, and Madame K. who had till then been present, took the opportunity while they were eager at play to steal out of the room.

Our readers will have anticipated that Fortune decided in the baron's favour. The wretched Amelia, unable to contain the excess of her anguish, sunk back in her chair, exclaiming, "O Heaven, I am indeed ruined!"

This was the moment which the baron had eagerly anticipated for disclosing his dishonourable intentions. Throwing himself on his knees before Amelia, he besought her to be calm, and proceeded to an avowal of his passion: scarcely, however, had he opened the subject, when Amelia, starting from her chair, would have left the room, but he forcibly withheld her.

"Beware, madam," cried he, "how you indulge the scorn which now flashes from your eyes! You are wholly in my power, and you will find resistance vain.—Nay," continued the villain as with a wild shriek she attempted to burst from his hold, "I must stop that pretty mouth." He caught her in his arms, but at the moment that he did so the door was burst open; he hastily loosed his intended prey, but ere he could advance towards the intruder, who was a meanly dressed man, a blow from his muscular arm had levelled him with the earth.

Amelia turned to beg his protection, and recognised with surprise Isaac the Jew, whose person was well known to her. "Come, madam," cried he, "this is no place for you, I will conduct you to your husband:" and before the prostrate baron had recovered from the blow which for a moment stunned him, he hurried Amelia from the apartment, and placed her in a carriage which was in waiting.

Amelia's agitation for some time prevented her from speaking; at last she exclaimed, "O Heaven! what new treachery is this? Whither are you carrying me?"

"Do not be alarmed," replied the Jew in a soothing tone, "I pledge my word that you are going to your husband."

"Impossible! this is not the way to my house."

"You have now no house; all that you possessed has just been seized for debt."

"And my husband, my poor husband?"

"Has lost every thing; but he feels only for you."

"For me! Oh, how little do I deserve it!—all, all gone!—But no," continued she after a pause, "he has not lost all—he still retains, thanks be to Heaven and you, what he will consider as his greatest treasure; and he will thank you, though I cannot, for preserving the honour of his wife."

"Do you then," cried the Jew, "mean to reveal what has passed?"

"Oh! surely, he shall know all my faults, all my imprudencies; I will conceal nothing. Ah! if I could but console him, if I could but support his spirits under the misery which those fatal faults have brought upon him—but every way I have been to him a source of evil!"

The Jew covered his face with his hands; he spoke not, but it was evident, by his stifled sobs, that he was strongly affected. In a few moments the carriage stopped, and the Jew handed Amelia into an apartment, where Sternheim sprang to meet her.

It is impossible to paint the scene which followed between the husband and the wife; they each reproached themselves, and each asked pardon of the other for what had passed: but when Amelia related the escape she had just had, Sternheim sprang forward, and catching the hand of the Jew, "My best of friends," cried he, "can you forgive me the reproaches which your refusal to advance more money just now drew from me? You have preserved my all on earth; the rest is dross, I resign it without a murmur."

"O Frederic," replied the Jew in a voice almost choked by emotion, "can you who so highly va-

lue this recovered treasure, extend your forgiveness to a wretch who would once have robbed you of it?"

Sternheim looked with amazement at the Jew, but it was only for a moment; in spite of the disguise in which he beheld the friend of his youth, his heart could not be mistaken in the voice of Walstein, and in an instant they were locked in each other's arms.

"O my friend," cried Sternheim at last, "talk not of forgiveness! A thousand times have I regretted the ungoverned fury which drove you from me. Amelia too has taken her share of blame in the transaction; she has repeatedly expressed her belief, that but for the indifference which pride made her affect towards me, you never would have declared your passion. We have made the strictest inquiries, tried all means to recover you, but in vain. Ah! little did we think that Heaven would send you to us at a moment so critical!"

Let us leave the friends, insensible for the moment to every thing but the joy of meeting, and account to the reader for the appearance of Walstein.

For some time after he had quitted Vienna, he was too much absorbed in his own sufferings to think of the future destiny of his friend, otherwise than as it was most enviable; but at length the violence of his passion for Amelia began to subside, and his former fears for the happiness of Sternheim to return. Some inquiries which he made, convinced him that those fears were not without foundation, and he resolved to return to his native city in the disguise of a Jew. He soon found

that the only way to prevent the total ruin of his friend would be to make himself his chief creditor, a point which he had not much difficulty to accomplish.

Soon after his return, circumstances enabled him to place about the person of Amelia a woman in whom he could confide; and from her he learned, with inexpressible sorrow, the passion which Amelia seemed to have contracted for cards. Walstein conceived that there was but one chance of reclaiming her from this vice, and that was by letting her suppose herself totally ruined: he accordingly accelerated the seizure of Sternheim's effects, and on Frederic's entreaties that he would save Amelia the shock of returning to a house which was no longer hers, he went himself to Madame K——'s to conduct her to her husband.

The door was opened for him at Madame K——'s by a maid-servant, who denied that Amelia was there: the hesitation and confusion of the woman struck him with a suspicion that all was not right; he rushed in, and a scream from Amelia guided him to the apartment where she was at the very moment about to become the victim of the brutal baron.

Walstein would not be denied the delight of re-establishing the affairs of his friends; he insisted on being allowed to do so as a pledge of their forgiveness. Sternheim and his Amelia had learned prudence, nor was the peace of Walstein ever again disturbed by apprehension on their account. Shortly after Walstein's return to Vienna, he married an amiable woman, and as his wife and Amelia

became sincere friends; his marriage added a link to the chain which bound him and his cousin to each other. Augustus's nice sense of honour, however, made him never wholly forgive himself for his momentary lapse from virtue; but

if ever he touched upon the subject, Sternheim warmly declared, that his fault had been more than compensated by the manner in which he had made the *amende honorable*.

TABLE-TALK,

OR ANECDOTES REMEMBERED BUT NEVER PRINTED.

THE CONCHOLOGIST.

A DEALER in shells once offered for sale a specimen of a very rare sort, but as the price demanded was forty guineas, it was some time before he could find a purchaser. At length one arrived who wished to see it; and having paid the money with great cheerfulness, placed it on the ground, and stamping upon it with his foot, broke it in fifty pieces. The dealer stared, and the purchaser smiled. "You must," said the latter, "presume from this action that I am either a fool or a madman." The dealer had not power to assent to either. "Let me then explain: this shell which you see before me in atoms I have the fellow to, and believed it to be unique before I saw yours, and I would have given hundreds to possess the only one. I have accomplished this for forty guineas, and my shell is still unique."—"This fellow must be both fool and madman," said Sir Liuneus Papillon, who the same day gave twenty guineas for a Roman emperor.

PERQUISITES OF OFFICE.

A gentleman entering on a situation of some emolument under government, at a time when his duties were easily accomplished, was put to some difficulty to get through the hours of attendance in a state

of inactivity, to which he was for the present doomed. He at length hit upon an expedient to kill this time: this was to mend all the office pens, as well those few he had used as those which he found used by others. He soon became an adept in the practice; his talent was known to be peculiar all over Somerset-House, and the hour of four came before he was aware, to dismiss him from the fatigues of his *bureau*. But, alas! man is doomed to have even his most trifling pleasures crossed. He had arrived earlier one morning than usual, when he was accosted by a woman of the office in the following manner: "I am sure, sir, you have no wish to injure me, but I beg leave to say, that since you have been here you have robbed me of many a shilling: 'tis very hard poor persons should be used by gentlefolks in this manner."—"How so? what do you mean?" cried the astonished clerk.—"The pens, sir, the old pens; they are my perquisite, but since you have taken to mend them, not the *valley* of a sixpence has crossed my hand."—"Humph!" exclaimed the new clerk, "I am very sorry; I cannot lose my amusement, but this I will do for the future, when I mend one I will merr two." The lady courted and retired. This

plan; however, did not answer so well as the first; for the hours again lingered, and he had no resource left; but being winter time, he stirred the fire, threw up the cinders, and when they fell out, he resorted to the shovel, and threw them up again. He had not done this long when he was suddenly assailed by the voice of a fury: "Spoil your own *parquises* if you like, but *drat* me if you shall ruin mine for nothing."—"What have I done now?" exclaimed the unfortunate clerk.—"Vot? vy the cinders, to be sure, is all I gets, and there you burns 'em to nothing, and *does* me out of my *parquise*!"

MATRIMONY.

Brooke, the author of *Gustarus Vasa, Fool of Quality*, &c. had, it is presumed, no great regard for the married state; at least it is so inferred, without reason in our opinion, from the apt quotation he once made to a young friend of his, who, informing him that he was not married, received the following answer, from *Hamlet*:

"Then let it be the last sad thing you do."

IMPROMPTU,

Written by JOHN FULLER, M.P. for Sussex, who was taken into custody on a fast-day for a misdemeanor.

Spure diet, as the doctors say,
Should make the system cooler;
But better *I* can tell than they,
Made fast *I* still am Fuller.

THE COMPOUNDER OF FELONY.

Many years since a certain citizen, not famous for the large fortune he had gained than for the correctness by which he had acquired it, lost a large quantity of the article he dealt in. A reward was offered for some time, but to no purpose. At length his confidential foreman was apprehended for

the theft, and the master proceeded to drag him before the lord mayor. The silk-merchant, however, wished to know the receiver, from whom he hoped probably to gain a large sum for compounding the felony; but no inducement could prevail at first on the foreman to reveal the name of the receiver; instead of which, he dared his master to prosecute him. Just as they arrived at the Mansion-House, however, "I will tell you," said the fellow, "but mind, if you prosecute me you'll repent it."—"Tell me instantly," said the irritated merchant, "the dishonest wretch who gave you so low a price for the article, and tempted you to injure my confidence."—"Why, master," said the fellow, "don't you remember the old woman in the red cloak who came to our house on Thursday last, of whom you bought such a bargain? 'Twas your own silk, and you yourself are the compounder of felony."

SENSIBILITY.

Some time since some lovers of Collins and poetry made a pilgrimage to Chichester cathedral, before the fine monument by Flaxman was erected to his memory, in order to perform some rites they thought due to his merits. They inquired of the verger, who always knows these things better than other people, for the place where Mr. Collins was buried*; and giving him a handsome sum, begged to be locked up all night in the cathedral. The sexton consented, gave them a significant look, and retired. On the following morning, when

* The precise spot, we believe, where the remains of Collins were deposited, is not known.

he proceeded to release his prisoners, he was probably surprised on seeing the stone undisturbed, and beheld their eyes red with weeping, and their faces pale with watching. "Yet, dear Collins," said one of them, "we have performed our duties at thy shrine; and having watered it with tears of sensibility, we leave thee, greatest and sublimest of poets. Adieu!"—"Poet, sir!" said the fellow, "Mr. Timothy Collins was no poet, but he was as honest a tailor as any in all Chichester."

RELIGIOUS CANT.

Far be it from us to throw out a sarcasm at pure religion, or to attempt to ridicule those whose notions, however apparently absurd, are sincere and well meant. The advertisements on the wrappers of a certain magazine, the impression of which employs three copperplates of one portrait, and whose sale is immense, is no compliment

to the heads of those who purchase it, where we read of porters wanted, who have the fear of God before their eyes, and can carry so many hundred weight. They remind me of a circumstance I have heard of a grocer, who was heard to call to his apprentice, "Emanuel, water the tobacco and sand the sugar, and then come up to prayers." Such conduct is consistent in those, who, to commemorate the death of an unfortunate sovereign, keep alive their malice by an annual dinner of calves' heads.

EXTRAVAGANCE AND AVARICE.

The celebrated Charles Fox being one day at Brookes's, was interrupted in his play by the late penurious Lord —, who missing half-a-guinea that had rolled off a parcel by him, was assiduously hunting for it. Fox, provoked at this, lit a 10*l.* note in the candle, to assist his lordship in the search.

GUSTAVUS AND JULIA, OR CONSTANCY REWARDED.

THE Count de Selnitz, after running the most brilliant career as a statesman and warrior, retired to his domains to spend his declining years in peace: his whole time was devoted to the happiness of his family and domestics. The countess, a woman of superior mind, and of inexhaustible goodness, took the highest delight in the exercise of the domestic virtues. She had brought her husband two daughters: Julia, of regular and majestic beauty, but tempered by a certain melancholy air, resembled a Roman virgin of ancient times; Augusta, with her brilliant black eyes and graceful figure, was a genuine Frenchwoman.

In this interesting family lived as steward Gustavus Waller, the hero of this story. His father was a man of no distinction or fortune, and had studied at the university of Göttingen with the Count de Selnitz, with whom, notwithstanding the difference of rank, he had lived on terms of friendship. On his decease, the count, moved at the fate of the child he left behind, took upon him his education: his kindness was not thrown away; Gustavus in a few years became highly accomplished. The protection of the count procured him the situation of secretary of embassy, and he accompanied Prince de — to Vienna, charged with the most im-

portant mission. The despatches of the ambassador to his court were prodigies of intelligence and sagacity; the prince put his *name* to them, and Waller his *talent*. The former found this manner of doing business very convenient and very agreeable, but the other members of the embassy having represented to him, that it was improper that such a young man as Gustavus should wish to dive to the bottom of every thing, poor Waller was denounced as a busy-body, and the minister immediately recalled him.

The Count de Selnitz could not avert the blow, but hastened at least to remedy it by inviting the honest Gustavus to his house, and soon found means to console him by offering him the management of his immense fortune. Waller now wholly devoted himself to his new office, but the beauty of Julia soon excited his attention: her good sense, her affability, her talents, captivated all the faculties of his soul. On perceiving the progress of his passion, he endeavoured to check it; but how could he find strength to combat sentiments which also animated Julia? It was not assuredly that the timid and respectful Waller had ventured to disclose them to her; but how can a lover, compelled to be silent, mistake the affectionate looks of her he adores?

Gustavus could not but feel the misery of his situation. The Count de Selnitz was humane, tender, generous; but he was allied to the most illustrious houses in Germany. Would he give his daughter to an obscure man, who, by degrading her from the rank in which she was born, would also reflect disgrace on his whole family?

There was not a night but Waller spent a part of it in these melancholy reflections, nor a day on which all his time, not absorbed by business, was devoted exclusively to Julia. He was fond of hunting, and the count, who was still more so, rarely pursued this diversion without requiring his young friend to accompany him. Gustavus soon perceived that Julia beheld his frequent absence with pain; and, at the risk of displeasing the count, at each hunting party he devised ten pretexts for remaining at home.

The count, far from conceiving the slightest distrust, paid no attention to what was going forward. He sometimes reproached Gustavus, and told him, that at his age he took more delight in strumming a sonata, or sketching a landscape, than in pursuing a deer or a wolf. As to the countess, she was more discerning. This growing passion had not escaped her. She closely watched its progress, and her maternal tenderness was the more alarmed, as she had had in her own family a terrible example of the consequences of an unfortunate attachment. She esteemed, she cherished Waller; she hesitated a long time whether she should shew him his situation in true colours, or merely devise some method of separating the lovers.

The former expedient appeared dangerous to her, she viewed it in the same light as to awaken a sleep-walker when on the brink of a precipice; his sleep is his safety; he cannot open his eyes without falling into the abyss. The latter seemed not less difficult to be employed. How could she propose to the count to remove Waller, when

he never mentioned his name to his wife without enjoining her to thank Heaven for having sent this excellent young man into the house! Accident at length put an end to the anxiety and uneasiness of this tender mother.

The count one day told Waller, that he had arranged a grand hunting match for the next day, and that this time no excuse would exempt him from being one of the party. Gustavus promised to attend, and Julia, with more vehemence than usual, censured hunting and hunters. Augusta observed the inadvertence of her sister, and sought to remedy it by turning the thing into jest. "We are allowed sometimes to be cowards," said she, "but in truth, my dear Julia, you abuse the permission. You declaim so eloquently against hunting only because you are afraid of a gun."—"I guilty of such ridiculous weakness!"—"Well, here is my father's gun; I'd lay a wager you are afraid even to touch it."—"I accept the challenge."—Julia instantly took it down, approached the window, turned her face the other way, and fired. "Oh! my God!" said a plaintive voice. Augusta hastened into the garden, where she found the little gardener weltering in his blood. Julia had sunk down senseless: she was conveyed to bed.

On recovering her senses, she was informed the wound was not dangerous; but so strong was her emotion, that a violent fever soon excited apprehensions for her life. On the ninth day she fell into a kind of lethargy; the physicians declared that this crisis would decide the fate of the patient. Wal-

ler never quitted the ante-chamber of Julia's apartment: he observed the countess leave it, and seized this opportunity of approaching the bed where the object of all his affections was struggling with death. Motionless he fixed his eyes upon her discoloured lips; he perceived that she breathed: Julia awoke, and opening her eyes, said, "Gustavus, is it you?"

The grave, the circumspect Waller was no longer master of himself. He threw himself on his knees by the bedside of Julia, and seizing her hand, covered it with burning kisses, articulated her beloved name, and returned thanks to Heaven for having preserved her to him.

At this instant the countess made her appearance. "St. Preux!" said she emphatically. Gustavus looked round with terror; he rose staggering, and precipitately left the room. This scene contributed to retard the recovery of Julia; the fever increased, accompanied by delirium.

"St. Preux!" repeated the unfortunate Gustavus as he traversed the park. "It is, therefore, to merit this odious comparison that I have made such painful efforts, and undergone such cruel conflicts! Confidence, hospitality, duties, I have profaned all in her eyes; and my benefactor, my second father —." This thought overwhelmed him: he was about to leap the ditch which bounded the park, and to leave for ever places which he could only see with reproach and grief. A virtuous remorse suddenly took possession of him: he imposed upon himself the shame of re-appearing before his benefactress.

"I adore Julia," said he to her,

"but I leave her never to behold her more. Adieu, madam! I will force you to restore to me your esteem."—"The sacrifice which you make," replied the countess, "shews that you do not deserve to lose her. I praise your resolution, and will assist you in its performance."

It was agreed that Waller should solicit the minister to be re-appointed to some diplomatic post. The countess secretly supported his request through her family, which possessed great influence at court. In three weeks Waller received a commission, which attached him to the embassy at Paris. The count, from whom every circumstance had been kept a profound secret, testified his extreme reluctance to part with Gustavus; but a second reflection led him to consider, that his opposition might shut for ever against his young friend the way to honour and fortune: he cheerfully acquiesced in his wishes. The last day of the week was fixed upon for his departure.

Julia, who was now recovered, was prepared by her mother for this separation. She could not prevent the lovers from meeting in the saloon, without giving the count the key of the enigma, which she was so anxious to conceal from him. Gustavus dreaded the moment when he was to behold her whom he adored for the last time; he already reproached himself, with involuntary shuddering, with the cruel constraint which was about to make the last days they had to spend together days of torment. What was then his surprise to see Julia appear with a composed, serene, and

almost satisfied countenance? She spoke to him with an unembarrassed voice, accompanied by looks of unconcern, but not destitute of kindness.

This apparent indifference almost drove the unhappy young man to despair, and nearly bereft him of courage to accomplish the sacrifice; but the day fixed for his departure approached. The preceding evening, after supper, the count received a packet of papers: he retired to his apartment, and in a few moments sent for his wife. Waller remained alone in the saloon with Julia and Augusta: he could not conceal his embarrassment. Julia suddenly rose, advanced towards him, and, in a voice which for the first time betrayed her emotion, said, presenting him with a paper, "Here, Gustavus; forget not your friends, and be happy!" As she spoke these words she turned her head, sobbed aloud, and reclining on her sister's arm, withdrew.

On recovering from his astonishment and agitation, Gustavus read the following letter:

"Your conduct, Gustavus, is that of an honourable and courageous man. But do you think that separation will make me forget you? Hear me, Gustavus! I know not whether the proceeding is conformable to the strict rules of propriety, yet I feel my heart demands it. I love you, Waller; esteem, confidence, a kind of veneration, are at once the basis of my sentiments, and the guarantee of their continuance. Yes, my only friend, before God, who reads my soul, I plight my faith and affection to

you. If fate decrees that Julia shall not be yours, never at least shall it impose upon her other ties.

"But I approve your departure. The happiness of my beloved parents depends upon it, and their felicity ought to be preferred even to my love itself. Adieu, Gustavus! May Heaven protect you, and take pity on
"JULIA."

Waller kissed this billet a hundred times, repeating the oath which it contained—that of living henceforth for Julia alone, be his destiny what it might. He felt animated with fresh courage; he tore himself from the abode that Julia inhabited, and two hundred leagues soon parted him from her.

He expected to find tranquillity in separation, but the image of Julia incessantly haunted him. His new occupations, however, tended to afford some relief; the ambassador soon learned to appreciate the extent of his talents, and at Paris, as at Vienna, the success of the most important negotiations depended upon him.

A year had elapsed since Gustavus had left Germany, when he received a letter from the Count de Selnitz. After reading it, he thought for a moment that he was deceived; he mustered his spirits to read it a second time, and distinctly understood that the count wished him to return to his estate as soon as possible, respecting an affair of the highest importance. A postscript was added to this invitation: "Whatever cause you may have for keeping away from my house, my dear Gustavus, it is absolutely necessary you should repair hither, if only for a few days. All your objections are obviated; your ambassador re-

ceives by the same courier six months' leave of absence, which the court grants you. Shall I then let you into a part of my secret? We shall celebrate your birth-day on the 7th of next month."

Waller passed the whole night alternately indulging in hope, fear, conjectures, and doubts; but the more he endeavoured to hit upon the truth, the more the secret seemed involved in mystery. The ambassador put an end to his irresolution, by representing to him, that he could not defer his departure without being guilty of ingratitude to his benefactor.

Gustavus accordingly set out, still agitated by a thousand confused thoughts. He deliberated some time whether he was not violating his promise to the countess.

On arriving in the court-yard of the house, the count went out to meet him, and embraced him several times: the countess received him but coldly. Augusta jumped with joy: Julia was seized with an universal trembling; she covered her face with both her hands; but the count was too much delighted to perceive the impression which his young friend's arrival had made on his family.

Next morning Gustavus rose betimes, and proceeded to the count's apartment. "Welcome, friend," said the count, on perceiving him, "I was coming to you. You know the old maxim of our ancestors—business of consequence ought to be transacted before breakfast. Let us speak, therefore, of ours: this very day you are of age. I ought to give you an account of my guardianship. Here it is on these three papers; take them, and let us read

them together.”—"What!" cried Waller, "the faithful friend of my father, he who has filled his place, the generous man to whom I owe every thing, and shall I suffer him to be accountable to me?"—He seized the papers, and was about to throw them into the fire. The count stopped him: "What offends you?" said he, extending his arms; "shall my heart never come to a settlement with yours?" Affected at so much kindness, Gustavus had already on his lips the avowal of his secret, when the countess entered.

All the nobility in the neighbourhood had been invited to the mansion. More than one grave baron frowned on learning that it was to celebrate the birth-day of the count's steward; and their surprise was redoubled on seeing him placed at table beside his master. The countess and her daughters, agitated by different feelings, appeared quite embarrassed; and the count alone, notwithstanding the freezing coldness of his guests, manifested extraordinary gaiety. At the dessert he ordered a silver cup, which had been presented to one of his ancestors by Charles V. to be brought, and filling it with Rhenish wine, said, with a kind of solemnity, "I never use this cup but on important occasions: there could not be one dearer to my heart than the festival which has this day brought us together. I drink to the happy birth-day of Gustavus Waller!"—The guests with a slight inclination of the head accordingly drank the health of Waller. "Yes," resumed the count with transport, "let us drink, like true Germans, to the eternal welfare of Gustavus and his bride—Julia de Selnitz!"

Conceive the rapid and magic effect produced by these words! Gustavus, as if struck by a thunderbolt, became motionless and mute. Julia had fallen back in her chair. The countess, holding out her arms to her husband, vainly endeavoured to articulate some words, and seemed to say to him with her looks, "Ah! spare these poor children!" Augusta, weeping with joy, blessed Heaven, her father, her sister, and Gustavus; she embraced her relations and friends. The remainder of the guests whispered, "Have we heard right? A Selnitz, a daughter of so noble a family, the wife of a Waller, of a steward!" Each determined not to stay more than half an hour in a mansion profaned by such an unequal match.

The count was amused for a moment at the different impressions excited on each countenance: he thus resumed: "Hear me, my children! I owe you an explanation: your love did not escape me; it crowned my dearest hopes, but I wished to put your sentiments to the test, and absence has demonstrated their constancy. Besides, I could not speak out till now: a sacred oath closed my lips. To-day Waller is of age. I can now speak freely. My wife, my daughter, embrace my nephew, the support of my family! Yes, my dear neighbours, Gustavus is the son of my unfortunate brother, who died in my arms on the bloody day of Lissa. Before he expired, he confided him to me, with the history of the birth of this child, the offspring of a secret connection with a young lady of most illustrious blood. He made me swear never

to disclose this until the day he should be of age; and I have kept my word."

All the guests rose with profound reverence to pay their congratulations and respects to Count Gustavus. The young man, intoxicated with joy and surprise, remained in the arms of his uncle. He at length threw himself at the feet of Julia, who was quite overcome by such rapid sensations,

The very next day the lovers were conducted to the altar by their happy parents. All the vassals of the domains of De Selnitz appeared under arms; the barons shouted with all their might, "Long live the Count and Countess Gustavus de Selnitz!" and the count said in a low tone, "My dear children, you see that, with courage and constancy, we need never despair."

OLD MAIDS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I HAVE lately met with some very affecting lines, addressed to a young lady by an old maid, on the uncertainty of all worldly happiness, and the impropriety of making a whole class of women the subject of keen ridicule and of indelicate mirth, merely because their youth is passed away, and they are still single. This is a subject which is seldom touched upon by those who instruct and educate young women, and many a mother takes infinite pains in advising her daughters, how to become amiable wives, and to fulfil the manifold and important duties of the marriage state; but few, very few, ever instil into their minds the requisite acquirements necessary to their becoming amiable and happy old maids: I shall therefore take the liberty of pointing out the errors which too many of my own sex fall into, either from bad example, want of thought, want of liberality, or ill-nature.

As soon as a young lady leaves school, she thinks it a matter of course to quiz every woman who

draws near to thirty and is unmarried; their conversation, dress, and behaviour afford a constant theme for satire to these vain conceited girls: but let them ask themselves two questions: Have we been gifted with an eternal youth? or, Is it certain it will be our happy fate to enter into the honourable estate of matrimony? Have we sufficient charms of person, mind, or even fortune, to engage the affections of a companion for life, before we arrive at the age we now despise? Alas! instead of this kind of reasoning, we daily see the beautiful and accomplished, the ugly and the vulgar, the heiress and the portionless female, all with one consent depreciate the whole class of old maids, in which society are many women eminent for their piety, charity, benevolence, and other virtues.

Perhaps my young readers may think these sentiments are from the pen of some ancient Mrs. Penelope, but they are quite mistaken; I can assure them I was married, soon after twenty, to the man of my choice, and with the approbation

tion of all my friends; and have for some years enjoyed too much happiness in the wedded state, to induce me to wish I had never entered it. But this is not the happy lot of all who wear the bands of Hymen; and I am of opinion, that an ill-assorted marriage is one of the most miserable situations in this life—a continual warfare and strife, a scene of bickerings and jealousies, with no comfort in ought, but the hope in *each* of being quickly released by the hand of death from the union of hatred. But why are there so many unhappy marriages? Because the idea of becoming an old maid is so terrific to many young women, that they readily accept the first man who asks them, be the future prospect ever so unpropitious.

I shall now please some of my juvenile readers by saying, that there certainly are many single elderly women who make themselves disagreeable both to their friends and to society in general—but stop, young ladies, and allow me to tell you who these worthy members of the sisterhood are. The *very women* who, in the days of their youth and beauty, were so severe in their invectives against the class of which they now form a part: they remember with sorrow their former sentiments, and are now aware of the same attack being made upon themselves by the young misses of the present day: the increase of years brings peevishness, and they go from house to house seeking tales of scandal, ridiculing the conduct of wives and mothers (once their friends and companions), satirizing the dress and fashionable manners of the daughters, who now take the

lead in all gay scenes, to the malicious sorrow of these envious gossips.—Alas! that youth should be so thoughtless, or that their instructors should not root out all those noxious weeds which grow in the richest soil, but if carefully extracted, would leave room for the free growth of the better fruits, which would eventually produce a rich harvest, or in other words, a quiet and happy old age.

If you think these observations, together with the accompanying lines, worthy of a place in your elegant and useful *Repository*, the intention of the writer will be amply fulfilled. I remain a sincere friend to the female sex,

MENTORIA.

THE OLD MAID'S ADDRESS.

Smile on, gentle maid, at my dress so uncouth,
And please with my manners thy fancy so gay;

Like thee, gentle maid, I could smile in my youth,

But sorrow is mine, and my tresses are grey.
Does thy lover approach? is thy father too near,

His daughter beloved from misfortune to save?

I once to a youth and a father was dear,
But my friend and my father are both in the grave.

Thy mother's affection she cannot conceal;
She views thee with joy and with natural pride:

I once had a mother, and still I can feel,
How fondly she press'd my young hand as she died.

Ah! cease not to smile, gentle maiden, be gay,
Whilst the moments of youth and of pleasure are thine;

Perchance is approaching, and swiftly, the day,
When thou, like myself, shalt in solitude pine.

Like mine, the young soldier so dear to thy heart,

May lifeless be laid on some far distant shore;

And thou, like myself, with a father must part,
On earth, gentle maiden, to meet him no more.

Perhaps, tho' unthought of, the moment is
nigh,
When thy mother, so warmly affectionate
now,
Before thee shall pale and insensible lie,
And the chill damps of death be encircling
her brow.

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Then, then, when no heart glows with kind-
ness for thee,
Then, then, when thy bosom is wrung with
distress,
Perchance thou wilt think, gentle maiden, with
me,
How idle is *fashion*, how trifling is *dress*!

PLATE 36.—AN IRON VERANDAH.

THE rapid improvement that has taken place in the manufacture of cast iron, has elevated it from its late uses in ponderous and gross articles merely, to those of ornamental embellishments; not only where strength is required, but where lightness and elegance are purposed to be united, and to which may be superadded, a considerable economy.

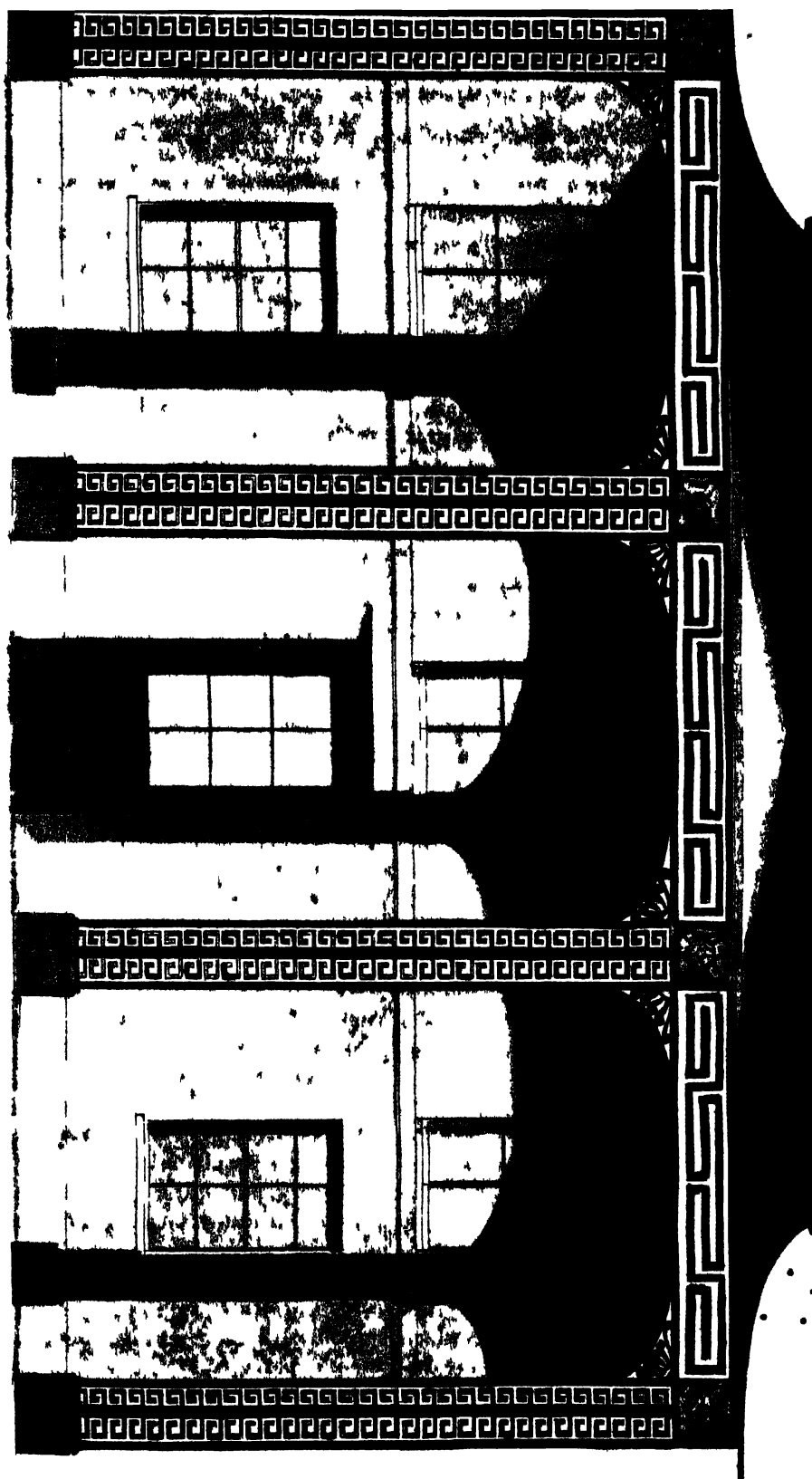
The annexed plate is intended to shew how far delicacy of parts may be employed in this material even in structures of magnitude, still preserving strength, durability, and cheapness. The design is taken from patterns belonging to Mr. Collinge's manufactory in the Lambeth-road, and to him artists are greatly indebted for his ingenious mode of introducing lead as a material in ornamental decorations, in lieu of the expensive and decaying wood-work that has usually been adopted.

In the East and West Indies, where verandahs are necessary appendages to a house, this kind of verandah would surely be most desirable, particularly as the intense heat of those climates is known to be so generative of decay, that light works of timber are speedily destroyed. To other articles which this country furnishes to the Indies, it is not improbable but inge-
niously contrived verandahs, that

would be easily re-erected by the natives, might be welcome additions, and prove highly beneficial to the speculator.

An artist of eminence, but in a higher branch of the arts, has lately offered some very admirable hints to the members of the society for superintending the erection of the new churches, recommending the substitution of iron for the more expensive ornamental works in stone, particularly in the Gothic style, and which style he considers to be best suited to every building dedicated to devotional purposes. His own words will best explain his recommendation.

"What our forefathers were enabled to do, from the cheapness of labour in their day, we have the power of executing at a still more moderate rate, from the improved state of our manufactories. The expensive manual labour which has hitherto been bestowed on stone, may now be executed, at a comparatively trifling charge, in iron. There is scarcely an ornament or necessary part but what might be cast at our iron-foundries, even to the highest wrought figures, Gothic, and as nearly all the tracery and ornaments in this style are produced by a repetition of a few simple parts, the plan would be found perfectly practicable. As lightness and elegance are the lead-



ing and most desirable characters in this class of building, these might, under the direction of able artists, be carried to a much higher degree of perfection than they ever were capable of with so fragile and destructible a material as stone. The light groups of Gothic columns, the springs for arches and groined roofs, &c. might be so constructed as to unite the most perfect lightness of character with strength and durability.

“ Churches erected with this material would be rendered perfectly secure from fire; and the iron-work and ornaments being coated over with an anticorrosive of a stone-colour, would be rendered indestructible for ages: the work would always remain sharp and perfect, as it would not, like stone, be subject to the corrosion of the atmosphere, or the dilapidation so constantly produced by the care-

lessness of workmen. I would beg leave to suggest, that the towers and spires of these buildings might be constructed in the plainest and most simple manner, leaving all the ornamental part to be cast at the foundry; and it will be found, on examination, that the most richly ornamented Gothic towers extant might be imitated with the greatest precision, and at a very moderate rate. By the adoption of such a plan, a stimulus would be given to our iron-works, which would be a means of carrying them to the highest pitch of excellence and utility. As no ornamental work of this kind, from its expensiveness, is likely to be undertaken in stone, the workmen in that department would suffer no loss or injury by the introduction of it. A considerable saving in timber might also be made, by a substitution of iron.”

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXX.

The proper study of mankind is man.—POPE.

JOY was the subject which closed my last paper, and I now proceed to its opposite, which is SORROW, and equally deserves our consideration; as life, without indulging an exulting spirit on the one hand, or manifesting discontent on the other, every day's experience convinces us is made up of both. SORROW is a painful depression of spirit, on the deprivation of good, or the anticipation of evil. When increased and continued, it becomes grief; when violently agitated by hopes and fears, it is distraction; and when they are swallowed up by it, despair succeeds. The highest

or most violent sensations of sorrow, are named *agonies*.

Grief, when silent and thoughtful, settles into *pensiveness* and *sadness*; and when so long indulged as to take possession of the mind, it becomes habitual, and grows into *melancholy*. Sorrow, in its lowest degree, is called *concern*; and when it arises from the disappointment of our hopes and endeavours, it is denominated *vexation*.

Sorrow, on account of actions or events which we think might have been prevented, is named *regret*; fruitless and inactive complaints of them, or *repining*; a

change of temper and conduct, *repentance*; and the humility and sorrow accompanying it, *contrition*.

When it arises from a painful remembrance of criminal actions and pursuits, and is accompanied with self-condemnation and compunction, it acquires the title of *remorse*; and the higher sensations of remorse produce *anguish*.

Sorrow, arising from the unmerited sufferings of others, is expressed by *commiseration* and *condolence*; our sense of these sufferings, by *sympathy* or *compassion*; and our endeavours to sooth them, by *consolation*.

When sorrow arises from the happiness of others enjoying a good which we desire, it is called *envy*; and when this feeling leads us to rival their merit, by endeavours to lessen it, it becomes *defamation* and *detraction*.

I now proceed to consider the *outward* indications or expressions of the *pleasing* affections.

JOY may arise not only from what is *present*, but also from what is *past* or *expected*. It appears in a vivacity of spirit, a sparkling eye, a florid smiling countenance, a raised aspect, a pleasing freedom of speech, singing, and other marks of exultation, even shouting and leaping. Joy, particularly when joined with *love*, will sometimes call forth a tenderness that produces *tears*. *Moral joy* is expressed by a serene countenance, a calm appearance of satisfaction on the countenance that announces a placid state of the mind.

Delight expresses itself in various ways. We gaze upon a pleasing figure or picture, on highly wrought works of art, or beauteous

scenes of nature: we yield our olfactory nerves to the enlivening fragrance of flowers, or we devour with eager and fixed attention the sources of knowledge: we listen enchanted to the sounds of music.

Fondness appears in a thousand nameless airs and expressions of tender regard, which nature teaches us to understand. Parents love children with fondness: it is with fondness that children venerate their parents. Is not fondness the happiest associate of wedded love?

Gratitude is composed of complacency and benevolence for good received. It is a gentle principle, always wishing to promote the happiness of a benefactor.

Benevolence discovers itself in a pleasing countenance, a soft and smiling air, affability of speech, gentleness of behaviour, and readiness to relieve the distressed.

Friendship unites itself to its object; produces a communion of benefits and reciprocal communication of good offices, and delights in the society, converse, confidence, and remembrance of the object of its disinterested affections, which display themselves in appropriate looks, words, and actions.

Honour and *respect* are manifested in their exterior experience, by expressions of easy submission, blended with a display of honest and attentive regard, and an unfeigned desire to please on trivial as well as more important occasions.

ADORATION has God alone for its object, and requires every mark of awe and reverence—the bending of the knee, the humble address of prayer, the loud incense of praise, and the exulting song of thanks—

giving; in short, those acts which private devotion suggests, and the public ceremonials of religion ordain.

The *veneration* of any person whom we regard as superior for his wisdom and the useful display of noble virtues, is marked by respectful conduct, expressions of admiration, and the evident endeavour to imitate, to the utmost of our power, the excellencies of his conduct and character.

Admiration, according to the lesser or greater effect of its feeling, displays itself by sudden, quick, and brief exclamatory expression; by the movement of eyes and hands; by an intense fixing of the sight; and sometimes even by a stoppage of the voice, and by causing the person affected to become devoid of motion.

We now proceed to the *outward* expressions of the *painful* passions.

Sorrow is attended with heavy eyelids, paleness of the cheeks, the shedding of tears, a love of solitude, aversion to business, indifference to pleasure and amusements, inattention to personal appearance, and sometimes even neglect of food.

Envy, which is too often mixed with malice, wears a sour and uneasy countenance, strengthened by a malignant smile; displays a spiteful anger, utters biting jests, and laughs only with the desire of mischief; and encourages no other hope than that of triumphing in the misfortunes of those whose prosperity, honours, or comforts awake its rancour.

Fear appears in paleness of the face, a sinking of the spirits, trepidation of the voice and limbs,

chillness, fainting, and a hurrying desire to fly from the object of terror.

Jealousy is accompanied with an uneasy, anxious watchfulness; ill-will to, if not absolute hatred of, the object of it, with a continual disposition to misconstrue words and actions.

Impatience, especially when attended with suspense, appears in an unsettled look and hurried restlessness, and, as Sallust describes Catiline, sometimes walking fast and sometimes slow.

Despair refuses all comfort; is deaf to all counsel; neglects, and sometimes even disdains, all means of relief; is often seen to abandon itself to the most vicious excess, and is known sometimes to seek in suicide a refuge from its fury.

Abhorrence is seen in distortion of the countenance, closing the eyes that it may not see, turning away the head that it may not hear, and removing hastily from the object of disgust.

Pride is discovered by an affected mien or air, an erect head, a lofty look, boasting language, distant and repressive conduct to inferiors.

The *vain man* thinks others have a high opinion of him. The *proud man* entertains it of himself. This opinion too often induces him in prosperity to neglect culture, improvement, and even friendship; so that in adversity he is frequently obliged to have recourse to the most humiliating subserviency to avert its penalties. Thus, as Dean Swift observes, and whose observations, though sometimes perhaps too keen, are always founded in a thorough

knowledge of the human character, "Men climb in the same posture that they creep."

Affectation differs from *hypocrisy*, as in the latter there is a false show of *proper qualities*, and in the former such as are *improper*, or at least *indifferent*. When it respects *learning*, it displays *pedantry*; and when it applies itself to *accomplishments*, it distinguishes the characters of *coquettes* and *coxcombs*.

The NATURAL FACULTIES may be comprised, in a great measure, in the *understanding*, *imagination*, and *memory*.

The particular province of the UNDERSTANDING is the discovery of *truth*, and the proper conduct of it. Be ready, therefore, to receive information from every man, but think and judge for yourself.

Let not your *judgment* be determined by *passion*, *interest*, or *prejudice*, &c. nor altogether by the *character* and *reputation* of others; but consult the *nature* of things, which remains constant, and cannot be changed.

Beware of mistaking *words* for *ideas*, nor let your *understanding* be fettered by *one set of thoughts*, nor distracted by *many*; but let it be free to turn itself to any object, and give it the attention necessary; with a view to answer the principal purposes to which you direct it.

Approach the most difficult parts of knowledge by *degrees*, but despair not of mastering them; and do not confound *difficulties* with *impossibilities*: for such is the native force of the understanding, in a constant, steady, and regular application, that it often is found to exceed its own conceptions.

Thought is the action of the mind,

and inseparable from it; so that it must have vain and idle thoughts if it is not replenished with such as are useful and important: the former grow spontaneously, the latter require culture.

It is the province of the IMAGINATION to bring objects nearer to the mind by proper images or representations of them. The strength of the *passions*, and their government, have such a dependence upon it, that the utmost attention and care should be given to its regulation and correction. This is to be done by preventing undue associations of *moral* and *amiable* qualities with *vicious* habits and pursuits, so as to lessen their natural deformity. *Imagination* may be allowed to decorate and enliven *reason*, but never to be its guide and conductress.

MEMORY has but little concern in the morality of actions. It is necessarily improved by contemplation, attention, reflection, repetition, order, and method; but never fails to be more particularly annexed to its objects by the ideas of *pain* and of *pleasure*. A soldier never forgets his wounds nor his victories.

The office of CONSCIENCE is to judge of the *morality* of actions, as *right* or *wrong*. Thus it assumes an authoritative principle, acting upon due information and an uncontrolled power. And here may be truly observed, that its first dictates or suggestions are always the best, as they must be the most pure.

The propensities of *instinct* and solicitations of *appetite* require well-considered direction and restraint. The command of them is one of the most essential and certain branches of human happiness. This check

and government cannot be too soon begun, nor too habitually practised; nor can the incentives to them be too carefully considered, weighed, and avoided.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

Madam,

I am the mother of five children; the three eldest are girls, the two youngest are boys. The former are, as the whole of their education will be, submitted to my care, controul, and regulation. Their father, who is so actively engaged in public life as to be unable to give the due attention to the latter, and whose perfect confidence I am so happy as to enjoy in every thing that relates to our domestic concerns, has yielded to my request of intrusting the boys to my management also till the age of six years.

It had often occurred to me, that clear and precise definitions of the operations of the human mind, with such explanations as I felt myself qualified to give, would be a most useful source of elementary instruction. For this purpose I began my task, but from my incapacity to select and arrange, and the inadequate mode of definition to be purloined from dictionaries, I began to be disheartened in my attempt, especially as I received little encouragement from the vicar of the parish, to whom I applied for assistance, when chance threw in

my way Mr. Ackermann's *Repository*; where, among much elegant, useful, and amusing information, I was particularly attracted by the *Female Tattler*: and I beg leave to express my obligations to you, without a compliment; for every thing that I wanted to pursue my favourite scheme; and any further hints from you to forward and improve my view, will be considered as a lasting obligation by, madam, your obedient, humble servant,

ANGELICA LOVECHILD.

I am very much gratified by the foregoing opinions of my intelligent and obliging correspondent; and I am disposed to flatter myself, that she will not be the only one who will understand my object in the subject of several preceding numbers of the *Female Tattler*. The next paper, which will contain some general observations on the structure and improvement of the mind, and a brief, but I trust clear, account of the character, as well as properties, of the affections and passions, will conclude my design, when I shall return to my usual and more general subjects. At the same time I shall beg leave to recommend to Mrs. Lovechild, as a most admirable assistant in forwarding her preparatory plan of mental instruction, *Les Synonymes François*, by the Abbé Girard.

F— T—.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

TWELVE VOCAL PIECES, most of them with original Poetry, written expressly for this Work, composed, and respectfully inscribed to Mrs. William Frere, by John Clarke,

Mus. Doc. Cam. Vol. I. Pr. (to non-subscribers) 1*l.* 5*s.*

WE have had this splendid and voluminous publication some time in our possession, without finding

sufficient leisure to give it the consideration which we conceived to be due both to the author's name and to the promise held out by its typographical magnificence. And even now that we have pretty well investigated the whole, we are compelled, by the scantiness of our space, to select (indiscriminately) three or four of the pieces, on which we shall content ourselves with offering a few cursory observations. The contents and the authors of the poetry are as follow:

I. *The Foray*, Walter Scott.—II. "*What voice is this*," Joanna Baillie.—III. *The fair Saracen*, John Stewart.—IV. *Golice Muchane*, Lord Byron.—V. *The Lark*, James Hogg.—VI. *The Lover's Fow*, Rev. Samuel Tillbrook.—VII. "*The western wave was richly glowing*," William Smith.—VIII. "*Bright be the place of thy soul*," Lord Byron.—IX. "*Bright the eye with fondness beaming*," John Stewart.—X. *The Lady's Reveille*, Joanna Baillie.—XI. "*Sleep on, ye brave!*" John Stewart.—XII. "*Oh, young shepherd*," John Stewart.

The greater number of these poetic contributions are expressly written for this work, and their value corresponds with the established reputation of the authors. Indeed, in our opinion, some are almost too fine and too long for lyric composition. Poetry which is intended for musical purposes, ought, we conceive, to be distinguished by great simplicity of thought, refrain from soaring too high, and be of very limited extent. A few neat lines are enough for a great deal of vocal music, because they allow of greater scope for melismatic repetitions: whereas

a continued succession of fresh text, musically expressed, employs the intellect too much at the expense of the ear. The Italians are well aware of this. But to our task.

The text of No. I. the *Foray*, in five stanzas, has been divided into three musical portions: the first of which comprises the two first stanzas; the second portion repeats the whole of the foregoing melody, with some slight variation and a diversified accompaniment; and the last stanza is set to a new strain. The melody of all these is of a wild, determined character, consonant with the poetry: in the ideas themselves, however, we rather miss originality. The deviation to G minor (*p.* 10) is common and obsolete; and the same remark applies to the succeeding momentary transition into E♭, besides its producing, in our opinion, too strong a cadence for the text. The fifth stanza begins, with proper spirit, in E♭; but we cannot account for the reason which induced the instantaneous abandonment of this key, and the concomitant temporary change of tempo. The *adagio*-line, *p.* 24, we think not only well placed, but well devised and supported by classic harmony.

No. II. "*What voice is this*," in A minor, begins with a highly interesting symphony, the character of which is maintained for some time in the very select accompaniment of the song itself. On the melody, which is extremely impressive and chaste, we will observe, by the way, that its interrogatory portions would have appeared more natural, if set in ascent.

The first line p. 26 is finely rendered, and the next two ("Sweet as the nightingale") present an idea, the enchantingly sweet simplicity of which forms a melodic gem of the first order. There is nothing in the whole book we like better, or even so well. The thought, too, is extremely well pursued and developed in major and minor. The quick movement which follows is properly conceived; the unisono passage, "The dead shall seem to live," commands unqualified approbation; and the few bars of fine accompaniment in the last line of the same page shew the master. The repetition of "The dead," &c. (p. 29,) borders in our opinion too nearly on the severer style of sacred composition.

No. v. *The Lark*, and No. vi. *The Lover's Vow*, present melodies of chaste and smooth flow, faithfully expressive of the text, and the accompaniments are imagined with a great degree of skill and a very careful attention to the poetry. As the latter has much to do with larks, nightingales, and turtledoves, the piano-forte is a good deal employed in trilling and cooing, and we must say the imitations are not only done *ad naturam*, but also most cleverly interspersed between, and interwoven with the air. Our opinion on the subject of pictorial music differs from that of so many respectable composers, and Haydn's *Creation* and *Seasons* stare us so fully in the face, that we will not risk an abstract æsthetical argument on this point. Bar 5, l. 2, p. 47, affords a convincing proof of the unmusical nature of the word *parts*.

The recitative of No. vii. is not

to our taste; some of its phrases are too much of the common cast, and the transitions from F to D minor, and *vice versa* (however akin the two keys), appear to us harsh in the way in which they occur. In the air itself an affecting vein of pathetic innocence prevails, and the burden, "Ah! where is now my sailor," has our entire approbation.

No. ix. is a duet, English and Italian. As the latter text appears to have been the result of an afterthought, some allowance must be made with regard to several passages where the sense of the Italian words fits less to the music than the English poetry. But there are also some prosodical errors: "Racchiusa," for instance (p. 60, l. 2), is badly scanned—"Fiero" to *one* minim is an oversight. The music, however, calls for our decided approbation. The melody is of a superior order, replete with good thoughts; and the accompaniment distinguished by variety, skill, and science. We cannot omit advertising to the elegant passage at "and sweets," &c. (p. 59), in which the transition from E to C*, by means of D*, 3, 6*, is attended with the happiest effect. The *à dme* portion of this composition is likewise satisfactory throughout: some rather common figures have occasionally found their way into the two parts; but many instances of select arrangement, alternations, &c. occur on the other hand. The sudden transition to the unisono F's (p. 65) evinces judgment and geniality.

But this article has insensibly outgrown the limits we had proposed for ourselves. We must wind

it up briefly. From the specimens adverted to, our readers may probably form some idea of the value of this collection. The taste, judgment, careful labour, skill, and science which the author has displayed in so extensive an undertaking, cannot fail to add greatly to his well-earned reputation. We will also add, that it has seldom been our good fortune to witness such strict purity of harmony in a work of such compass. The second volume of this collection we shall bring under the notice of our readers with as little delay as possible, and we hope the great number of subscribers to these two, will induce the author not to relinquish his intention of publishing a third volume.

ANTOLOGIA MUSICALE, containing a Collection of the best Overtures, Sonatas, Rondos, Divertimentos, Marches, Waltzes, &c. of the most celebrated foreign Composers, the greater part of which have never been printed before. Nos. I. II. and III. Pr. 2s. each. Boosey and Co.

The extensive depôt of foreign music established by the above publishers, and their speedy transfer to our shores of almost every new publication of merit on the Continent, have, in our opinion, very materially contributed to the advancement of musical taste in this country. We, therefore, do not hesitate in seizing the opportunity offered by the present publication of their own, to express the sense we entertain of their services in the cause of the art, and to encourage them to persevere in exertions which cannot fail meeting with due reward. The three numbers of the *Antologia Musicale*

before us, highly deserve the attention of the amateur, as well as the professor.—No. I. contains a grand military march, and a rondo by Steibelt. Both these compositions are of first-rate excellence; the march in particular is uncommonly fine, and replete with effusions of true harmonic genius.—No. II. presents us with a grand waltz in the best style, and another waltz of peculiar neatness: but the most interesting portion of this number consists of two Spanish marches, the uncommon beauty of which, and decided originality of construction, vouch for their national authenticity.—In No. III. we find two celebrated marches from Mozart's *Idomeneo* (an opera much too little known in this country), a very fine march by Himmel, and a waltz of considerable originality.

If, as we doubt not, the taste and judgment displayed in this selection, shall direct the choice in the future numbers of the *Antologia Musicale* (which is to appear in monthly numbers), the success of such a work is a matter of certainty. Should the plan of the publishers exclude vocal music, we would recommend a separate vocal collection of a similar nature, with English translations from an *able* hand. Hundreds and hundreds of charming foreign compositions for the voice would thus become accessible to English singers.

Hodsdoll's Selection of popular Waltzes, arranged for the Piano-forte, Harp, or Violin. Set I. Pr. 2s.

The seven waltzes contained in this book have afforded us half an hour's pleasing relaxation. Most of them are of a superior stamp, and, we may add, good music alto-

gether. Except a typographical error in the second bar of the last line, *p.* 3, where the *F* should have been *G*, and an awkward beginning in the bass of waltz III. the harmonic arrangement likewise demands our approbation; it is effective, yet easy. To pupils, therefore, this publication may be well recommended, as affording a series of short, entertaining, and instructive lessons. The marked time and rhythmical regularity in dance-tunes, when they are good, render them highly proper for occasional practice. They tend greatly to impress on the mind a due knowledge of time.

ROB ROY MAC GREGOR, a musical Drama, as performed with universal applause at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed, and compiled from old Scottish Airs, by John Davy. Pr. 10s. 6d.

With the exception of one or two concerted pieces, and a portion of the overture (which are by Mr. Davy, and may be termed respectable), this publication consists of a variety of favourite Scotch tunes adapted to new words, or given with the old text. "Roy's Wife of Al-divalloch," "Auld lang syne," and other Scotch stock melodies, may be supposed not to have been forgotten in this Caledonian compilation, which has met with very great success on the boards of Covent-Garden; no doubt owing to the fascinating simplicity of some of the Scotch airs. The harmonic arrangement of these contents appears to us upon the whole satisfactory; it is simple and easy of execution, without being too naked.

The Soldier's Return, March and Rondo for the Piano-forte or

Harp, dedicated to Miss Morris, by W. F. Ansdell. Pr. 2s. 6d.

If the author of this be of an age which admits of further expectation, we feel warranted, by his labour before us, to promise him decided success as a piano-forte composer. We can perceive that he has studied good music; his ideas are satisfactory, frequently select, and sometimes original. The march is regular, and altogether conceived in proper style; its minore, in particular, is far from being commonplace; the thoughts are impressive, and rather of a novel kind; and the modulations towards the close of *p.* 2 well managed. The theme of the rondo, however neat, is awkwardly supported by ascending sixths in the bass, especially in those places where the fundamental, *G*, is quite omitted (at the outset it is scarcely shewn). Its minore, *p.* 5, is very good, and the coda in the sixth page equally creditable.

The Saxe-Weimar Waltz, arranged with Variations for the Piano-forte and Flute Accompaniment; respectfully inscribed (by permission) to Her Royal Highness the Duchess Ida of Saxe-Weimar and Eisenach, by J. Jay, M. D. Pr. 3s.

The waltz itself is pretty, and the variations do credit to Mr. J.'s talents. The first is tastefully devised, and No. 2. particularly interesting on account of the neat employment of crossed hands. No. 3. an andante in *D* minor, exhibits good style, and some good basses. No. 4. a march in *F*, is respectable, and supported by a proper flute accompaniment; and in No. 5. which is distinguished by its bustling activity, we observe several

attractive quick passages; some appropriate modulations are interwoven in pp. 7 and 8; the theme is resumed, p. 8, under a richer harmonic colouring; and the termination, p. 9, is classically conducted. The whole of this publication evinces taste, combined with a laudable and successful aim to do well. We see no traces of hurried writing, so frequent in modern compositions.

"Caroline-Hill," Romance and Rondino for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Caroline White, by C. L. Lithander. Pr. 3s.

The romance, which precedes the rondo, is a smooth attractive movement in C, in which key the succeeding allegro is likewise written. In the latter we observe many traces of the taste and skill which have called forth our favourable comment on prior productions from this author's pen. Several clever imitations between the bass and treble deserve our special notice in this instance; and the exhibition of the subject under various keys, as well as the neat manner in which these ideas are linked together, equally claim our unqualified approbation.

Fantasia for the Piano-forte, in which are introduced several favourite Airs, composed, and dedicated to Miss Matilda Hodges, by C. L. Lithander. Pr. 4s.

This is a composition of great merit, replete with indications of an exuberant fancy and true geniality; but, except it be employed as a study, an accomplished performer alone can pretend to render it complete justice. A solemn and imposing andante maestoso forms the introduction, and this is followed by an allegro, the select and

determined subject of which at once insured our favour. Our pleasure, however, was heightened, when we saw this subject turned and twisted (*quise à la Haydn*) in various pre-teen shapes, with the greatest skill and classic feeling. After this allegro sundry melodies are successively propounded under very select harmonic arrangements, yet so as to be separated, or we should rather say connected, by intermediate variations, and digressive matter not directly derived from these. The themes so treated are, "God save the King," "Robin Adair," "Tink-a-tink," "Oh! happy tawny Moor," a Swedish dance of singular originality, "Ye banks and braes." All these subjects are amalgamated into a sort of musical *pot-pourri* with infinite taste, and with no less a degree of sterling science; and the whole is brought to a conclusion (pp. 16 and 17) in a masterly manner.

THREE CANZONETS, Italian and English, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Antrobus, by G. Liverati, late composer to the King's Theatre, Haymarket, and author of the favourite opera I Selvaggi, &c.

At the moment when our monthly review was going to press, these canzonets came into our hands, and their great intrinsic value appeared to render it a matter of duty to our readers, not to lose an instant in bringing them under their consideration. Thus limited in point of time and space, we must forego the pleasure we should otherwise have felt in entering upon a regular critical analysis of such rich materials. We have the pride to



PICTORIAL CARDS

think we have established some credit with our readers on the score of impartiality. But, then, will our taste coincide with theirs at all times? If it did in this instance, we might have bold to assure them, that, of vocal music, nothing superior, nay, nothing so good, has been written in this country for many years. We feel the sweeping extent of this assertion, but we still stand by it, as far as our own taste goes. Here we have, in rare combination, elegance of melodic expression, true pathetic feeling, originality of thought, classic treatment, select and scientific harmony; in short, all the requisites of first-rate lyric composition. To these merits, we are happy to add other advantages of a more contingent nature. The Italian text is stated to be from the pen of Sig. Peironi, whose poems, in prose and in verse, and, among the latter, his epic poems on the naval achievements of Great Britain, have long established his reputation in this country. As to the poetical translation of the Italian words into the English, although it may be perceived that the arduous task of a

metrical *ex post facto* adaptation has not been executed by first-rate poetical genius, the ingenuity displayed in the undertaking will appear obvious: the sense of the original is faithfully rendered; and, what we consider of primary consequence, the translation, in point of metrical quantity as well as of expression, goes hand in hand with the melodies of all the three canzonets.

One or two observations remain: the subject of each canzonet ought to have been indicated by some appropriate title, to put the reader in possession of the scene or situation to which the poetry evidently seems to apply. This omission might yet be remedied with ease in future impressions, in the event of which some typographical errors ought to be corrected. For instance, *p. 2, l. 3, b. 4*, the last B should be A; *p. 3, l. 3, b. 1*, the first A should be B; *p. 9, l. 1, bim* should be *bid*; and *l. 2, b. 1*, the E's in the bass were, we imagine, intended to be C's. The last canzonet ought to have had three pages; it is too crowded in the two.

FINE ARTS.

PICTORIAL CARDS.

PLATE 85.—FOUR PLAYING-CARDS.

THE SEVEN OF DIAMONDS. A young lady is busily employed in knitting, and by her side is suspended her work-bag, which is formed by the diamond, as is the corner of her handkerchief. The diamond composes the argand lamp,

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and decorates the vase and other furniture.

THE TWO OF SPADES. An elegant female is seated and playing on a guitar, which she seems to accompany with her voice: the spade is converted into a ridicule,

and ornaments the back of the chair.

The **THREE OF CLUBS** is a scene from the celebrated novel of *Gil Blas*, and represents him in his retirement from the hustle and cares of life, when in company with his beloved Seraphina, he was congratulating himself on his domestic felicity; and the artist seems to have caught the very moment when, as he terms it in the last page of his history, he ventured to form the bold hypothesis, that he himself

was the father of her children. The club forms the architectural decorations, and an ornament upon the cradle.

The **SIX OF HEARTS** is the entrance of an Egyptian temple, at the portal of which are immense figures seated, and bearing vases in their hands. The heart forms the faces of these figures, the bodies of the vases, and an ornament which terminates the hieroglyphic tablets.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE present Exhibition at the British Institution consists of a fine collection of the works of the old masters, particularly of those of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and French schools, together with two of those sublime productions by Raphael, known by the name of the *Cartoons*. The gallery contains upwards of one hundred and fifty pictures, and the value of such an Exhibition may be estimated, when it is known that of these, there are seven by Guido; two by Leonardo da Vinci, three by Domenichino, eight by Rubens, two by Lud. Caracci, one by Parmigiano, one by Pordenone, one by F. Mola, two by Both, two by N. Poussin, three by Vanderneer, one by Vanderwerf, one by Paul Potter, six by Jan Steen, five by P. Wouvermanns, four by Berghem, two by W. Vanderveelde, five by Paul Veronese, seven by Cuyp, two by Brouwer, four Claudes, one by Moroni, one by Le Nain, three by Velasquez, one by Netcher, two by Schalcken, one by P. de Hooge, four by Ruysdael, two by Guercino, one by Palame-

des, two by Le Seur, one by de Witt, one by F. Mieris, two by Van Huysum, four by Hobbima, three by Vanderveelde, one by Gerard Douw, twelve by Teniers, four by Ostade, one by K. du Jardin, two by Vandyke, one by G. Metz, one by Corregio, one by Carlo Dolce, nine by Rembrandt, two by Murillo, two by A. Caracci, one by Giorgione, one by M. de Ferrara, one by M. Angelo and De Venusti, one by Garafolo, three by G. Poussin, two by Salvator Rosa, two by Watteau, two by Titian, and a few others by inferior masters.

The proprietors of these splendid pictures are, his Majesty; H. R. H. the Prince Regent; the Dukes of Wellington, Bedford, and Northumberland; the Duchess of Buccleugh; the Marquises of Stafford and Bute; the Countess de Grey; the Earls of Coventry, Darnley, Yarmouth, Grosvenor, Lonsdale, Derby, Carlisle, Suffolk, Spencer, Warwick, and Mulgrave; Viscount Ranelagh; Lords De Dunstanville and C. Townshend; Hon. A. Phipps; Sirs T. Baring,

G. Warrender, Simon Clerk, and A. Hume; Mrs. Morland; Messrs. C. Long, H. Carr, J. P. Miles, H. P. Hope, G. W. Taylor, W. Beckford, G. Hibbert, W. Smith, G. O. Bowles, J. T. Batt, G. J. Cholmondeley, R. Walpole, C. Duncombe, Francis Freeling, and Ridley Colborne.

The cartoons this year exhibited are, *the Gate of the Temple* and *Christ giving the Keys to Peter*.

It is most gratifying to find, that the directors of the British Institution feel the importance of continuing to procure and exhibit these inimitable productions of Raphael's genius—works which, if studied with attention, are calculated to elevate and refine the taste of our artists, and command the admiration of the public. This magnificent series of coloured designs originally consisted of thirteen works, and represented the origin, sanction, economy, and progress of the Christian religion: seven of these alone exist in the present day, and his majesty has the honour of possessing them. At the sale of the magnificent collection of works of art after the death of Charles I. the cartoons narrowly escaped sharing the fate of the splendid set of Titians in the gallery of that unfortunate monarch; and if a purchaser at the price of only 400*l.* could have been immediately had for them, they would for ever have disappeared from this country. Of these works the learned keeper and professor of painting at the Royal Academy has said, that “in whatever light we consider their invention, as parts of one whole relative to each other, or independent each of the rest and as single subjects,

there can be scarcely named a beauty or a mystery of which the cartoons furnish not an instance or a clue.”

The cartoon of *the Gate of the Temple* in this gallery, represents Peter healing the lame man, whom he lifts up, and whose feet and ankle-bones immediately receive strength. In front of the composition appears a row of magnificent columns, by the arrangement of which the figures are distributed into three distinct groups. The two apostles, Peter and John, the cripple, and four others, compose the central group. The other compartments represent people going to and from the temple. Various writers have said, that there is not perhaps in the world a picture so thoroughly characterised or so artfully managed as this cartoon. The dignity of Peter, the astonishment, the joy, and mixture of doubt in the cripple, the amazement of the spectators, present such a combination of character and expression, as perhaps never was before embodied in any work of art. In the architectural parts the artist has fled from the established orders, and erected arbitrary columns of his own: the waving line they form has been generally pronounced most graceful, though the licence here taken by Raphael has exposed him to the censure of some critics. The formation and decoration of these columns finely accord with the general arrangement of the subject; and it has been appropriately said, that no substitution of others in their room could take place, without a manifest and total disorganization of the composition.

The other cartoon represents *Christ*

giving the Keys to Peter. Here again the heads and figures are amazingly designed, though fault has been found with the principal figure of our Saviour, which is supposed to have sustained some injury since Raphael's time. The arrangement of the figures is admirable, the draperies are noble and well cast, and the attitudes finely varied and contrasted. Mr. Richardson, who had studied the cartoons, is represented to have said, that "the small piece of drapery in a part of the garment of the outermost apostle, is of great consequence to this picture, which, being folded as under his arm, breaks the straight line of an unpleasing mass of light, and gives a more graceful form to the whole; which artifice is also assisted by the boat. Of the same consequence to the principal figure is the flock of sheep placed behind, which helps to break the line of the drapery, detach the figure from its ground, and illustrate the history."

The Assumption of the Virgin.

We select this small picture, which is the property of H. R. H. the Prince Regent, from the others by Rubens in this collection, because, as a whole, it appears to us his most beautiful and best finished work. There is a softness, a beauty, an angelic expression in the composition, at the same time that it has a spirit and vigour of execution rarely, if ever, surpassed. The wreath of angels which encircles the principal figure is beautiful in the extreme; the buoyancy and spirit of this part of the composition is admirable, and the colouring harmonious and beautiful.

There are some spirited sketches

in the gallery by this artist, and also the admirable work of *the crouched Lioness*, which was for a short time at the Royal Academy, for the benefit of the students.

The Assumption of the Virgin. From the Cathedral of Grenada.

This picture embodies in a remarkable degree the beauties and peculiarities of Guido's style. He excelled in female figures, angels, and children, and generally gave to them an engaging propriety of expression; his pencil was soft and delicate; and, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, the clearness and neatness of his pearly tint contribute not a little to that exquisite beauty and delicacy which so much distinguish his works. It must be confessed, however, that the delicacy of his colouring sometimes approached to rawness, flatness, and insipidity. The picture before us is in his best style. There are others of great beauty in this collection.

The Bishop of Trieste.

The great genius of Vandyke lay in portrait-painting, and the principal sphere of his action was in England, under the patronage of Charles I. The portrait before us is in his best style; the head is imitably formed, and is in itself a study; the outline, the air, and expression are admirable.

Cattle in a Landscape.—Paul Potter.

This small picture is of the highest value, as being one of the most exquisite landscapes ever painted by this extraordinary artist. The colouring is soft and agreeable, and the cattle seem to breathe from the canvas: they are painted in a masterly manner, and touched with all the truth and spirit of nature.

Landscape, Philip baptizing the Eunuch.—Both.

This landscape, which is the property of H. R. H. the Prince Regent, is in the best style of the artist whose name it bears; a fine warm sunshine sheds its glow throughout the picture, and the tints are quite in the tone and hue of nature. Both entirely confined himself to landscape-painting, in which he excelled: wherever (as in this landscape) figures were introduced, they were, it is said, inserted by his brother, who drew correctly.

The Assumption of the Virgin. From the Couvent des Carmes Déchaussés Caille dal Calla.—Murillo.

The style of this artist was so various, that he could handle with equal skill the most hallowed subjects of sacred history, or the most coarse and vulgar play-scenes of the Spanish peasant-boy. This is strikingly illustrated in the fine collection at Dulwich College. The composition of the picture before us is extremely beautiful; the wreath of angels is light and buoyant, and the lower group extremely poetical. The colouring is soft and harmonious, though some of the shadows appear heavy. We are rather inclined to think, that this appearance is caused by the picture being placed next Guido's bright and pearly representation of the same subject.

The Bonnet Rouge.—Teniers.

This picture, which represents a number of boors smoking, one of whom has hung his red cap on the back of his chair, and thereby given a name to the subject, has long been considered a *chef d'œuvre* by this artist. He exemplifies in it his

wonderful powers of imitating and copying the pastimes of village life. From the nature of his subject, his figures were coarse and clumsy, and their expression that of broad humour and noisy merriment. He seems to have caught the character of his boors with inimitable exactness, and the powers of his invention enabled him to infuse infinite variety into his subjects. His pictures are clear and transparent, and he had the art, which Rubens caught from Titian, of relieving his lights by other lights, without the interposition or opposition of strong shadows.

Interior of a Church.—De Witt.

De Witt excelled in architectural perspective, in which he was scientifically correct, and in a happy choice of lights, which he introduced and disposed so as to produce the brightest and most pleasing effect. His lights, as will be seen in this picture, do not fall in from one or two points, but they are reflected from a variety of objects. The tints are clear, and harmonize admirably with the architecture of the building, which is plain and imposing.

Virgin and Child.—Corregio.

A most soft and exquisite specimen of tender expression and colouring.

Virgin and Child.—Carlo Dolce.

The expression in this little picture is good, but the colouring is highly wrought, and has a rawness that admits little repose for the eye.

A Poulterer's Shop.—Gerard Douw.

This is an exquisitely touched picture; it has all the beautiful and transparent colouring which this artist cultivated to so high a point of perfection. The picture before

us exhibits that close copying from nature, that partial and laborious minuteness and finish of execution upon the most trifling part, for which he received such commendation in the Dutch school. The fowls are wonderfully painted.

The Sibylla Libyca.—Lud. Caracci.

The Sibylla Libyca is a very celebrated production by this artist, and embodies much of the grand style; it has great strength and energy of character in the composition, and in the colouring that sober twilight, which suits the gravity of the subject, and gives it an imposing effect.

A rocky Landscape, with Waterfall, Cattle, and Figures.—Berghem.

The bold and spirited style of the artist is here remarkably displayed; the waterfall has a natural and rippling effect, and the general colouring of the picture is harmonious and true.

Gaston de Foix. From the Orleans Collection.—Giorgione.

For powers of execution this is one of the best pictures we have seen by this master.

The Cornaro Family.—Titian.

The picture represents an Italian family at the altar performing their devotions: the principal characters are remarkable for the expression of piety; the drapery on some of them is exquisitely wrought, and the altar is finely executed. The colouring is rather plainer than we generally see in Titian's pictures.

The sick Lady—Group of Villagers, with fighting Cocks.—Jan Steen.

The first of these pictures is full of strong and well contrasted expression, and the colouring is clear and appropriate. The expression

is equally strong and characteristic in the last, and some parts are admirably touched: the colouring, however, has not the same softness; the cap on the head of the stooping boy more resembles the surface of an earthen tile, than the texture of cloth.

Portrait of an elderly Female.—Rembrandt.

There are several works by Rembrandt in this Exhibition, all of them remarkable for the strong and powerful expression which he produced by deep masses of shadow, arranged and distributed so as to reflect but a small portion of light. In the portrait of the elderly Lady, the frill or ruff is executed with astonishing perfection.

View on a River, with Cattle in the fore-ground.—Cuyp.

This view loses something of its character and effect by being seen in an atmosphere so totally different from that which it is intended to present, or that in which it was painted. It is cold, and the reflections on the trees and the cattle are those which snowy objects yield. The picture undoubtedly possesses that transparency which Cuyp so pre-eminently possessed, and the delicacy of handling which gives such value to his views.

Landscapes (Nos. 84 and 88).—Hobbima.

These landscapes are full of that admirable *chiaro-scuro* which distinguished Hobbima, and also the boldness and precision of marking which give such strength and vigour to his works: the distances between the trees are not, however, so well made out as we have sometimes seen; the aerial perspective is not so defined and distributed as

to produce that illusion which at once develops the truth of nature.

There is a number of other works in this collection well entitled to notice, if, consistently with the miscellaneous arrangement of our publication, we could devote more room to this subject: we cannot, however, enter more fully into it, as we must reserve some space for the annual Exhibition at the Royal Academy.

The evening Exhibitions at the British Institution for the fashionable world, commenced the last Tuesday but one of the month, and will be continued every succeeding Tuesday for the season. They were attended by all the most distinguished families in town; and the effect of the light on many of the pictures was in the highest degree fascinating.

EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LAST month the *fiftieth* annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy took place at Somerset-House. For the information of our classical readers, we prefix the motto selected by the academic historian for the present year:

"Inest mentibus nostris insatiabilis quædam cupiditas veri videndi. Itaque cum summus necessarius negotiis et curis vacui, tùm avemus aliquid videre, audire, addiscere, et putamus cognitionem rerum aut occultarum, aut admirabilium esse ad beatè vivendum necessarium."—CICERO. *De Off.* lib. i.

This Exhibition of course consists of a large miscellaneous collection of works in every department of art, and of almost every degree of merit. There are no less than 1117 works set down in the catalogue, a greater number we believe than has ever yet been presented to the public in one collection. The nature of a periodical publication obviously admits but of a brief selection from so large a mass: it is due, however, to the character of our rising artists to state, that their efforts this year shew a marked and decided improvement, which we are sorry our limits will not allow us to illustrate by the many particular examples

the walls of Somerset-House at this moment furnish. Portraits, as usual, form the great majority of the pictures, but some of them are of a nature to redeem the taste of the times from the too sweeping censure which some critics have cast on the general encouragement given by the public to this department of art. It generally happens at our annual Exhibitions, that public feeling assigns to some particular artist the pre-eminence in the portrait-painting of the current year: we are not aware on whom the palm has been bestowed at present, but we shall commence our remarks with the portrait which, in our judgment, seems indisputably entitled to the very first place, as a work of art, in whatever way we can look upon it.

Portrait of H. R. II. the Prince Regent.—Sir T. Lawrence, R. A.

This is, we think, one of the finest portraits which has been executed by any of our living artists. Some critics in the public prints of the day have discovered, that it is in parts finished in a careless manner: if this be the fact, all we shall say is, that it is an enviable care-

lessness. We suspect, however, that what has been deemed a fault is a high perfection, and that the artist has incurred the guilt of carelessness by the consummate skill he has shewn in concealing all the means which his art furnished him in producing the astonishing effect of the picture. The attitude is noble and dignified, the drapery flowing and grand, and the back-ground of corresponding character. The robes are wonderfully painted; they have a breadth, grandeur, and richness so true to the texture and folds of the original, that it is impossible at the first view not to be struck with the powerful resemblance. The painting in every part of the picture is exquisite, and the executive parts are finished in the highest perfection.

Portrait of the Duke of Wellington, in the dress he wore, and on the horse he rode, at the Battle of Waterloo.—By the same Artist.

The deep shadows in the back-ground, which are typical of an embattled field, and the dark and flowing cloak of the hero, give great grandeur to this picture. The countenance of his grace is also finely painted: but the attitude of the horse has been the subject of some criticism; the action of the fore legs does not certainly correspond with that of the hinder, and the animal appears to move in a forced and unnatural position.

The portraits of Lady C. L. Gower and Lady Acland and Children, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, are also beautiful.

The Nativity of our Saviour—The Women at the Sepulchre—The Great Mogul presenting to the late Lord Clive the Grant of the Da-

wannee for the East India Company.—B. West, P. R. A.

The venerable president has been too long before the public, and the merit of his works has been so generally appreciated, that it is unnecessary at this period to say more, than that his pencil retains its wonted vigour. His pictures in this Exhibition are full of dignity and impressive character, and contain the same forcible expression which we have had so often to praise in the works of this venerable and distinguished artist, who has perhaps more than any other man devoted his talents to the cultivation of moral and religious sentiments.

Dante, in his descent to Hell, discovers amidst the flights of hapless Lovers whirled about in a hurricane, the forms of Paolo and Francesca of Rimini; obtains Virgil's permission to address them; and being informed of the dreadful blow that sent them to that abode of torment, at once overcome by pity and terror, drops a lifeless corpse on the rock.—H. Fuseli, R. A.

"E caddi, come corpo morto cade."

DANTE *Inferno*, c. v.

We have many times had occasion to speak of the learned keeper of the Royal Academy, often with admiration of his enthusiasm and talents, and always with respect. His style of painting is long decided and cast; it is *sui generis*, and Mr. Fuseli can only be compared with *himself*. His designs are always grand, and the execution of them often develops a burning and unrestrained imagination, which consumes itself with self-gratification on the subject it works upon, without pausing to consider the effect of the work on the colder and

more fastidious taste of the spectator. The subject above-mentioned from Dante, and another picture called *the Deluge*, but which would not be known for a representation of that event were it not for the name in the catalogue, are the keeper's contributions to the present Exhibition. The figures are drawn with great vigour and spirit; the expression is bold and appalling; and the latitude which the subjects fairly allowed, has been used by the artist to indulge in its full scope the peculiar bent of his genius.

A Scene on the Coast of Norfolk—Departure of the Diligence from Rouen.—W. Collins, R. A.

The former picture has all the fine touches of finishing which make this artist's landscapes so fascinating and agreeable; and the latter is rather in a new style, and extremely well painted. The bustle of the figures is forcibly expressed. The reflection of the lamp light is correct and well displayed; but the light of the moon, which breaks from above, is beautiful in the extreme. One of these pictures has, we believe, been purchased by H. R. H. the Prince Regent.

Kishnagherry, a Hill-Fort in the Barrak-Muhl, East Indies.—T. Daniel, R. A.

This picture, and some landscape views of the seat of Sir C. Cockerell, are the productions of Mr. Daniel in this year's Exhibition. The former is a rich delineation of Oriental colouring and scenery, the effect of which is novel and agreeable; the latter shew considerable powers, and great taste in the distribution of light and shade over a very pleasing landscape.

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Fairies.—H. Howard, R. A.

—“That on the sands with pointless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back.”

SHAKESPEARE'S *Tempest*.

If our great dramatist could have seen this beautiful picture, he would have at once pronounced it a personification of his poetical idea. The exquisite grace of the figures, who “trip on the light fantastic toe,” the charms of their colouring, the whole appearance of aerial buoyancy with which the picture abounds, give to it at once all the beauties of poetry, and the charming delusion which they are calculated to excite.

Portrait of the Right Hon. Lord Erskine.—Sir W. Beechey, R. A.

Sir William has several good portraits, among them a beautiful one of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester. Lord Erskine's is admirably finished. The artist has caught the expressive shape and character of the noble lord's forehead, and the marked action of the eyebrows: it is one of the best likenesses we have seen.

Fête Champêtre.—T. Stothard, R. A.

“Again with feather'd feet we bound,
Dancing in a festive round;
Again the sprightly music warms,
Songs delight, and beauty charms:
Debonair and light and gay,
Thus we dance the hours away.”

This is a very pleasing poetical picture, and strikingly resembles the style and subjects of Watteau. *Portrait of William Sharpe.*—M. A. Shee, R. A.

A very dignified and excellently painted portrait.

The Mouth of the Tyne, with a View of North and South Shields.—A. W. Callcott, R. A.

The three last Exhibitions have

given fine specimens of this artist's style, and of his great powers of execution. This picture, like that of the *Pool of London*, is remarkable for its clearness and transparency. The breadth and distance and truth are strikingly and naturally portrayed. The boat appears to be a little too large, but the characters in it are admirable, and so is the reflection in the water. The floating clouds are beautifully painted, but the lower seem if any thing rather heavy. The colour of the blue flag might perhaps have been kept down a little with advantage. These observations are, however, hastily thrown out, and cannot interfere with the general merit of the picture. The perspective is excellent, and the aerial effect is every where beautiful.

Gil Blas and Diego the Barber meeting with the Player.—J. J. Chalon.

There is a good deal of excellent colouring and comic character in this picture, but the execution seems rather hard.

The Errand-Boy—A finished Sketch of Walter Scott, Esq. and his Family. In the centre is Mr. Scott seated on a bank; at his left hand is his friend Captain A. Ferguson, with his two sons, Mr. W. and Mr. C. Scott, and behind them is an old dependant of the family. On the right is Mrs. Scott, attired as a cottagematron, with her two daughters as ewe-milkers. In the front of the picture is Mr. Scott's gigantic stag-greyhound, of the ancient Highland race, now almost extinct; and in the distance is a view of the Tweed, the town and abbey of Melrose, the Eildon Hills, and the top of the Cawdenknows.—D. Wilkie, R. A.

These pictures are in Mr. Wilkie's characteristic style of finishing. The last, of which so minute a description is given, derives of course some interest from the union of the names of a great poet and painter. It is, however, but a family sketch; the figures perhaps some would think too large, and one or two of them rather heavy. The colouring is good, and we have no doubt the likenesses make it an excellent family picture. There is fine expression in the *Errand-Boy*.

Portrait of Earl Spencer.—

T. Phillips, R. A.

An admirable likeness, and equally well painted. There is also great spirit in the portrait of the late W. Honeywood, Esq.

Raby Castle, the Seat of the Earl of Darlington—Dort, or Dordrecht; the Dort Packet from Rotterdam becalmed—The Field of Waterloo.

"Last noon beheld them full of lusty life;

Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay:

The midnight brought the signal—sound of strife;

The morn, the marshaling of arms—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!

The thunder clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,

The earth is cover'd thick with other clay
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,

Rider and horse—friend, foe, in one red burial blent!"

Mr. Turner has contributed these three pictures, each of which is in a different style. The first is a view of *Raby Castle*, and a good landscape, with a representation of a fox-hunt. It seems a morning view, and not in very clear weather. The colouring is plain, and the perspective excellent: perhaps this is the greatest merit in the picture. The second is the *Dort View*, which comes much nearer the artist's best style: it is a representation of a

calm, with that appearance of oppressive heat which generally accompanies it. The boat is finely painted, and the grouping inimitable; the reflection on the water is also very fine. The blue in the distance is perhaps a little too powerful for the general effect. *The Field of Waterloo*, in the catalogue, gives a name to the picture which the subject, in the manner it is handled, would not suggest to the spectator. It is more an allegorical representation of "battle's magnificently stern array," than any actual delineation of a particular battle; indeed, the allegory may represent a civil conflict of any kind. It possesses a strong claim to attention from the arrangement of powerful masses of colouring, descriptive of the smoky elements of a wide-spreading conflagration. The group in the centre depicts the merciless carnage of war, and its ravages in domestic life, by the confused and overthrown assemblage of both sexes and all ages, which lie in a mingled heap. There is a good deal of grandeur in the effect of this picture as a whole, and the executive parts are handled with care and attention. The celebrated work of Mr. Turner's in the last Exhibition, *The Fall of Carthage*, is, we think, superior to any in the present, excellent as they are, and most certainly his *chef d'œuvre*.

Hermia and Helena.—W. Allston.

The agreeable colouring of this picture gives it a Venetian look.

Portrait of a Gentleman.—A. J. Oliver, A.

This is a very pleasing and well-finished portrait.

Lord Wake of Cottingham sets fire to his castle, to prevent a visit from King Henry VIII. who was enamoured of his wife.—H. P. Briggs.

The attitude of Lord Wake is extremely striking and good; the execution of the picture is free, but the colouring is in some parts carried rather too far.

Portrait of his Majesty Henry Christophe King of Hayti—*Portrait of Prince Victor Henry, Prince Royal of Hayti*.—R. Evans.

These two portraits of the chief members of the reigning family of Hayti are in many respects interesting. The likenesses are, we understand, good, and the portraits are well painted.

The Virtue of Faith.—G. H. Harlow.

"And when the woman saw that she was not hid, she came trembling, and falling down before him, she declared unto him before all the people for what cause she had touched him, and how she was healed immediately.

"And he said unto her, Daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace."—*St. Luke*, chap. viii.

In this picture there is a general air in the colour which has a good effect. The head of the Saviour is perhaps the best part of the picture, and the general execution has the merit of freedom and correctness.

The Trial of Algernon Sydney before Judge Jeffreys, &c. &c.—F. P. Stephanoff.

The time chosen in this picture is when the patriot, after having been declared by the chief justice to be insane, stretched out his arm, and exclaimed, "Feel my pulse, my lord." In the attitude of Sydney there is great dignity and energy, and the general arrangement of the subject is good. The artist is, as usual, chiefly distinguished for

the beauty and variety of his colouring.

Portrait of H. R. II. the Duke of Gloucester.—G. J. Joseph, A.

This is a striking likeness, and painted in a soft and pleasing manner; it is highly creditable to the artist's taste and skill.

Portrait of an Arabian, the property of the Earl of Powis.—J. Ward, R. A.

This artist has no rival in the delineation of subjects of this kind. The vigour, expression, and life in this portrait, are beyond all praise. It is impossible to say, whether we ought more to admire the anatomical drawing or the fleshy colouring of the animal.

Una with the Satyrs.—W. Hilton, A.

So from the ground she fearlesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of harm.
They, all as glad as birdes of joyous prime,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,

Shouting and singing all a shepherd's ryme;
And with greene branches strowing all the ground,

Do worship her as queene:

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with double echo ring;
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,

Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring.

SPENSER'S *Fairie Queene*, b. I. c. vi.

This is a most pleasing and well-finished landscape, in the style of N. Poussin. The subject is quite poetical. The drawing of the figures is good, and the colouring most appropriate. The variety of character is well expressed, and the attitudes and action strikingly displayed. Notwithstanding our partiality to this picture, we are inclined to ask the artist, whether, after seeing its effect in the Exhibition, he does not think the brightness of the landscape interferes in some respect with the figures in the fore-

ground? It struck us so in the light we saw it in when at Somerset-House. The picture does infinite credit to Mr. Hilton, who is a meritorious and painstaking artist.

Portraits of a Group of favourite Dogs, the property of J. Scott, Esq.—H. B. Chalon.

These portraits are remarkable for some beautiful colouring.

Portrait of a Donkey.—E. Landseer.

This little work shews the skill of (we believe) a very young artist in animal-painting.

Venus, Cupid, and the Graces.—

R. T. Bone.

One of the best coloured pictures we have seen by this artist.

The Fifth of November.—W. F.

Wetherington.

A most humorous representation of a popular practice.

Scene v. Act II. in "No Song No Supper."—M. W. Sharp.

Endless. Assault me if you dare; if you strike me, it's cognizable in court, as I was not found in any overt act.

The manner in which the artist has handled this subject shews great feeling, and the execution much skill and taste.

Portraits of a Lady and her Daughter.—Madame Varillat.

These portraits are beautifully executed, and reflect the greatest credit on this lady's talents.

Composition of Flowers, Studies from Nature, contained in a Portrait of the Vase presented to E. Kean by the Sub-Committee and Performers of the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane.—Mrs. Pope.

This work has been most favourably spoken of in the public prints, and it deserves all the praise which has been so universally conferred upon it.

The new Wier on the River Wye, painted on the spot.—T. Glover.

This picture is one of the most agreeable views we have seen from Mr. Glover. There is an abundance of air in the distance, and the back-ground is pleasing and romantic. The water is very well painted, and the reflection striking and natural.

An Alderney Bull and Cow, the property of J. Allnutt, Esq.—A. Cooper, A.

The figures in this picture are executed with the truth of nature, which distinguishes the animal-paintings of this meritorious artist.

Imogen.—H. Singleton.

Pisanio. What, shall I need to draw my sword?

—No! 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose
tongue

Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose
breath

Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world—kings, queens, and
states,

Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters.

Cymbeline, act iii. scene 4.

There is a great deal of taste displayed in this picture, and it exhibits a style of execution remarkably free and rapid.

There is a number of other paintings of great merit, but our limits will not admit any further extension of our selection from this department of the Exhibition.

The architectural drawings are numerous, and in a good style. They shew a great proficiency in this useful branch of art, which, at the moment of our being about to enter upon the building of national churches and monuments, is a pleasing reflection for the country. There is a number of excel-

lent drawings, designs, and models in this division of the Exhibition.

SCULPTURE.

The sculptural part of the Exhibition, as usual, presents a large number of busts, and they are in general (and particularly those of Mr. Chantrey) entitled to great praise.

Monumental Alto Relievo in marble.—R. Westmacott, R. A.

He shall give his angels charge over thee.
—*Psalm xci.*

This is a finely executed piece of sculpture, and does great credit to Mr. Westmacott. The angels appear to float with ethereal buoyancy: their being in the attitude of embracing may appear to some rather to savour of human affection and enjoyment, as we are to suppose that angelic bliss requires no external symbol to denote its existence. The fine curve which the figures form has a beautiful effect.

This artist has also a model for a statue, to be cast in bronze, of the late Right Hon. William Pitt. The statesman is represented sitting, with one of his arms extended, as if in the act of making a formal address. This, after all, is an inelegant manner of representing an orator, notwithstanding the great authorities we have for it from Cato downwards. What Dr. Johnson said of Shakspeare, "that he exhausted worlds, and then imagined new," would apply to the attitudes of the ancients, for after copying all the forms and graces of the human frame, these sculptors travelled into ideal beauty, and in attitudes pursued the idea of the moment. One of the finest ancient statues in a sitting posture is we believe the *Agrippina* at Naples.

from this Canova took his idea for the statue of Buonaparte's mother (*Madame Mère*), which, if we mistake not, has lately come into the possession of H. R. H. the Prince Regent. The model for Mr. Pitt's statue is a good companion for that of Mr. Fox in Bloomsbury-square; but, in our humble judgment, great orators should be placed in more graceful and imposing attitudes. *Cupid disarmed, an Anacreontic.*—

E. H. Bailey, A.

A poetical subject, executed with great taste, and well entitled to observation. The *Flora* is equally pleasing.

Statue of the Right Hon. Lady Louisa Russell.—F. Chantrey, R. A.

A simple, beautiful, and interesting figure of a playful and innocent child. The simplicity of the attitude and unaffected air of the composition, give this statue an effect which we have rarely witnessed in subjects of a similar nature.

Bust of the late Princess Charlotte, modelled at Claremont, executed in marble for H. S. H. the Prince Leopold.—F. Nicoli.

This bust is a striking likeness of the late lamented Princess; it has the expressive character and dignity for which the original was so remarkable.

There are several excellent models in the Sculpture-Room.

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of *INTERESTING EXTRACTS* from *NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.*

THE LOVER'S TASK.

(From Introduction to the *Tales of my Landlady*, by PEREGRINE PUZZLEBRAIN.)

(Concluded from p. 302.)

As I saw clearly that nothing but absolute seclusion would ever enable me to finish the task my lovely tyrant so arbitrarily insisted upon, I determined to take a lodging in the environs of London, shut myself up from all society, and devote myself wholly to my pen, till it was completed.

The following morning I began my search, and surely of all lodging-hunters, I deserved to be reckoned the most fastidious. One condition on which I positively insisted was, that there should be no lodger beside myself; and another, that the house should be uniformly quiet, as I declared that the least

noise, either day or night, would induce me to move directly.

At length, I was fortunate enough to find apartments, such as I desired, in the house of a respectable widow, in whose favour I was prepossessed the moment I cast my eyes upon her.

She appeared to be something more than fifty, and though she could never, even in her youthful days, have been termed handsome, her countenance was still pleasing; a physiognomist would at the first glance have given her credit for good sense and benevolence. Her neat and plain garb was perfectly suited to her years, and her man-

ners were respectful, without that fawning obsequiousness too general among people of her-class.

Our bargain was made in a few words; I ordered my trunk to be moved to my new habitation directly, and in the course of a few hours I was as completely at home as if I had been the old lady's inmate all my life.

The following day I resumed my task, and by dint of continual application, I made some progress: but my sedentary life soon began to affect my health; in less than a fortnight I grew pale and thin, and completely lost my appetite. I had, on taking my apartment, given my landlady a bank-note to provide what was necessary for my table, with directions to call upon me as soon as it should be expended: as I thought that that must be the case, though I had received no intimation of it, I desired to see her.

After we had settled the business on which she came, we fell into chat on various subjects, and after glancing once or twice from me to my writing-desk, my landlady observed, that she feared I applied too closely to business.

The kind solicitude which the good woman's look and tone expressed, pleased me; it was besides more than a fortnight since I had seen a female, and as I am naturally attached to the sex, the sight even of an old woman, after having been so long deprived of all female society, was a treat to me. I soon discovered that my landlady was sensible and intelligent, and had seen a good deal of the world, and before we parted, I engaged her to make my tea herself every evening.

A few evenings only had elap-

sed, before I felt an inclination to take the good woman's opinion of my work. I recollected Moliere used to read his plays to an old woman, and surely a wight of such very slender pretensions as myself, need not be ashamed to follow his example. In short, I confided the history of my novel to my landlady, and my confidence was soon followed by an earnest request from the old lady to hear a chapter or two.

While I was reading, I was very attentive to the manner of my auditor, and I soon had the mortification, though she was more polished than to express her disapprobation by a yawn, as Moliere's old woman occasionally did, to perceive that the only feeling which my laboured sentiment and fine-spun declamations excited, was complete weariness: to say the truth, I felt for some moments the most author-like resentment at this insult to my talents; but this feeling soon subsided, and I could not help owning to myself, that if I was in her place, I could not have been able to behave so well.

This discovery, however, completely sickened me of my task, and during three days I did nothing but fidget about my apartment, beat the devil's tattoo, begin half a hundred letters to Sophia, and finally devote all the novel-readers and writers in the world, except my dear girl herself, to the infernal gods.

The inquiries of my landlady drew from me at last the cause of my evident disturbance of mind. "Don't you think, my dear madam," cried I, as I concluded my philippic on the obstinacy of my

mistress, "that I should be justified in carrying off this dear perverse girl, and forcing her to give me her hand?"

"I believe," replied my landlady, "I can put you in a way to obtain it, without having recourse to force."—"How so?" cried I eagerly.—"Why," replied she, "it has fallen to my lot to witness a good deal of what may be termed the romance of life. You seem, sir, to be at no loss for language," here she with difficulty restrained a smile, "and I fancy I can furnish you with incidents sufficient to fill two or three volumes."

In the warmth of my gratitude, I was almost tempted to embrace my kind friend, whose considerate proposal I immediately accepted. I took notes of the various communications which she made to me, and having now something to work upon, I proceeded with tolerable rapidity.

Sometimes, indeed, the demon of *ennui*, who is, I suspect, the evil genius of scribblers, would perch upon my writing-desk, and cast her spells around me, till my faculties sunk under her torpid influence, and I became totally incapable of continuing my task. But my subjugation to this malign spirit did not continue long, and as soon as I escaped from her thralldom, I redoubled my diligence.

At length, with a pleasure which can be conceived only by one who loves as passionately as I do, I wrote the delightful word *FINIS* at the end of my third volume: it was then three o'clock in the morning, and before nine I was on my way to the house of Sophia.

I found her seated at breakfast

with her mother: she received me with a blush of pleasure, which added new lustre to her brilliant eyes; and when with an air of triumph I presented my manuscript, she extended her hand to receive it with a smile that repaid me for all my trouble and anxiety.

Such of my readers as have ever been in love will readily believe, that my Sophia found my work very superior to the common run of such performances; but the more she praised it, the more my conscience upbraided me with the deceit I was practising, since, in strict justice, the work belonged rather to my landlady than to myself; and although I was very certain, that it owed all its merit to Sophia's belief that it was the child of my brain, I yet felt that there was a degree of meanness and injustice in appropriating what was, in part at least, the property of another.

To be brief, that vulgar principle, for so one of our modern philosophers has defined common honesty, triumphed, and I acknowledged the truth to the fair arbitress of my destiny.

Though a slight shade of mortification crossed her brow, she soon dispelled it. "I find," said she, with a good-humoured smile, "that Cupid's power of working miracles is more limited than I had supposed; but at least, the little god has taught you to recant some of your heretical opinions on the easiness of book-making."

I eagerly interrupted her, with a declaration that I should henceforward regard it as a very difficult task.

"Well," replied Sophia, "that is something gained, however; and



WALKING DRESS.



EVENING DRESS

after all, you have still as good a title to the tales as many other authors; nay, in fact, you have a better, for if the greater part of your work is not your own, at least it is honestly come by."

I kissed with transport the hand of my dear little apologist, nor did I release it till I had gained a tacit consent, that in one month it should be my own.

In the midst of my happiness, I was not unmindful of my worthy landlady. I presented our joint property to a respectable publisher, whom I requested to read the work, and if he thought it worth publishing, to let me know what sum he could afford to give for it; as I intended to present the pro-

duce of it, and as much more as I could spare, to the good woman to whom I consider myself indebted for the hand of my Sophia.

We soon agreed about the terms, but a difficulty arose as to the title, which, as my publisher assured me, was a very essential point.

"And pray," said Sophia, who happened to be present, "why should you not call it, *Tales of My Landlady*? Certainly no title can be more appropriate."

Although I had half a dozen names in my head, which I thought would have sounded better, I had profited too much by experience, to give an opinion in opposition to hers, and the MS. was named on the spot.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 37.—WALKING DRESS.

A HIGH dress composed of pea-green sarsnet, made very short in the waist, and with a plain broad back. Long sleeve, rather loose, finished at the bottom with white satin honeycombed. A very full epaulette sleeve, the fulness confined in compartments by silk trimming. The collar is ornamented in a similar style; it stands back, and displays the lace *collerette* or frill worn underneath. The waist is ornamented by a band and tassel, and the bottom of the skirt finished with folds of pea-green satin and rich silk trimming placed alternately. Head-dress, a pea-green satin *toque*, ornamented with flowers. Gloves and shoes to correspond.

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PLATE 38.—EVENING DRESS.

A white net gown over a pale blush-coloured slip; the body is made tight to the shape, and cut very low all round the bust, which is delicately shaded by an under front of white lace. The bust of the dress is tastefully ornamented by rich white silk trimming; a band of the same round the waist, with white silk tassels tied in front, gives an elegant finish to the body of the dress. The skirt is trimmed with draperies of net interspersed with bunches of roses: these draperies are placed high, and the skirt is finished round the bottom by a narrow trimming, of a novel description, composed of satin and a rich flounce of blond lace. Short full

sleeve. Head-dress, a *toque* composed of richly embroidered gauze, ornamented with an elegant plume of white feathers, which are placed so as to fall over on the right side. Pearl necklace and ear-rings. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

We are indebted to the invention and taste of Miss Macdonald of 50, South Molton-street, for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The summer fashions this year are, with the exception of those adopted by our fair pedestrians, more than usually various and elegant. For walking dress, plainness and simplicity seem to be the order of the day. Plain muslin high dresses, with silk pelisses or spencers, and very large Leghorn, fine straw, or silk and straw bonnets, which are generally trimmed with flowers, are most prevalent. High silk dresses, made always in light colours, and in a manner similar to the one we have given in our print, are also in very general estimation.

For the carriage and dress promenade, pelisses composed of clear muslin, lined with coloured sarsnet, and profusely trimmed with white lace, are considered very tonish. The most elegant of these pelisses which we have seen is composed of fine plain clear muslin, and lined with bright green sarsnet, the skirt gored and made full. The waist is very short, the back is full, and the body richly decorated with lace, put on in a novel and rather whimsical manner in four zig-zag rows, laid one above another, which forms a pelerine and half-sleeve,

for they come no farther than the shoulder in front. There is no collar, but a very rich lace ruff, usually left open at the throat, is worn with this pelisse. Long full sleeve, the fulness confined from the wrist about half way to the elbow by narrow bands of bias green satin, which are finished at each edge by a row of gimp. The trimming of the pelisse consists of a broad flounce of lace, which goes up the fronts and round the bottom, and is surmounted by a wreath of leaves formed of joining lace, which is let in immediately above the flounce.

The materials for carriage bonnets are white satin, white gauze, net, or chip: the latter, however, is but partially worn. The crowns of bonnets continue to be made low, but the brims are considerably larger than we ever remember to have seen them: when, however, which is frequently the case, the brim is composed of a transparent material, its immense size does not render it unbecoming. Some bonnets are entirely transparent, but we have not noticed many of them, the most fashionable being either composed of plain white satin, or else having a gauze or net front, with a white satin crown covered with gauze or net. Flowers are the favourite ornaments, but white feathers are adopted for satin bonnets by many *élégantes*. Blond is a great deal used, particularly for satin bonnets, the brims of which are generally edged with it. *Ruches* of blond, net, and gauze, are also in request for the brims of bonnets.

Muslin robes still continue in very great estimation in morning dress; but close round dresses begin also to be a good deal worn. The

bodies of these dresses are made in a style very similar to the robes. The skirts are generally trimmed high, either with flounces of worked muslin, or rouleaus of clear muslin placed between rows of embroidery: some ladies, however, give a preference to *ruches* of soft muslin, placed at a considerable distance from each other; there are three or four of these *ruches*, and they are always very full. Waists continue as short as usual, and long sleeves are worn fuller than last month.

Muslins, satins, and figured silks are the fashionable materials for dinner dress, the form of which has undergone a slight revolution since our last number, as the bodies of dresses are cut something higher, the short sleeve is not looped quite so high, and the backs of dresses are made narrower, and consequently more becoming to the shape. Frocks are more in favour than gowns, and trimmings afford a good deal of variety in form, though very little in material, as they are mostly composed of satin, gauze, or net; the former of which is generally mixed with chenille.

Satin trimmings are in the form of shells or points, with a heading of chenille. Gauze trimmings are disposed in waves, in scollops, and sometimes in flounces; there is always a mixture of satin or chenille with gauze, but in general we think satin predominates. Blond and British net are worn in dress flounces, which are headed either with puffs of narrow full *ruches* of the same material, or else with wreaths of stamped satin leaves or narrow rouleaus of twisted satin. Trimmings composed of ribbon are still

considered genteel, but they begin to decline in favour.

The only novelty that has appeared in full dress since our last number is a pretty brace, which forms a very genteel and becoming *corsage*. This brace is composed of white or coloured satin, and is attached to a very full sleeve of net or blond, mixed with satin; these sleeves are put on over a gown, and the brace, which is long, something less than half a quarter in breadth, and rounded at the ends, is folded across the bosom, where it forms the shape in a very becoming manner, brought round the waist, and fastened in a full bow in the middle of the back. These braces are generally edged with a narrow blond, but we have seen one or two finished round the edge with an embroidery of rose-buds, the effect of which was exquisitely beautiful.

Plain and sprigged muslin *cornettes* are much worn in undress; they are made with low cauls, the borders eased with ribbon at the edge, and the fulness of the back part of the caul confined with easings: the ears of these caps, which are very narrow, fasten under the chin with a bow of ribbon, and a full bow of broader ribbon is placed nearly in the centre of the head-piece.

In full dress, *toques*, turbans, caps, and small hats, are all considered fashionable; even the most youthful *belle* covers at least partially her beautiful tresses with one or other of them. Our limits will not permit us to enter into a particular description of their various forms; we shall, therefore, only observe, that the crowns of hats and the cauls

of caps are always of a moderate height: the former are composed of white satin, or satin to correspond with the dress; the latter of lace, or else of a mixture of satin and lace. Some also are of net, the fulness of the caul divided by rouleaus of white satin; these have a light and tasteful appearance: but perhaps the most strictly appropriate to full dress are those composed of bloud, with a mixture of satin. Caps are always ornamented with flowers. *Toques* and turbans have sometimes flowers, but oftener feathers or silver ornaments; they are also frequently trimmed with the material of which they are made. Hats, the brims of which we must

observe are always small, are invariably decorated with feathers.

Plain gold ornaments are most fashionable in half-dress jewellery; white cornelian is also partially worn.

Pearls are universally adopted in full-dress jewellery.

By next month we shall probably be able to make some observations on the manner in which the hair is worn in full dress, but the passion for covering it has prevented any novelty from being observable lately.

Fashionable colours for this month are the same as last, with the addition of wild-rose colour and pale blue.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, May 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

THE papers will have announced to you, before you receive my letter, the death of the venerable Prince de Condé, as well as the short court mourning which has been ordered for him. I shall say nothing to you about the mourning, because it is confined to those immediately connected with the court, and is, in fact, similar to what I described on the lamented death of her late Royal Highness Princess Charlotte of Wales: I shall, therefore, proceed to detail to you the fashions, beginning, as usual, with the promenade costume, which exhibits more variety than when I wrote to you last. Pelisses have disappeared; their place is supplied by spencers, muslin dresses, which are worn with pelerines to correspond, and silk gowns, made also with pelerines. I will begin

with the spencers, which, though not quite so much in favour as the muslin and silk dresses, are very pretty, and have a good deal of novelty in their make.

Reps and levantine are the favourite materials for spencers, the waists of which are worn a very little longer than they have been for some time past. *Tabs*, so lately exploded, are again in fashion, but they are rather deeper than they used to be worn. The spencer is cut without any seam; the back is plain and of a moderate breadth; the collar slopes gradually back from the throat; it is high behind, and stands out from the back of the neck. The long sleeve is nearly tight to the arm, and covers almost half of the hand. There is generally a half-sleeve, which is short; it is cut in points, which are fastened down, and the space between them filled up with a lacing of che-

nille. The spencer fastens down the front with silk frogs, and two rows of chenille braiding, one broad, the other narrow, go up the front and across the back. The bottom of the long sleeve is also finished with chenille braiding. These spencers are worn in white, lilac, and citron silk, but white trimmed with lilac chenille is considered most elegant.

Percale is the only kind of muslin at present adopted for promenade dress. The bodies of gowns continue to be made tight to the shape, and the long sleeve is likewise nearly tight to the arm. The skirts are worn of a moderate fullness, and are ornamented round the bottom either with narrow flounces, Spanish puffs, or a trimming which our *marchandes des modes* call a *ruche*, and your milliners, I think, term a *chevaux de frise*: this last trimming is worn much narrower than it is with you.

The Spanish puffs and flounces are usually six in number, and placed very close together, the first being merely divided by a cotton cord placed between them: there are not more than two rows of the *ruches*, but each row contains six falls; one of these is placed at the very bottom of the dress, and the other at the distance of about half a quarter and nail from the bottom. The pelerines worn with these dresses entirely conceal the body of the gown; they are very large, and always fasten behind; they are trimmed with a single row of *ruche*, or a double row of Spanish puffs or flounces.

Now let me speak to you of *chapeaux*, which are strictly appropriate to the season, being generally

composed of *crapè*, *ganze*, or *tulle*. Leghorn and straw are partially worn; and I must observe, that the French bid fair to rival the Italians in the manufacture of straw, as several of the French straw hats are so exquisitely fine that they might be mistaken for Leghorn.

Chapeaux still continue to be worn low in the crown, and with large brims, some of which are square just in front, others are round, and some deeper on one side than the other; but in one particular they are all alike, that of nearly meeting under the chin.

It is chiefly in the trimming of hats that the excessive versatility of Parisian taste is displayed. Scarfs of plaid gauze, wreaths of lilacs, or roses without leaves and very large, and bunches of flowers, are all in request. The edges of the brims of hats are decorated with folds of gauze cut bias, and *ruches*, Spanish puffs, and *bouillons* also of gauze; blond, ribbon, and *tulle* are likewise in request, and all so equally in fashion that it would be difficult to say which predominates. But within these few days a new *chapeau* has appeared; it is composed of *tulle*, and the edge of the brim is embossed in a running pattern of leaves of yellow straw. This *chapeau* was sported for the first time by a pretty *comtesse* who is distinguished for the elegance of her taste, and the effect of the straw-embroidery round the brim is so much admired, that it promises to become general: it is not, however, novel, for it has been worn before on velvet and on satin, though never on light materials.

While I am on the subject of promenade dress, I must not forget

to notice our parasols; the most fashionable are of azure silk with white silk fringe; they are in general large, and in the hands of a French *belle* almost as formidable to the gentleman as the fan was formerly considered in those of our countrywomen. You will perhaps, my dear Sophia, suppose that the mode of carrying a parasol is too simple to admit of any display either of grace or coquetry; but half an hour spent in our promenades would make you change your opinion.

Percale is now the only thing worn in morning costume. Gowns are made nearly as they were when I wrote last, except that sleeves are tighter and waists longer: the large plaits too in which the flounces were disposed, have disappeared, and ruffs are very little worn within doors; small laced handkerchiefs, tied carelessly round the throat, are substituted in their stead, and have certainly a much better effect.

Dinner gowns are made of *percale*, of slight silk, and of worked muslin; the latter is, however, but little worn. They are cut low in the neck, but not indelicately so, and generally made tight to the shape: they are trimmed in the style of those worn for the promenade; in fact, with the addition of a *pelerine*, they form promenade dresses.

Figured gauze is at present the favourite material for full dress; but plain and striped gauze is also in request, as is likewise *tulle* and white satin: the latter is much in favour for dress gowns, but it is no longer in request for slips; our fair fashionables substitute rich white *sarreaux* in its place. Trim-

gings in full dress have not varied since I wrote last; but the robe à *l'enfant* has given place to *corsages* of different descriptions: some are composed of different coloured ribbons platted together, which at a distance appear like plaid silk; they are cut lower round the bust than the under dress, and have always a full *ruche* of blond round the bosom. The sleeves are of *tulle*, if the gown with which the *corsage* is worn is satin, otherwise they correspond with it; they are very short and full.

Some *corsages* are made of white or coloured satins; but the prettiest of them that I have seen, was one composed of *tulle*: it was worn over a lilac satin dress, and was gaged with very small lilac silk cord; the gagings, of which there were five or six in the body, were laid on zig-zag, and the bosom and bottom of the waist trimmed with blond lace; that at the bottom of the waist was put very full just behind, and rounded in front so as to form one of the smartest little jackets I ever saw. The sleeves were composed of very broad blond lace, and were looped on the shoulder with pearl ornaments in the shape of leaves. I recommend this *corsage* to your particular attention, my dear Sophia, because I consider it one of the most elegant dress bodies I have seen for some time.

I perceive that in speaking of the trimming of hats, I have omitted to mention, that *chapeaux* of straw never have any trimming round the edge of the brim, and that *cornettes*, so much in fashion some time ago under hats, are now exploded; they form, however, an indispensable part of home costume

for undress, but are not much worn either in half or full dress.

Toques are more in favour than they were during the two last months. The most fashionable for full dress are composed of *tulle* or crape scarfs spotted with silver, and finished at the ends by a silver fringe; these *toques* are made of a moderate height, the scarf is disposed in a number of folds round the crown, and they are ornamented only with rosettes formed of the scarf in front.

Coral ornaments are still considered fashionable both in full and half dress jewellery, but they are very frequently mixed with pearl, and still oftener with burnished gold.

There is nothing novel in the manner of dressing the hair: very young ladies ornament it with large wreaths of flowers, which are brought very low on the forehead; sometimes a bunch of flowers is placed behind, at others an orna-

mental comb. *Toques*, turbans, dress hats, and sometimes but rarely caps, are adopted by matronly ladies.

I was introduced last night to a *merveilleuse*, whose time and thoughts are devoted to her toilet; she is not ambitious of appearing well dressed, but she doats upon being attired as unlike other people as possible. I am told, however, that she sometimes strikes out fashions which are really becoming and tasteful. She is to appear in a few days at a *bal paré*, for which I hear she has invented an uncommonly pretty dress: if it is worth noticing, I shall send you an account of it in my next. Adieu, dear Sophia! Believe me always your

EUDOCIA.

I forgot to tell you, that the only colours at present considered fashionable are, rose-colour, lilac, and citron-colour. White is, however, more in favour than anything.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

EARLY in June will be published, the second part, containing 40 pages, of *Ornaments from the Antique*, for the use of architects, sculptors, and painters, printed from stone at R. Ackermann's lithographic press.

In the press, *The Book of Common Prayer*, and Administration of the Sacraments, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church, according to the use of the United Church of England and Ireland: with translations into the Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, and German languages. This work will be comprised in one quarto volume,

uniform to a Polyglot Bible, also in one quarto volume, now publishing by Mr. Bagster of Paternoster-row, by whom the names of subscribers will be received; and it is hoped that this publication will make the Common Prayer still more acceptable to the scholar and student, and ensure the approbation and encouragement of the clergy and friends of the established church. A Common Prayer in each of the above languages, in a beautiful pocket volume, will be published at the same time.

A *Romance* from the pen of Mrs. Isaacs, authoress of *Tales of To-*

day, Ella St. Laurence, &c. &c. is in the press, and will appear in a short time.

Mrs. Richardson is translating from the French of Madame de Souza, the interesting tale of *Eugenie et Matilde, ou Memoires de la Famille de Mons. de Revel*.

Captain Bosquett's *Treatise on Dueling*, with the *Annals of Chivalry*, will appear this month.

In a few days will be published, *Edward Wortley*, a novel; to which is added, *The Exile of Scotland*, a tale, in three volumes, said to be written by William Gardner, professor of belles lettres in Sydney, Gloucestershire.

Verezzi, a romance of former days, in four volumes, by Robert Huish, Esq. is in the press.

The author of *The Steyne* has in the press a new satirical novel called *Bath*. The story is founded on fact, and the principal personages that figure in it are a northern duke and a military marquis.

A new and elegant edition of Seneca's *Morals*, in one volume 8vo. embellished with a fine portrait, will appear early in June.

Mr. Wilson has now in the hands of the engraver, the whole of the *Quadrille Figures*, illustrated by diagrams, and arranged in a new and systematical manner.

Mr. Richard Lawrence is preparing for publication *Forty Etchings*, selected from the most beautiful and least mutilated specimens in the Elgin collection; together with critical remarks on the style, composition, and peculiar excellence of these relics of Grecian sculpture.

Mrs. Yocoy, author of a *Description of Switzerland*, has in the press,

Constancy, or Leopold, in four or five volumes.

Captain Light, of the royal artillery, will soon publish, in a 4to. volume, *Travels in Egypt, Nubia, the Holy Land, Mount Lebanon, and Cyprus*, with plates.

J. Morier, Esq. has in great forwardness, *A second Journey through Persia and Constantinople* in 1810-16, in a 4to. volume, with maps, coloured costumes, and other engravings.

Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson is printing, in a 4to. volume, *A Narrative of an overland Journey from India*, performed in the present year, with engravings of antiquities, costume, &c.

Captain Bonnycastle, of the royal engineers, is preparing for publication, *Spanish America, or An Account of the Dominions of Spain in the Western Hemisphere*, illustrated by maps.

T. Walford, Esq. will soon publish, in two pocket volumes, *The Scientific Tourist through England, Wales, and Scotland*.—*The Scientific Tourist through Ireland* is also in the press.

Macklin's *Bible*, with its splendid engravings, is preparing for republication on an improved and far less expensive plan, in atlas 4to.; including a preface and historical accounts of the several books, by the Rev. Dr. Edward Nares.

Mr. Valpy has issued a prospectus for publishing by subscription, a new and corrected edition of the *Delphin Classics*, with the *variorum* notes appended, to be entitled *The Regent's Edition*. It is to be printed in a neat and uniform manner. The maps will be beautifully executed; and the wood-cuts at

present existing in the *Delphin* and *variorum* edition will also be inserted. The notes will be printed at the end of each author, and the various readings placed under the text. The best indices will be adopted, and carefully collated with the text. The *Delphin Interpretatio* will be placed under the text, to preserve the beauty of the page; and the *Literaria Notitia*, from the Bipont editions, continued to the present time, will be added to each author. The whole will be uniformly printed in 8vo. Each part will contain 672 closely printed pages: the whole will make about 120 or 130 parts. The necessity of publishing such a national work by subscription is obvious, as it prevents all apprehension of any check to its completion, and without which it could not be undertaken. Only a certain number of copies will be printed; the work cannot, therefore, be sold in separate parts. Each part is to be paid for on delivery.

A correspondent requests us to insert the following article: Having

to spend a considerable part of my time in a room at some distance from my library or bookcase, I too frequently find my table so encumbered with books, pamphlets, newspapers, &c. &c. that room is not left for writing at all; to obviate which, a very ingenious architect (Mr. Hay, who is at this time residing at Kenelworth,) has furnished me with a valuable piece of furniture, that completely obviates all my former inconveniences. It is called Hay's Libraret, and is made of mahogany, about 18 inches high, 14 inches wide, and 5 inches deep. The upper part is calculated for duodecimos, 8 inches high, &c.; the next for magazines, pamphlets, newspapers, &c. &c. 5 inches high. The paper-folio and drawers are 8 inches deep; the left-hand drawer is for ink, pounce, wafers, and pens; the bottom is covered with baize. This will be found a most useful piece of furniture to either ladies or gentlemen, but more particularly so to invalids and people of sedentary life.

Poetry.

To * * * *.

Ah! should we never meet again
(And such I fear is Fate's decree),
Waste not one tender thought in vain,
Nor e'er bestow a sigh on me!

Alas! I could not bear to know,
That grief had made thy breast its
shrine;

Nay, let the worm of pain and woe
Prey only on this heart of mine.

For it is temper'd to the tooth
Of anguish, ev'n when most severe:
Vol. V. No. XXX.

Oh! what can bite like base untruth
In those whom we had deem'd sincere?
Friendship! thou art a vagrant sound—
A phantom, which doth oft mislead;
Full well thou know'st the heart to wound,
And mock it when thou seest it bleed.

A PICTURE.

A thousand faults in man we find,
Merit in him we seldom meet;
Man is inconstant and unkind,
Man is false and indiscreet.

Man is capricious, jealous, free,
 He's insincere, vain, trifling too;
 And yet the women all agree,
 For want of better he *must* do!

LINES.

Addressed to JOHN CARNEGIE, Esq. Author
 of "Larga's Vale."

Though Eden's groves and fragrant
 bowers

Salute no more the genial sky;
 Though Salem's* fane and Ilion's towers
 No longer strike the admiring eye:

Yet Poesy, celestial maid,
 To rescue from oblivion's sway,
 Lends her immortalizing aid,
 And guards from ruin and decay.

Thus Larga's beauteous vale, pourtray'd
 By heav'n-inspired Carnegie's hand,
 Shall, in his magic strain array'd,
 Ev'n Time's destroying pow'r with-
 stand.

Long as the sun's enlivening ray
 Shall nature's wonted charms renew,
 Or quivering leaves adorn the spray,
 Or Morning's locks be gemm'd with
 dew;

So long shall Larga's verdant plain,
 Her varied scenes and views sublime,
 Live in her bard's descriptive strain,
 And flourish unimpair'd by time!

WILLIAM COATES.

* Jerusalem.

THE ALTERCATION.

Tune—*The Boulanger*.

Written by Lady BORRINGTON.

Pray, papa—pray, papa, stay a little
 longer!

Pray, papa—pray, papa, stay a little
 longer!

Come, come, my dear, no nonsense,
 You've had enough in conscience;
 Now call that powder'd footman in,
 And bid him bring your pelisse in—

You know I gave you warning,
 I can't stay here till morning.
 Pray, papa, &c.

Your partner must excuse you,
 'Twont break his heart to lose you,
 And if you look so cross at him,
 I'm sure you'll be no loss to him;
 The coach I know is calling,
 See here, they've brought your
 shawl in.

Pray, papa, &c.

This comes of dissipation,
 Do have some moderation;
 For if you're so importunate,
 You'll never make your fortune at
 These hops and jigs and races,
 No matter what your face is.

Pray, papa, &c.

I'll have no more resistance,
 Remember, child, the distance;
 The weather too is foggy-h,
 The roads are deep and boggy-h;
 Our coachman too is drunken,
 You know the ditch we sunk in.

Pray, papa, &c.

The nights are very cold ones,
 The horses are but old ones;
 Our family is regular,
 Indeed, child, I must beg you'll hear,
 You keep the carriage waiting,
 Let's have no more debating.

Pray, papa, &c.

Do have your wits about ye;
 Your grandfather is gouty,
 He takes the *eau médicinale*,
 'T'ant right we should be missing all;
 Come, haste and make an end on't,
 You've seen the last, depend on't.
 Pray, papa—pray, papa, stay a little
 longer!
 Pray, papa—pray, papa, stay a little
 longer!

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